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CERT

THE

STRANGER IN FRANCE:

OR,

A TOUR

FROM

DEVONSHIRE TO PARIS.

BY JOHN CARR, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

THE little tour which gave birth to the following remarks, was taken immediately after the exchange of the ratifications of a peace, neceſſary, but not inglorious to my country, after a conteſt unexampled in its cauſe, calamity, extenſion, viciſſitudes and glory; amidſt a people who, under the influence of a political change, hitherto unparalleled, were to be approached as an order of beings, exhibiting a moral and political form before but little known to themſelves and to the world, in the abrupt removal of habits and ſentiments which had ſilently and uninterruptedly taken deep root in the ſoil of ages.

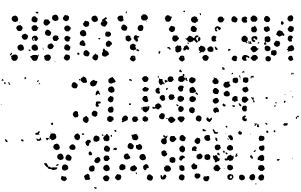
During a ſeparation of ten years, we have received very little account of this extraordinary people, which could be relied upon. Diſſimilar ſenſations, excited by their principles and proceedings, ever partially and irregularly known, have depicted unaccording repreſentations of them, and, in the ſequel, have exhibited rather a high colored, fanciful delineation, than a plain and faithful reſemblance of the original. Many are the perſons who have been thus miſled.

Theſe fugitives ſketches, in which an attempt is made to delineate, juſt as they occurred, thoſe ſcenes which to *my* mind at leaſt, were new and intereſting, were originally penned for the private peruſal of thoſe whom I eſteem; and by their perſuaſion they are now

offered to the public eye. Amongſt them I muſt be permitted to indulge in the pride and pleaſure of enumerating William Hayley, Eſq. a name familiar and dear to every elegant and poliſhed mind. Enlightened by his emendations, and ſupported by the cheriſhing ſpirit of his approval, I approach, with a more ſubdued apprehenſion, the tribunal of public opinion; and to my friends I dedicate this humble reſult of a ſhort relaxation from the duties of an anxious and laborious profeſſion. If, by ſubmitting to their wiſhes, I have erred, I have only to offer, that it is my firſt, and ſhall be my laſt offence.

JOHN CARR.

Totnes, Auguſt, 1802.



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STRANGER IN FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Torr Abbey.—Cap of Liberty.—Anecdote of Engliſh Prejudice.—Fire Ships.—Southampton River.—Netley Abbey.

IT was a circumſtance, which will be memorable with me, as long as I live, and pleaſant to my feelings, as often as I recur to it, that part of my intended excurſion to the Continent was performed in the laſt ſhip of war, which, after the formal confirmations of the peace, remained, of that vaſt naval armament, which, from the heights of Torbay, for ſo many years, preſented to the aſtoniſhed and admiring eye, a ſpectacle at once of picturesque beauty, and national glory. It was the laſt attendant in the train of retiring war.

Under the charming roof of Torr Abbey, the reſidence of George Cary, Eſq. I paſſed a few days, until the Megæra was ready to ſail for Portſmouth, to be paid off, the commander of which, captain Newhouſe, very politely offered to convey my companion, captain W. Cary, and myſelf, to that port.

In this beautiful ſpot, the gallant heroes of our navy have often found the ſevere and perilous duties of the boiſterous element alleviated by attentions, which in their ſplendid and cordial diſplay, united an elegant taſte to a noble ſpirit of hoſpitality.

In the Harleian Tracts there is a short, but rather curious account preserved of the sensation produced at the Abbey on the 5th of November, 1688, after the prince of Orange had entered the bay with his fleet on their passage to Brixham, where he landed:—

"The prince commanded captain M—— to search "the lady Cary's house, at Torr Abbey, for arms and "horses. The lady entertained them civilly, said "her husband was gone to Plymouth: they brought "from thence some horses, and a few arms, but gave "no farther disturbance to the lady or her house."

Throughout this embarrassing interview, the lady Cary appears to have conducted herself with great temper, dignity and resolution, whilst, on the other hand, the chaplain of that day, whose opinions were not very favorable to the revolution, unlike his present amiable and enlightened successor,* left the lady in the midst of her perplexities, and fled.

In the Abbey, I was much pleased with an interesting, though not very ornamental trophy of the glorious victory of Aboukir. The truckle heads of the masts of the Aquilon, a French ship of the line, which struck to the brave captain Louis, in that ever memorable battle, were covered with the bonnet rouge; one of these caps of liberty, surmounted with the British flag, has been committed to the care of the family, by that heroic commander, and now constitutes a temporary ornament of their dining room.

* Rev. John Halford.

Here we laid in provision for our little voyage, without, however, feeling the same apprehension, which agitated the mind of a fair damsel, in the service of a lady of rank who formerly resided in my neighborhood, who, preparing to attend her mistress to the Continent, and having heard from the jolly historians of the kitchen, that the food in France was chiefly supplied by the croaking inhabitants of the green and standing pool, contrived, very carefully, to carry over a piece of home-bred pork, concealed in her stocking.

Early in the morning after we set sail, we passed through the Needles, which saved us a very considerable circuitous sail round the southern side of the Isle of Wight, a passage which the late admiral Macbride first successfully attempted, for vessels of war, in a ship of the line.

The vessel, in which we sailed, was a fireship; a costly instrument of destruction, which has never been applied during the recent war, and only once, and that unsuccessfully, during the preceding one. We had several of them in commission, although they are confessedly of little utility in these times, and from the immense stores of combustibles with which they are charged, threaten only peril to the commander and his crew.

We soon after dropped anchor, and proceeded to Portsmouth, in search of a packet for Havre-de-Grace. In the street, our trunks were seized by the custom-house officers, whilst conveying to the inn, but after

preſenting our keys, and requeſting immediate ſearch and reſtoration, they were returned to us without further annoyance. Finding that the maſters of the French packets were undetermined when they ſhould ſail, we reſolved upon immediately leaving this celebrated ſeaport, and proceeding by water to Southampton, diſtant about twenty-four miles; where, after a very unpleaſant paſſage, from its blowing with conſiderable violence ſoon after we left Portſmouth, we arrived in a little wherry, about twelve o'clock at night, at the Vine inn, which is very conveniently ſituated for paſſengers by the packets.

It will not be required of me, to attempt a minute deſcription of the Southampton river, at a time when I expected, with ſome reaſon, as I afterwards underſtood, to ſink to the bottom of it. An obſervation very natural to perſons in our ſituation occurred to me all the way, viz. that the ſhores ſeemed to be too far diſtant from each other, and that had there been leſs water, the ſcenery would have been more delightful; an obſervation which however, the next day confirmed, when it preſented the ſafe and tranquil appearance of a mirror.

Finding that the packet for France was not likely to ſail immediately, we hired a boat, and proceeded down the river, to view the beautiful ruins of Netley Abbey, in the great court of which we dined, under the ſhade of aged limes, and amidſt the flappings of its feathered and reſtleſs tenantry.

As I am no great admirer of tedious details, I shall not attempt an antiquarian history of this delightful spot. I shall leave it to more circumstantial travellers, to enumerate the genealogies of the worthies who occupied it at various æras, and to relate, like a monumental entablature, when, where, and how they lived and died; it will be sufficient to observe, that the site of this romantic abode was granted by Henry VIII. in 1757, to a Sir William Paulet, and that after having had many merry monks for its masters, who, no doubt, performed their matutinæ laudes and nocturnæ, vigiliæ with devout exactness; that it is at length in the possession of Mr. Dance, who has a very fine and picturesque estate on that side of the river, of which these elegant ruins constitute the chief ornament. The church still exhibits a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture, but its tottering remains will rapidly share the fate of the neighbouring pile, which time has prostrated on the earth, and covered with his thickest shade of ivy.

Our watermen gave us a curious description of this place, and amused us not a little with their ridiculous anacronisms.

"I tell you what," said one of them, contradicting "the other, "you are in the wrong, Bob, indeed "you are wrong, don't mislead them gentlemen, that "there Abbey is in the true Roman style, and was "built by a man they call ——, but that's neither "here nor there, I forget the name, however, it's a

"fine place, and universally allowed to be very old. "I frequently rows gentlefolks there, and picks up a "great deal about it."

On our return the tide was at its height, the sun was setting in great glory, the sky and water seemed blended in each other, the same red rich tint reigned throughout, the vessels at anchor appeared suspended in the air, the spires of the churches were tipped with the golden ray; a scene of more beauty, richness, and tranquillity I never beheld.

CHAPTER II.

French Emigrants.—Scene on the Quay of Southampton.—Sail for Havre.—Aged French Priest.—Their respectable Conduct in England.—Their Gratitude.—Make the Port of Havre.—Panic of the Emigrants.—Landing described.—Hotel de la Paix.—Breakfast Knife.—Municipality.

DURING the whole of the second day after our arrival, the town of Southampton was in a bustle, occasioned by the flocking in of a great number of French emigrants, who were returning to their own country, in consequence of a mild decree, which had been passed in their favor. The scene was truly interesting, and the sentiment which it excited, delightful to the heart.

A reſpectable curé, who dined in the ſame room with us at our inn, was obſerved to eat very little; upon being preſſed to enlarge his meal, this amiable man ſaid, with tears ſtarting in his eyes, "Alas! I "have no appetite; a very ſhort time will bring me "amongſt the ſcenes of my nativity, my youth, and "my happineſs, from which a remorſeleſs revolution "has parted me for theſe ten long years; I ſhall aſk "for thoſe who are dear to me, and find them forev-"er gone. Thoſe who are left will fill my mind with "the moſt afflicting deſcription; no, no, I cannot "eat, my good Sir."

About noon, they had depoſited their baggage upon the quay, which formed a pile of aged portmanteaus, and battered trunks. Parties remained to protect them, previous to their embarkation. The ſun was intenſely hot, they were ſeated under the ſhade of old umbrellas, which looked as if they had been the companions of their baniſhment.

Their countenances appeared ſtrongly marked with the pious character of reſignation, over which were to be ſeen a ſweetneſs, and corrected animation, which ſeemed to depict at once the ſoul's delight, of returning to its native home, planted wherever it may be, and the regret of leaving a nation, which, in the hour of flight and miſery, had nobly enrolled them in the liſt of her own children, and had covered them with protection.

To the eternal honor of these unhappy, but excellent people, be it said, that they have proved themselves worthy of being received in such a sanctuary. Our country has enjoyed the benefit of their unblemished morals, and their mild, polite and unassuming manners, and wherever destiny has placed them, they have industriously relieved the national burden of their support by diffusing the knowledge of a language, which good sense, and common interest, should long since have considered as a valuable branch of education.

To those of my friends, who exercise the sacred functions of religion, as established in this country, I need not offer an apology, for paying an humble tribute of common justice to these good, and persecuted men; who, from habit, pursue a mode of worship, a little differing in form, but terminating in the same great and glorious centre. The enlightened liberality of the British clergy will unite, in paying that homage to them, which they, in my presence, have often with enthusiasm, and rapture, offered up to the purity, and sanctity of their characters. Many of them informed me, that they had received the most serviceable favors from our clergy, administered with equal delicacy and munificence.

Amongst these groups were some females, the wives and daughters of Toulonese merchants, who left their city when lord Hood abandoned that port.

The politeneſs and attention, which were paid to them by the men, were truly pleaſing. It was the good breeding of elegant habits, retaining all their ſoftneſs in the midſt of adverſity, ſweetened with the ſympathy of mutual and ſimilar ſufferings.

They had finiſhed their dinner, and were drinking their favorite beverage of coffee. Poor wanderers! the water was ſcarcely turned brown with the few grains which remained of what they had purchaſed for their journey.

I addreſſed them, by telling them, that I had the happineſs of being paſſenger with them, in the ſame veſſel; they ſaid they were fortunate to have in their company one of that nation, which would be dear to them as long as they lived. A genteel middle aged woman offered to open a little parcel of freſh coffee, which they had purchaſed in the town for the voyage, and begged to make ſome for me. By her manner, ſhe ſeemed to wiſh me to conſider it, more as the humble offering of gratitude, than of politeneſs, or perhaps both were blended in the offer. In the afternoon, their baggage was ſearched by the revenue officers, who, on this occaſion, exerciſed a liberal gentleneſs, which gave but little trouble, and no pain. They who brought nothing into a country but the recollection of their miſeries, were not very likely to carry much out of it, but the remembrance of its generoſity.

At seven o'clock in the evening we were all on board, and sailed with a gentle breeze down the river: we carried with us a good stock of vegetables, which we procured fresh, from the admirable market of Southampton. Upon going down into the cabin, I was struck, and first shocked, with seeing a very aged man, stretched at his length upon pillows and clothes, placed on the floor, attended by two clergymen, and some women, who, in their attentions to this apparently dying old gentleman, seemed to have forgotten their own comfortless situation, arising from so many persons being crowded in so small a space, for our numbers above and below amounted to sixty. Upon inquiry, they informed me, that the person whose appearance had so affected me, had been a clergyman of great repute and esteem at Havre, that he was then past the age of ninety-five years, scarcely expected to survive our short voyage, but was anxious to breathe his last in his own country. They spoke of him, as a man who in other times, and in the fulness of his faculties, had often from his pulpit, struck with terror and contrition, the trembling souls of his auditors, by the force of his exalted eloquence; who had embellished the society in which he moved, with his elegant attainments; and who had relieved the unhappy, with an enlarged heart and munificent hand—A mere mass of misery, and helpless infirmities, remained of all these noble qualities!

During the early part of the night, we made but little way—behind, the dark shadowy line of land faded in mist; before us, the moon spread a stream of silver light upon the sea. The soft stillness of this repose of nature was broken only by the rippling of the light wave against the head and sides of the vessel, and by the whistling of the helmsman, who, with the helm between his knees, and his arms crossed, alternately watching the compass and the sail, thus invoked the presence of the favoring breeze.

Leaving him, and some few of our unfortunate comrades, to whom the motion of the sea was more novel than gratifying, we descended into the steerage, (for our births in the cabin were completely occupied by females. As we were going down the ladder, the appearance of so many recumbent persons, faintly distinguishable by the light of a solitary taper, reminded us of a floating catacomb; here, crawling under a cot which contained two very corpulent priests, upon a spare cable, wrapt up in our own great coats, we resigned ourselves to rest.

The next day, without having made much progress in our little voyage, we arose, and assembled round the companion, which formed our breakfast table; at dinner, we were enabled to spread a handsome table of refreshments, to which we invited all our fellow passengers who were capable of partaking of them, many of whom were preparing to take their scanty meal, removed from us at the head of the ves-

fel. For this little act of common civility, we were afterwards abundantly repaid, by the thankfulneſs of all, and the ſerviceable attentions of ſome of our charming gueſts, when we landed; an inſtance of which I ſhall afterwards have occaſion to mention. The wind ſlackened during the day, but in the evening it blew rather freſh, and about nine o'clock the next morning, after a night paſſed ſomething in the ſame way as the former, we were awakened by being informed that we were within a league of Havre; news by no means diſagreeable, after the dead dulneſs of a ſea calm.

The appearance of the coaſt was high, rugged, and rocky; to uſe a good marine expreſſion, it looked ironbound all along ſhore. To the eaſt, upon an elevated point of land, are two noble light houſes, of very beautiful conſtruction, which I ſhall have occaſion to deſcribe hereafter.

At ſome little diſtance, we ſaw conſiderable flights of wild ducks. The town and baſon lie round the high weſtern point from the lights, below which there is a fine pebbled beach. The quays are to the right and left within the pier, upon the latter of which there is a ſmall round tower. It was not the intention of our packet captain to go within the pier, for the purpoſe of ſaving the port-anchorage dues, which amount to eight pounds ſterling, but a government boat came off, and ordered the veſſel to hawl cloſe up to the quay, an order which was given in rather a pe-

remptory manner. Upon our turning the pier, we saw as we warped up to the quay, an immense motley crowd, flocking down to view us. A panic ran throughout our poor fellow passengers. From the noise and confusion on shore, they expected that some recent revolution had occurred, and that they were upon the point of experiencing all the calamities, which they had before fled from; they looked pale and agitated upon each other, like a timid and terrified flock of sheep, when suddenly approached by their natural enemy the wolf. It turned out, however, that mere curiosity, excited by the display of English colors, had assembled this formidable rabble, and that the order which we received from the government boat, was given for the purpose of compelling the captain to incur, and consequently to pay, the anchorage dues. In a moment we were beset by a parcel of men and boys, half naked, and in wooden shoes, who hallooing and "sacre dieuing" each other most unmercifully, began, without further ceremony, to seize upon every trunk within their reach, which they threw into their boats lying along side.

By a well-timed rap upon the knuckles of one of these marine functionaries, we prevented our luggage from sharing the same fate. It turned out, that there was a competition for carrying our trunks on shore, for the sake of an immoderate premium, which they expected to receive, and which occasioned our being assailed in this violent manner. Our fellow passen-

gers were obliged to go on shore with these vociferous watermen, who had the impudence and inhumanity to charge them two livres each, for conveying them to the landing steps, a short distance of about fifty yards. Upon their landing, we were much pleased to observe that the people offered them neither violence nor insult. They were received with a sullen silence, and a lane was made for them to pass into the town. The poor old clergyman who had survived the passage, was left on board, in the care of two benevolent persons, until he could be safely and comfortably conveyed on shore. We soon afterwards followed our fellow passengers in the captain's boat, by which plan we afforded these extortioners a piece of salutary information, very necessary to be made known to them, that although we were English, we were not to be imposed upon. I could not help thinking it rather unworthy of our neighbors to exact from us such heavy port dues, when our own demands of a similar nature, are so very trifling. For such an impost, a vessel of the republic, upon its arrival in any of the English ports, would only pay a few shillings. Perhaps this difference will be equalized in some shape, by the impending commercial treaty, otherwise, a considerable partial advantage will accrue to the French from their passage packets. Upon our landing, and entering the streets, I was a little struck with the appearance of the women, who were habited in a coarse red camlet jacket, with a

high apron before, long flying lappets to their caps, and were mounted upon large heavy wooden shoes, upon each of which a worsted tuft was fixed, in rude imitation of a rose. The appearance and clatter of these sabots, as they are called, leave upon the mind an impression of extreme poverty and wretchedness.

They are, however, more favored than the lower order of females in Scotland. Upon a brisk sprightly chamber-maid entering my room one day at an inn in Glasgow, I heard a sound which resembled the pattering of some web-footed bird, when in the act of climbing up the miry side of a pond. I looked down upon the feet of this bonny lassie, and found that their only covering was procured from the mud of the high street—adieu! to the tender eulogies of the pastoral reed! I have never thought of a shepherdess since with pleasure.

I could not help observing the ease, dexterity, and swiftness, with which a single man conveyed all our luggage, which was very heavy, to the custom-house, and afterwards to the inn, in a wheelbarrow, which differed from ours, only in being larger, and having two elastic handles of about nine feet long. At the custom-house, notwithstanding what the English papers have said of the conduct observed here, we were very civilly treated, our boxes were only just opened, and some of our packages were not examined at all. Away we had them whirled, to the Hôtel de la Paix, the front of which looks upon the wet dock, and is

embelliſhed with a large board, upon which is recorded, in yellow characters, as uſual, the ſuperior advantages of this houſe over every other hôtel in Havre. Upon our arrival, we were uſhered up a large dirty ſtaircaſe into a lofty room, upon the firſt floor, all the windows of which were open, divided, as they always are in France, in the middle, like folding doors; the floor was tiled, a deal table, ſome common ruſh chairs, two very fine pier glaſſes, and chandeliers to correſpond, compoſed our motley furniture. I found it to be a good ſpecimen of French inns, in general. We were followed by our hoſteſs, the porter, two cooks, with caps on their heads, which had once been white, and large knives in their hands, who were ſucceeded by two chamber-maids, all looking in the greateſt hurry and confuſion, and all talking together, with a velocity, and vehemence, which rendered the faculty of hearing almoſt a misfortune. They appeared highly delighted to see us, talked of our dreſs, Sir Sidney Smith, the blockade, the noble Engliſh, the peace, and a train of etceteras. At length we obtained a little ceſſation, of which we immediately ſeized the advantage, by directing them to ſhow us to our bed-rooms, to procure abundance of water hot and cold, to get us a good breakfaſt as ſoon as poſſible, and to prepare a good dinner for us at four o'clock. Amidſt a peal of tongues, this clamorous proceſſion retired.

After we had performed our neceſſary ablutions, and had enjoyed the luxury of freſh linen, we ſat down to ſome excellent coffee, accompanied with boiled milk, long delicious rolls, and tolerably good butter, but found no knives upon the table; which, by the by, every traveller in France is preſumed to carry with him: having miſlaid my own, I requeſted the maid to bring me one. The perſon of this damſel, would certainly have ſuffered by a compariſon with thoſe fragrant flowers, to which young poets reſemble their beloved miſtreſſes; as ſoon as I had preferred my prayer, ſhe very deliberately drew from her pocket a large claſp knife, which after ſhe had wiped on her apron, ſhe preſented to me, with a "voila monſieur." I received this dainty preſent, with every mark of due obligation, accompanied, at the ſame time, with a reſolution not to uſe it, particularly as my companions (for we had two other Engliſh gentlemen with us) had directed her to bring ſome others to them. This delicate inſtrument was as ſavory as its miſtreſs, amongſt the various fragrancies which it emitted, garlic ſeemed to have the maſtery.

About twelve o'clock we went to the hall of the municipality, to procure our paſſports for the interior, and found it crowded with people upon the ſame errand. We made our way through them into a very handſome anti-room, and thence, by a little further

perſeverance, into an inner room, where the mayor and his officers were ſeated at a large table covered with green cloth. To ſhow what reliance is to be placed upon the communications of Engliſh newſpapers, I ſhall mention the following circumſtance: my companion had left England, without a paſſport, owing to the repeated aſſurances of both the miniſterial and oppoſition prints, and alſo of a perſon high in adminiſtration, that none were neceſſary.

The firſt queſtion propounded to us by the ſecretary was, "citizens, where are your paſſports?" I had furniſhed myſelf with one; but upon hearing this queſtion, I was determined not to produce it, from an apprehenſion that I ſhould cover my friend, who had none, with ſuſpicion, ſo we anſwered, that in England they were not required of Frenchmen, and that we had left our country with official aſſurances that they would not be demanded of us here.

They replied to us, by reading a decree, which rigorouſly required them of foreigners, entering upon the territories of the republic, and they aſſured us, that this regulation was at that moment reciprocal with every other power, and with England in particular. The decree of courſe cloſed the argument. We next addreſſed ourſelves to their politeneſs (forgetting that the revolution had made ſad inroads upon it) and requeſted them, as we had been miſled, and had no other views of viſiting the country, but thoſe of pleaſure, and improvement, that they would be

pleaſed to grant us our paſſports for the interior. To this addreſs, theſe high authorities, who ſeemed not much given to "the melting mood," after making up a phyſiognomy, as ſevere, and as *iron bound* as their coaſt, laconically obſerved, that the laws of the republic muſt be enforced, that they ſhould write to our ambaſſador to know who we were, and that in the mean time they would make out our paſſports for the town, the barriers of which we were not to paſs. Accordingly, a little fat gentleman, in a black coat, filled up theſe official inſtruments, which were copied into their books, and both ſigned by us; he then commenced our "ſignalement," which is a regular deſcriptive portrait of the head of the perſon who has thus the honor of ſitting to the municipal portrait painters of the département de la Seine inferieure.

This portrait is intended, as will be immediately anticipated, to afford encreaſed facilities of all national guards, marèchauſsées, thief takers, &c. for placing in "durance vile" the unfortunate original, ſhould he violate the laws.

The ſignalement is added in the margin, to the paſſport, and alſo regiſtered in the municipal records, which, from their ſize, appeared to contain a greater number of heads and faces, thus depicted, than any muſeum or gallery I ever beheld.

How correct the likeneſſes in general are, I leave to the judgment of others, after I have informed

them, that the hazle eyes of my friend were described "yeux bleus" in this masterly delineation.

If the dead march in Saul had been playing before us all the way, we could not have marched more gravely, or rather sulkily, to our inn. Before us, we had the heavy prospect of spending about ten days in this town, not very celebrated for either beauty, or cleanliness, until the municipality could receive an account of us, from our ambassador, who knew no more of us than they did. The other English gentlemen were in the same predicament.

However we determined to pursue the old adage, that what is without remedy, should be without regret, and, English like, grew very merry over a good dinner, consisting of soups, and meat, and fowls, and fish, and vegetables (for such is the order of a French dinner) confectionary and a desert, accompanied with good Burgundy, and excellent Champaign. Our misfortunes must plead our excuse, if the dinner is considered extravagant. Uncle Toby went to sleep when he was unhappy; we solicited consolation in another way. Our signalements afforded us much diversion, which at length was a little augmented by a plan which I mentioned, as likely to furnish us with the means of our liberation. After dinner I waited upon a young gentleman who was under the care of a very respectable merchant, to whom I had the good fortune to have letters of introduction. Through his means I was introduced to Mons. de la M——a

who received me with great politeneſs. In the hurry and occupations of very extenſive commercial purſuits, this amiable old gentleman had found leiſure to indulge himſelf in works of taſte. His noble fortune enabled him to gratify his liberal inclinations. I found him ſeated in his compting-houſe, which, from its handſome furniture and valuable paintings, reſembled an elegant cabinet. I ſtated the conduct of the municipality towards us, and requeſted his aſſiſtance. After he had ſhown me his apartments, a fine collection of drawings, by ſome of the firſt maſters, and ſome more excellent paintings, we parted with an aſſurance that he would immediately wait upon the mayor, who was his friend, and had no doubt but that he ſhould in the courſe of the next day enable us to leave Havre when and in what manner we pleaſed. With this agreeable piece of intelligence, I immediately returned to the inn, where it induced us to drink health and ſucceſs to the friendly merchant in another bottle of champaign.

CHAPTER III.

Paſſports procured.—Coins.—Town of Havre.—Carts.—Citoyen.—Honfleur.—Deſerters.—Prefect de Marine.—Ville de Sandwich.—French Farmers.—Sir Sidney Smith.—Catharine de Medicis.—Light Houſes.—Rafts.

IF Havre had been a Paradiſe, the feelings of reſtraint would have diſcolored the magic ſcenery, and turned the enlivening green to a cheerleſs barren brown.

As we could reliſh nothing, until we had procured our releaſe, the firſt place we viſited the next morning was, once more, the reſidence of the municipality, where we found that our worthy friend had previouſly arranged every thing to our wiſhes, and upon his ſigning a certificate, that we were peaceable citizens, and had no intention to overturn the republic, our paſſports were made out, and upon an exchange of a little ſnuff, and a few bows, we retired. The other two Engliſhmen had their wiſhes gratified, by the ſame lucky incident, which had aſſiſted us. Having changed our guineas for French money, and as in future, when money is mentioned, it will be in the currency of the country, it perhaps may not be unacceptable to ſubjoin a table of the old, and new, and republican coins. For every guinea of full weight, which we carried over, we received twenty-four livres, or a louis d'or, which is equal to twenty

ſhillings ſterling, of courſe we loſt one ſhilling upon every good guinea, and more, according to the deficiency of weight. The courſe of exchange and commiſſion, with our country, I afterwards found at Paris, to be one ſhilling and eight pence, in the pound ſterling, againſt us, but the difference will be progreſſively nearer par, as the accuſtomed relations of commerce reſume their former habits. I was ſurpriſed to find the ancient monarchical coin in chief circulation, and that of the republic, very confined. Scarce a pecuniary tranſaction can occur, but the ſilent, and eloquent medallion of the unhappy monarch, ſeems to remind theſe bewildered people of *his* fate, and *their* paſt misfortunes. Although the country is poor, all their payments are made in caſh, this is owing to the ſhock given by the revolution, to individual, and conſequently to paper credit.

To comprehend their money, it muſt be known, although the French always calculate by livres, as we do by pounds ſterling, that the livre is no coin, but computation.

MONARCHICAL COINS.

	£	s.	d.
GOLD.			
A louis d'or is twenty-four livres Fr. or		20	0 Eng.
SILVER.			
A grand ecu, or ſix livre piece, -		5	0
An ecu, or three livre piece, -		2	6
The vingt quatre ſols piece, - -		1	0

A douze ſols piece is twelve pence Fr. or 0 6
A ſix ſols piece is 6d Fr. or - - - 0 3

COPPER MIXED WITH SILVER.

A deux ſols, or two pence French, and one penny Engliſh, is nearly the ſize of our ſix pence, but is copper, with a white or ſilveriſh mixture, twelve of theſe make a vingt quatre sols piece, or one ſhilling Engliſh.

They have alſo another ſmall piece of nearly the ſame ſize and color, but not ſo white, and rather thinner, which is one ſol and a half, three halfpence French, or three farthings Engliſh.

COPPER.

A ſol is like our halfpenny, value one penny French, or a halfpenny Engliſh, twenty-four of theſe make an Engliſh ſhilling.

A deux liard piece is half a ſol French, or a farthing Engliſh.

A liard is a farthing French, and of the value of half a farthing Engliſh.

NEW COIN.

A thirty ſols piece, is a very beautiful and convenient coin, worth one ſhilling and three pence Engliſh, having a good impreſſion of the late king's head on one ſide, and the goddeſs of liberty on the other; it was ſtruck in the early part of the revolution.

REPUBLICAN COIN.

SILVER.

A fifteen ſols piece is half of the above and very convenient.

COPPER.

A ſix liard is a bit of copper compoſition, ſuch as the fine cannon are made of, and is worth three ſols French, or a halfpenny, and a farthing Engliſh.

A cinq centimes is worth a halfpenny and half a farthing Engliſh.

The centimes are of the value of half farthings, five of which are equal to the laſt coin, they are very ſmall and neat.

An early knowledge of theſe coins, is very neceſſary to a ſtranger, on account of the diſhoneſt advantages which French tradeſmen take of their Engliſh cuſtomers.

To return to my narrative: finding ourſelves at liberty to purſue our route, we went from the municipality to the bureau des diligences, and ſecured our places in the voiture to Rouen, for the next day.

After this neceſſary arrangement, we proceeded to view the town, which is compoſed of long and narrow ſtreets. The fronts of the houſes, which are lofty, are deformed by the ſpaces between the naked interſections of the frame work being filled up with mor-

tar, which gives them an appearance of being very heavy, and very mean.

The commerce formerly carried on at Havre, was very extenſive. There is here alſo large manufactories for lace. The theatre is very ſpacious, well arranged, and as far as we could judge by day-light, handſomely decorated. The players did not perform during our ſtay. In the vegetable market place, which was much crowded, and large, we ſaw at this ſeaſon of the year abundance of fine apples, as freſh in appearance as when they were firſt plucked from the tree.

In our way there we were accoſted by a little ragged beggar boy, who addreſſed himſelf to our compaſſionate diſpoſitions, by the appellation of "très charitable citoyen," but finding we gave nothing, he immediately changed it to "mon chère très charitable monſieur."

The ſtrange uncouth expreſſion of citoyen is generally laid aſide, except amongſt the immediate officers under government, in their official communications, who, however, renounce it in private, for the more civilized title of "monſieur."

The principal church is a fine handſome building, and had been opened for worſhip, the Sunday before we arrived: On that day the bell of the Sabbath firſt ſounded, during ten years of revolution, infidelity, and bloodſhed!!!

The royal arms are every where removed. They formerly conſtituted a very beautiful ornament over the door of the hotel of the preſent prefect, at the head of the market place, but they have been rudely beaten out by battle axes, and replaced by rude republican emblems, which every where (I ſpeak of them as a decoration) ſeem to disfigure the buildings which bear them. When I made this remark, I muſt, however, candidly confeſs, that my mind very cordially accompanied my eye, and that a natural ſentiment mingled with the obſervation. The quays, piers, and arſenal are very fine, they, together with the docks, for ſmall ſhips of war and merchandize, were conſtructed under the auſpices of Lewis XIV. with whom this port was a great favorite.

We ſaw ſeveral groups of men at work in heavy chains. They were ſoldiers, who had offended. They are dreſſed in *red* jackets and trowſers, which are ſuppoſed to increaſe their diſgrace, on account of its being the regimental color of their old enemy, the Engliſh. When my companion, who wore his regimentals, paſſed them, they all moved their caps to him with great reſpect.

The town, and conſequently the commerce of Rouen, was moſt ſucceſsfully blockaded, for near four years, by Britiſh commanders, during the late war, and particularly by Sir Sidney Smith. It was here, when endeavoring to cut out a veſſel, which in point of value, and conſideration was unworthy of ſuch an

exposure, that this great hero, and distinguished being, was made a prisoner of war. The inhabitants, who never speak of him, but with emotions of terror, consider this event as the rash result of a wager conceived over wine. Those who know the character of Sir Sidney, will not impute to him such an act of *idle* temerity. No doubt he considered the object, as included in his duty, and it is only to be lamented, that during two lingering years of rigorous, and cruel confinement, in the dungeons of the unhappy sovereign, his country was bereaved of the assistance of her immortal champion, who, in a future season, upon the shores of Acre, so nobly filled up the gloomy chasm of suspended services, by exploits which to be believed, must not be *adequately* described, and who revenged, by an act of unrivalled glory, the long endurance of sufferings, and indignities hateful to the magnanimous spirit of modern warfare, and unknown to it, displayed within the walls of a Prussian dungeon.*

I shall hereafter have occasion to mention this extraordinary character, when I speak of his escape from the Temple, the real circumstances attending which are but little known, and which I received from an authority upon which the reader may rely.

This town is not unknown to history. At the

*. The cruel imprisonment of la Fayette is alluded to.

celebrated siege of it, in the time of Catherine de Medicis, that execrable princess, distinguished herself by her personal intrepidity. It is said, that she landed here, in a galley, bearing the device of the sun, with these words in greek, "I bring light, and fine weather"—a motto which ill corresponded with her conduct.

With great courage such as seldom associates with cruel, and ferocious tyrants, she here on horseback, at the head of her army, exposed herself to the fire of the cannon, like the most veteran soldiers, and betrayed no symptoms of fear, although the bullets flew about her in all directions. When desired by the duke of Guise, and the Constable de Montmorenci, not to expose her person so much, the brave, but sanguinary Catharine replied, "Have I not more to "lose than you, and do you think I have not as "much courage?"

The walk, through la ville de Sandwiche, to the light houses, which are about two miles from Havre, is very pleasing. The path lay through flax and clover fields. In this part of the country, the farmers practise an excellent plan of rural economy, which is also used in Dorsetshire, and some few other counties, of confining their cattle by a string to a spot of pasture, until they have completely cleared it.

Upon the hill, ascending to the cliffs, are several

very elegant chateaus and gardens, belonging to the principal inhabitants of the town.

Monsieur B——, the prefect de marine, has a beautiful residence here. We were accidentally stopping at his gate, which was open, to view the enchanting prospects, which it presented to us, when the polite owner observed us, and with that amiableness, and civility, which still distinguish the descendants of the ancient families of rank in France, of which he is one, requested us to enter, and walked with us round his grounds, which were disposed with great taste. He afterwards conducted us to his elegant house, and gave us dried fruit, and excellent burgundy, after which we walked round the village to the light houses. From him we learnt, that the farmers here, as in England, were very respectable, and had amassed considerable wealth during the war. The approach to the light houses through a row of elms, is very pleasant; they stand upon an immense high perpendicular cliff, and are lofty square buildings, composed of fine light brown free stone, the entrance is handsome, over which there is a good room, containing four high windows, and a lodging room for the people, who have the care of the light, the glass chamber of which we reached, after ascending to a considerable height, by a curious spiral stone stair case. The lantern is composed of ninety immense reflecting lamps, which are capable of being raised or depressed with great ease by means of an iron wind-

lars. This large lustre, is surrounded with plates of the thickest French glass, fixed in squares of iron, and discharges a prodigious light, in dark nights. A furnace of coal was formerly used, but this has been judiciously superseded by the present invention. Round the lantern, is a gallery with an iron balustrade, the view from this elevation upon the beach, the entrance of the Seine, Honfleur (where our Henry III. is said to have fought the French armies, and to have distinguished himself by his valor) the distant hills of Lower Normandy, and the ocean, is truly grand. It brought to my mind that beautiful description of Shakespeare—

> ——————The murmuring surge
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong.

We did not visit the other tower, as it was uniform with this. The woman who has the charge of the light, was very good humoured, and very talkative, she seemed delighted to show us every thing, and said she preferred seeing Englishmen *in* her tower as friends, to the view she frequently had of them *from* it as enemies, alluding to the long, and masterly blockade of this port by a squadron of English frigates. She carried us to her little museum, as she

called it, where she had arranged, very neatly, a considerable collection of fossils, shells and petrefactions. Here she showed us with great animation, two British cannon balls, which during the blockade, had very nearly rendered her husband and herself, as cold and as silent as any of the petrefactions in her collection. In this little cabinet was her bed, where, amidst the war of winds and waves, she told us she slept as sound as a *consul*.

In the basins of Havre, we saw several rafts, once so much talked of, constructed for the real, or ostensible purpose of conveying the invading legions of France, to the shores of Great-Britain. I expected to have seen an immense floating platform, but the vessels which we saw, were made like brigs of an unusual breadth, with two low masts. The sincerity of this project has been much disputed, but that the French government expended considerable sums upon the scheme, I have no doubt.

I must not omit to mention, the admirable mode, which they have here, and in most parts of France, of constructing their carts. They are placed upon very high wheels, the load is generally arranged so as to create an equipoise, and is raised by an axle, fastened near the shafts. I was informed by a merchant, that a single horse can draw with ease thirty-six hundred weight, in one of these carts. These animals have a very formidable appearance, owing to

a strange custom which the French have, of covering the collar, with an entire sheep's skin, which gives them the appearance of having an enormous shaggy mane.

At night, we settled our bills which amounted to forty livres each. A considerable charge in this country, but we had lived well, and had not thought it worth our while, on account of the probable shortness of our stay, to bargain for our lodging, and board, a plan generally proper to be used by those, who mean to remain for some length of time, in any place in France.

CHAPTER IV.

Cheap travelling to Paris.—Diligences.—French Postillions.—Spanish Postillions.—Norman Horses.—Bolbec.—Natives of Caux.—Ivetot.—Return of Religion.—Santerre.—Jacobin.—The Mustard Pot.—National Property.

BEFORE I proceed on my journey, I must beg leave to present a very cheap mode of travelling to Paris, from Havre, to those who have more time at their command than I had. It was given to me by a respectable gentleman, and an old traveller.

	Sols.
From Havre to Honfleur, by the paſſage-boat	10
From Honfleur to Pontaudemar, by land	8
From Pontaudemar to Labouille	8
From Labouille to Rouen, by water	12
From Rouen to Rolleboiſe, by land	6
From Rolleboiſe to Pontoiſe, by water	30
From Pontoiſe to Paris, by land	30

This progreſs, however is tedious and uncertain.

At day-break we ſeated ourſelves in the diligence. All the carriages of this deſcription have the appearance of being the reſult of the earlieſt efforts in the art of coach building. A more uncouth clumſy machine can ſcarcely be imagined. In the front is a cabriolet fixed to the body of the coach, for the accommodation of three paſſengers, who are protected from the rain above, by the projecting roof of the coach, and in front by two heavy curtains of leather, well oiled, and ſmelling ſomewhat offenſively, faſtened to the roof. The inſide, which is capacious, and lofty, and will hold ſix people with great comfort, is lined with leather padded, and ſurrounded with little pockets, in which the travellers depoſit their bread, ſnuff, night caps and pocket handkerchiefs, which generally enjoy each others company in the ſame delicate depoſitary. From the roof depends a large net work, which is generally crowded with hats, ſwords, and band boxes, the whole is ſecured

eat, and when all parties are seated and arranged, the accommodations are by no means unpleasant.

Upon the roof, on the outside, is the imperial, which is generally filled with six or seven persons more, and a heap of luggage, which latter also occupies the basket, and generally presents a pile, half as high again as the coach, which is secured by ropes and chains, tightened by a large iron windlass, which also constitutes another appendage of this moving mass. The body of the carriage rests upon large thongs of leather, fastened to heavy blocks of wood, instead of springs, and the whole is drawn by seven horses. The three first are fastened to the cross bar, the rest are in pairs, all in rope harness and tackling. The near horse of the three first, is mounted by the postillion, in his great jack boots, which are always placed, with much ceremony, like two tubs, on the right side of his Rosinante, just before he ascends. These curious protectors of his legs, are composed of wood, and iron hoops, softened within by stuffing, and give him all the dignity of riding in a pair of upright portmanteaus. With a long lash whip in his hand, a dirty night cap and an old cocked hat upon his head, hallooing alternately "à gauche, à droit," and a few occasional sacre dieus, which seem always properly applied, and perfectly understood, the merry postillion drives along his cattle. I must not fail to do justice to the scientific skill with which he manages

on horseback, his long and heavy coach whip; with this commanding instrument, he can re-animate by a touch, each halting muscle of his lagging animals, can cut off an annoying fly, and with the loud cracking of its thong, he announces, upon his entrance into a town, the approach of his heavy, and clattering cavalcade. Each of these diligences is provided with a conducteur, who rides upon the imperial, and is responsible throughout the journey, for the comfort of the passengers and safety of the luggage. For his trouble the passenger pays him only thirty sols for himself, and fifteen more for the different postillions, to be divided amongst them, for these the donor is thanked with a low bow, and many "bien obligés," in the name of himself and his contented comrades.

Our companions proved to be some of our old friends the emigrants, who had thrown aside their marine dishabille, and displayed the appearance of gentlemen. We were much pleased with again meeting each other. Their conversation upon the road was very interesting, it was filled with sincere regret for the afflictions of their country, and with expressions of love and gratitude towards the English. They told us many little tales of politeness, and humanity which they had received from my countrymen in the various towns, where their destiny had placed them. One displayed, with amiable pride, a snuff box, which he had received as a parting token

of esteem, another a pocket book, and each was the bearer of some little affectionate proof of merit, good conduct, or friendship.

One of these gentlemen, the abbè de l'H——, whose face was full of expression, tinctured with much grief, and attendant indisposition, with a manner, and in a tone, which were truly affecting, concluded a little narrative of some kindness which he had received, by saying, "if the English and my "country are not friends, it shall not be for want of "my prayers. I fled from France without tears, for "the preservation of my life, but when I left Eng-"land, I confess, I could not help shedding some." They did not disgrace the generous abbè—such a nation was worthy of such feelings.

Our horses were of the Norman breed, small, stout, short, and full of spirit, and to the honor of those who have the care of them, in excellent condition. I was surprised to see these little animals running away with our cumbrous machine, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

We traced the desolating hand of the revolution as soon as we ascended the first hill.

Our road lay through a charming country. Upon the sides of its activities, surrounded by the most romantic scenery of woods and corn-fields, we saw ruined convents, and roofless village churches, through the shattered casements of which the wind had free admission.

We breakfasted at a neat town called Bolbec, seven leagues from Havre, where we had excellent coffee, butter, and rolls. All the household of our inn looked clean, happy, and sprightly.

This is the principle town of the province of Caux, the women of which dress their heads in a very peculiar, and in my humble opinion, unbecoming manner. I made a hasty sketch of one of them who entered the yard of the inn with apples for sale.

Such a promontory of cap and lace I never before beheld. She had been at a village marriage that morning, and was bedecked in all her finery. The people of this province are industrious and rich, and consequently respectable. At the theatre at Rouen I afterwards saw, in one of the front boxes, a lady from this country, dressed after its fashion: the effect was so singular that it immediately induced me to distinguish her, from the rest of the audience, but her appearance seemed to excite no curiosity with any other person. Our breakfast cost us each fifteen sous, to which may be added two sols more, for the maids, who waited on us with cheerful smiles, and habited in the full cushvois custume, and which also entitled us to kisses and curtsies. I beg leave to oppose our breakfast charge to the rumors which prevailed in England, that this part of France was then in a state of famine. From this town, the road was beautifully lined with beech, chesnut, and apple trees. The rich yellow of the rape seed which overspread the

surface of many of the fields on each side, was very animating to the eye. From this vegetable the country people express oil, and of the pulp of it make cakes, which the Norman horses will fatten upon. We had an early dinner at Bernay, five leagues distant from Bolbec. In ancient periods this miserable town was once the capital of a separate kingdom. In our dining room were three beds, or rather we dined in the bedroom. I use the former expression out of compliment to the pride of our little host, who replied with some loftiness to one of our companions, who, upon entering the room, and seeing so many accommodations for repose, exclaimed, with the sharpness of appetite, "my good host, "we want to eat, and not to sleep;" "gentlemen, "said our mortified little maître d'hotel, this cham-"ber is the dining room, and it is thought a very "good one." From its appearance I should have believed him, had he sworn that it was the state room of the palace of this ancient principality, of which this wretched town was once the capital. It reminded me of an anecdote related by an ancient English lady of fashion, when she first paid her respects to James I. soon after his accession to the crown of England. She mentions in her memoir, that his royal drawing room was so very dirty, that after the levee she was obliged to recur to her comb for relief, in plain truth, James I. and his court were lousy.

Our master of the house was both cook and waiter. At dinner, amongst several other dishes, we had some stewed beef. I requested to be favored with a little mustard, our host very solemnly replied, "I am very "sorry, citizen, but I have none, if you had been for- "tunate enough to have been here about three weeks "since, you might have had some." It was more than I wished, so I ate my beef very contentedly without it. With our desert we had a species of cake called brioche, composed of egg, flour, and water; it is in high estimation in France.

It was in this town *only* that I saw a specimen of that forlorn wretchedness and importunity, which have been said to constitute the general nuisance of this country.

In the shop of a brazier here, was exposed, a new leaden crucifix, about two feet and a half high for sale; it had been cast preparatory to the reinauguration of the archbishop of Rouen, which was to take place upon the next Sunday week, in the great cathedral of that city.

In consequence of the restoration of religion, the beggars who have in general considerable cleverness, and know how to turn new circumstances to advantage, had just learnt a fresh mode of soliciting money, by repeating the Lord's Prayer in French and Latin. We were treated with this sort of importunate piety for near a mile, after we left Ivetot.

I have before mentioned, that the barbarous jargon

of the revolution is rapidly paſſing away. It is only here and there, that its ſlimy track remains. The time is not very diſtant when Frenchmen wiſhed to be known by the name of Jacobins; it is now become an appellation of reproach, even amongſt the ſurviving aborigines of the revolution. As an inſtance of it, a naval officer of rank and intelligence, who joined us at Ivetot, informed us, that he had occaſion, upon ſome matters of buſineſs, to meet Santerre a few days before; that inhuman and vulgar revolutioniſt, who commanded the national guards when they ſurrounded the ſcaffold during the execution of their monarch. In the courſe of their converſation, Santerre, ſpeaking of a third perſon, exclaimed, "I cannot bear that man; he is a Jacobin." Let all true revolutionary republicans cry out, Bravo! at this.

This miſcreant lives unnoticed, in a little village near Paris, upon a ſlender income, which he has made in trade, not in the *trade of blood*; for it appears that Robeſpierre was not a very liberal patron of his ſervants. He kept his blood hounds lean and keen, and poorly fed them with the rankeſt offal.

After a duſty journey through a very rich and pictureſque country, of near eighty miles, we entered the beautiful boulevards* of Rouen, about ſeven o'clock in the evening, which embowered us from

* Environs of a town, planted with ſtately trees.

the sun. Their shade was delicious. I think them finer than those of Paris. The noble elms, which compose them in four stately rows, are all nearly of the same height. Judge of my surprise—Upon our rapidly turning the corner of a street, as we entered the city, I suddenly found coach, horses and all, in the aisle of an ancient catholic church. The gates were closed upon us, and in a moment from the busy buzzing of the streets, we were translated into the silence of shattered tombs, and the gloom of cloisters: the only light which shone upon us, issued through fragments of stained glass, and the apertures which were formerly filled with it.

My surprise, however, was soon quieted, by being informed, that this church, having devolved to the nation as its property, by force of a revolutionary decree, had been afterwards sold for stables, to one of the owners of the Rouen diligences.

An old unsaleable cabriolet occupied the place of the altar: and the horses were very quietly eating their oats in the sacristy!!

At the Bureau, we paid twelve livres and a half for our places and luggage from Havre to this town.

CHAPTER V.

A female French fib.—Military and Civil Procession.—Madame G.—The Review.—Mons. l'Abbé.—Bridge of Boats.—The Quay.—Exchange.—Theatre—Rouen.—Cathedral.—St. Ouens.—Prince of Waldec.—Maid of Orleans.

HAVING collected together all our luggage, and seen it safely lodged in a porter's wheelbarrow, Captain C. and I bade adieu to our fellow travellers, and to these solemn and unsuitable habitations of hostlers and horses, and proceeded through several narrow streets, lined with lofty houses, the shops of which were all open, and the shopkeepers, chiefly women, looked respectable and sprightly, with gay bouquets in their bosoms, to the Hôtel de l'Europe; it is a fine inn, to which we had been recommended at Havre, kept by Madame F——, who, with much politeness, and many captivating movements, dressed à-la-Gree, with immense golden ear-rings, approached us, and gave us a little piece of information, not very pleasant to travellers somewhat discoloured by the dust of a long and sultry day's journey, who wanted comfortable rooms, fresh linen, a little coffee, and a good night's repose: her information was, that her house was completely full, but that she would send to an upholsterer to fit up two beds for us, in a very neat room, which she had just papered and furnished, op-

posite to the porter's lodge (all the great inns and respectable town-houses in France have great gates, and a porter's lodge at the entrance.) As we wished to have three rooms, we told her, we were friends of Messrs. G——, (the principal merchants of Rouen.) She said, they were very amiable men, and were pleased to *send all their friends to her house*, (a little French fib of Madame F——'s, by the by, as will appear hereafter;) and she was truly sorry that she could not accommodate us better. We looked into the room, which also looked into the street, was exposed to all its noise, and very small. So we made our bows to madame F——, and proceeded with our wheelbarrow to the Hôtel de Poitiers—a rival house. It is situated in the beautiful boulevards, which I have mentioned, and is part of a row of fine stone-built houses. Upon our ringing the bell, Madame P—— presented herself. We told her, we were just arrived at Rouen, that we had the honor of being known to to Messrs. G——, and should be happy to be placed under her roof, and wished to have two lodgings rooms and a sitting room to ourselves. Madame P——, who possessed that sort of good and generous heart, which nature, for its better preservation, had lodged in a comfortable envelope of comely plumpness, observed, that Messrs. G—— were gentlemen of great respectability, were her patrons, and always *sent their* friends to *her* house (a point upon which these rival dames were at issue,

but the truth was with Madame P——;) that she would do all in her power to make us happy; but at present, on account of her house being very crowded, she could only offer us two bed-rooms. We were too tired to think of any further peregrinations of discovery; so we entered our bedrooms, which, like most of the chambers in France, had brick floors without any carpetting; they were, however clean; and, after ordering a good fire in one of them (for the sudden and unusual frost, which in the beginning of summer, committed so much ravage throughout Europe, commenced the day we had first the honor of seeing Madame P——;) and, after enjoying those comforts which weary wanderers require, we mounted our lofty beds, and went to rest.

The next day we presented our letter, and ourselves, to Madame G——, the amiable mother of the gentleman I have mentioned. She received us with great politeness, and immediately arranged a dinner party for us, for that day. It being rather early in the morning, we were admitted into her chamber, a common custom of receiving early visits in France.

About eleven o'clock we saw a splendid procession of all the military and civil authorities to the hôtel* of the prefect, which was opposite to our inn.

* Hotel, in France, means either an inn, or private house of consequence.

The object of this cavalcade was to congratulate the archbiſhop of Rouen (who was then upon a viſit to the prefect, until his own palace was ready to receive him) on his elevation to the ſee.

This ſpectacle diſplayed the interference of God, in thus making the former enemies of his worſhip pay homage to his miniſters, after a long reign of atheiſm and perſecution.

About twelve o'clock, which is the hour of parade throughout the republic, we went to the Champ de Mars, and ſaw a review of the 20th regiment of chaſſeurs, under the command of generals St. Hiliare and Ruffin, who, as well as the regiment, had particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves at Marengo.

The men were richly appointed, and in general well mounted. They all wore muſtachios. They were juſt arrived from Amiens, where, as a mark of honor, they had been quartered during the negociation.

The officers were ſuperbly attired. St. Hiliare is a young man, and in perſon much reſembles his patron and friend, the firſt conſul; and they ſay, in abilities alſo.

Some of the horſes were of a diſſimilar ſize and color, which had a bad effect; but I was informed, upon making the remark, that they had loſt many in battle, and had not had time properly to replace them. They were all ſtrong and fiery, and went through their evolutions with ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs.

At dinner our party was very agreeable. Next to me sat a little abbè, who appeared to be in years, but full of vivacity, and seemed to be much esteemed by every person present. During the *time of terror* (as the French emphatically call the gloomy reign of Robespierre) the blood of this good man, who, from his wealth, piety, and munificence, possessed considerable influence in Rouen, was sought after with keen pursuit. Madame G—— was the saviour of his life, by concealing him, previous to her own imprisonment, for two years, in different cellars, under her house, which she rendered as warm and as comfortable as circumstances, and the nature of the concealment would allow. In one of these cells of humane secrecy, this worthy man has often eaten his solitary and agitated meal, whilst the soldiers of the tyrant, who were quartered upon his protectress, were carousing in the kitchen immediately above him.

Soon after our coffee, which, in this country, immediately succeeds the dinner, we went to view the bridge of boats, so celebrated in history. This curious structure was contrived by an Augustine friar named Michael Bougeois, it is composed of timber, regularly paved, in squares which contain the stones, and is 1000* feet in length; it commences from the middle of the quay of Rouen, and reaches over to the

* The French feet are to the English as 1068 to 1000.

Fauxbourg of St. Sever, and carries on the communication with the country which lies south of the city. It was begun in the year 1626, below it are the ruins of the fine bridge of 18 arches, built by the empress of Maud, daughter of Henry I. of England. This ingenious fabric rests upon 19 immense barges, which rise and fall with the flowing and subsiding of the tide. When vessels have occasion to pass it a portion of the platform sufficient to admit their passage is raised and rolled over the other part. In the winter when any danger is apprehended from the large flakes of ice, which float down the river, the whole is taken to pieces in an hour. The expense of keeping it in repair is estimated at 10,000 livres, or 400 pounds sterling per annum, and is defrayed by government, it being the high-road to Picardy. Upon the whole, although this bridge is so much admired, I must confess it appeared to me a heavy performance unsuitable to the wealth and splendor of the city of Rouen, and below the taste and ingenuity of modern times. A handsome light stone structure, with a centre arch covered with a draw bridge, for the passage of vessels of considerable burden, or a lofty flying iron bridge, would be less expensive, more safe, and much more ornamental.

The view from this bridge up the Seine, upon the islands below mount St. Catharine, is quite enchanting. Upon the quay, although it was Sunday, a vast number of people were dancing, drinking and

attending ſhows and lotteries. Here were people of various nations, parading up and down in the habits and dreſſes of their reſpective countries, which produced quite the effect of a maſquerade. The river Seine is ſo deep at this place, that ſhips of three hundred tons burden are moored cloſe to the quay and make a very fine appearance. The exchange for the merchants is parallel with the centre of the quay, and is a long paved building of about 400 feet in length, open at top, having a handſome iron baluſtrade, and ſeats towards the Seine, and a high ſtone wall towards the town. Over all the great gates of the city, is written, in large characters, "Liberty, Equality, Humanity, Fraternity or Death:" the laſt two words have been painted over, but are ſtill faintly legible.

In the evening we went to the French opera, which was very crowded. The boxes were adorned with genteel people, and many beautiful young women. The theatre is very large, elegant and handſome, and the players were good. I was ſtruck with the ridiculous antics, and geſtures of the chief in the orcheſtra, a man whoſe office it is to beat time to the muſicians. In the municipality box which was in the centre, lined with green ſilk, and gold, were two fine young women who appeared to be ladies of faſhion, and conſequence; they were dreſſed after the antique, in an attire which, for lightneſs, and ſcantities I never ſaw equalled, till I ſaw it ſurpaſſed

at Paris. They appeared to be clothed only in jewels, and a little muſlin very gracefully diſpoſed, the latter, to borrow a beautiful expreſſion, had the appearance of "wovenair." From emotions of gratitude for the captivating diplay which they made, I could not help offering a few fervent wiſhes, that the light of the next day might find them preſerved from the dreaded conſequences of a very bitter cold night.

Rouen, upon the whole, is a fine city, very large, and populous. It was formerly the capital of the kingdom of Normandy. It ſtands upon a plain, ſcreened on three ſides, by high, and picturesque mountains. It is near two leagues in compaſs, excluſive of the Fauxbourges of St. Severs, Cauchoiſe, Bouveul, St. Hiliare, Martainville and Beauviſme. Its commerce was very celebrated, and is returning with great rapidity. Moſt of the fine buildings in this city and its environs are Anglo-Norman antiquities, and were founded by the Engliſh before they left Normandy.

The cathedral is a grand, and awful pile of gothic architecture, built by our William the Conqueror. It has two towers, one of which, is ſurmounted by a wooden ſpire covered with lead, and is of the prodigious height of 395 French feet, the other is 236 feet high.

The additional wooden ſpire, and the inequality of the towers produce rather an unfavourable effect.

During the revolution, this auguſt edifice was converted into a ſulphur and gun-powder manufactory, by which impious proſtitution, the pillars are defaced, and broken, and the whole is blackened and dingy.

The coſtly cenotaphs of white marble, enriched with valuable ornaments containing the hearts of our Henry III. and Richard I. kings of England, and dukes of Normandy, which were formerly placed on each ſide of the grand altar-piece were removed during the revolution.

The altarpiece is very fine. Grand preparations were making for the inauguration of the archbiſhop, which was to take place the following Sunday. There were not many people at maſs; thoſe who were preſent, appeared to be chiefly compoſed of old women, and young children. Over the charity box faſtened to one of the pillars was a board upon which was written in large letters "Hoſpices reconnoiſſance et proſpérité a l'homme généreux et ſenſible." I ſaw few people affected by this benedictory appeal. I next viſited the church of St. Ouens, which is not ſo large as the cathedral, but ſurpaſſes that, and every other ſacred edifice I ever beheld, in point of elegance. This graceful pile, has alſo had its ſhare of ſufferings, during the reign of revolutiouary barbariſm. Its chaſte, and elegant pillars have been violated by the ſmoke of ſulphur and wood; and in many places, preſent to the diſtreſſed eye, chaſms, produced by maſſy forges, which were erected againſt

them, for casting ball. The costly railing of brass, gilt, which half surrounded the altar, has been torn up, and melted into cannon. The large circular stained window over the entrance called La Rose du Portail is very beautiful, and wholy unimpaired. The organs in all the churches are broken and useless. They experienced this fate, in consequence of their having been considered as fanatical instruments during the *time of terror*. The fine organ of St. Ouens is in this predicament, and will require much cost to repair it.*

I cannot help admiring the good sense which in all the churches of France is displayed, by placing the organ upon a gallery over the grand entrance, by which the spectator has an uninterrupted view, and commands the whole length of the interior building. In the English cathedrals, it is always placed midway between the choir and church, by which, this desired effect is lost.—St. Ouens is now open for worship.

In spite of all the devastations of atheistic Vandalism, this exquisite building, like the holy cause to which it is consecrated, having withstood the assailing storm, and elevating its meek, but magnificent head above its enemies, is mildly ready to receive them

* The ornaments of the churches of England experienced a similar fate from the commissioners of the Long parliament, in 1643.

into the bosom, still disfigured with the traces of blind and barbarous ferocity.

Behind the altar, I met the celebrated prince of Waldec. He, who possessed of royal honors, and ample domains, revolted in the day of battle, from his imperial master, and joined the victorious and pursuing foe. I beheld him in a shaded corner of one of the cloisters of St. Ouens, in poor attire, with an old umbrella under his arm, scantily provided for, and scarcely noticed by his *new* friends. A melancholy, but just example of the rewards due to treachery and desertion.

I have described these churches only genetally, it cannot be expected of me to enter into an elaborate history of them, or of any other public edifices. The detail, if attempted, might prove dull, and is altogether incompatible with the limited time, and nature of my excursion.

After we left St. Ouens, we visited the square aux Vaux, where the celebrated heroine of Lorrain, Joan d'Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans was cruelly burnt at the stake, for a pretended sorceress, but in fact to gratify the barbarous revenge of the duke of Bedford, the then regent of France; because after signal successes, she conducted her sovereign, Charles, in safety, to Rheims, where he was crowned, and obtained decisive victories over the English arms. We here saw the statue erected by the French,

to the memory of this remarkable woman, which as an object of ſculpture ſeems to poſſeſs very little worthy of notice.

CHAPTER VI.

Firſt Conſul's Advertiſement.—Something ridiculous.—Eggs.—Criminal Military Tribunal.—French Female Confidence.—Town Houſe.—Convent of Jeſuits.—Guillotine.—Governor W——.

UPON looking up againſt the corner wall of a ſtreet, ſurrounded by particoloured advertiſements of quack medicines, wonderful cures, new invented eſſences, judgments of caſſation, rewards for robbers, and bills of the opera, I beheld Bonaparte's addreſs to the people of France, to elect him firſt conſul for life. I took it for granted that the Spaniſh proverb of "tell me with whom you are, and I will tell you "what you are," was not to be applied in this inſtance, on account of the company in which the *Conſular application*, by a mere fortuitous coincidence, happened to be placed.

A circumſtance occurred at this time, reſpecting this election, which was rather ridiculous, and excited conſiderable mirth at Paris. Upon the firſt appearance of the election book of the firſt conſul, in one of the departments, ſome wag, inſtead of ſub-

ſubſcribing his name, immediately under the title of the page, "ſhall Napoleon Bonaparte be firſt conſul for life?" wrote the following words, "I can't tell."

This trifling affair affords rather a favorable impreſſion of the mildneſs of that government, which could inſpire ſufficient confidence to hazard ſuch a ſtroke of pleaſantry. It reached Mal Maiſon with great ſpeed, but is ſaid to have occaſioned no other ſenſation there, than a little merriment. Carnot's bold negative was a little talked of, but as it was ſolitary, it was conſidered harmleſs. To the love of finery which the French ſtill retain to a certain degree, I could alone attribute the gay appearance of the eggs in the market; upon which had been beſtowed a very ſmart ſtain of lilac color. The effect was ſo ſingular that I could not help noting it down.

On the third day after our arrival in this city, we attended the trial of a man who belonged to one of the banditti which infeſt the country round this city. The court was held in the hall of the ancient parliament houſe, and was compoſed of three civil judges (one of whom preſided) three military judges, and two citizens. The arrangements of the court, which was crowded, were excellent, and afforded uninterrupted accommodation to all its members, by ſeparate doors and paſſages allotted to each, and alſo to the people, who were permitted to occupy the large area in front, which gradually roſe from the laſt ſeats of the perſons belonging to the court, and enabled every

ſpectator to have a perfect view of the whole. Appropriate moral mottos were inſcribed in characters of gold, upon the walls. The judges wore long laced bands, and robes of black, lined with light blue ſilk, with ſcarfs of blue and ſilver fringe, and ſat upon an elevated ſemicircular bench, raiſed upon a flight of ſteps, placed in a large alcove, lined with tapeſtry. The ſecretaries, and ſubordinate officers were ſeated below them. On the left the priſoner was placed, without irons, in the cuſtody of two gend'armes, formerly called maréchauſſées, who had their long ſwords drawn. Theſe ſoldiers have a very military appearance, and are a fine and valuable body of men. I fear the reſpectable impreſſion which I would wiſh to convey of them will ſuffer, when I inform my reader, that they are ſervants of the police, and anſwer to our Bow-ſtreet runners. The ſwiftneſs with which they purſue, and apprehend offenders, is ſurpriſing. We were received with politeneſs, and conducted to a convenient place for hearing, and ſeeing all that paſſed. The accuſateur general who ſat on the left, wore a coſtume ſimilar to that of the judges, without the ſcarf. He opened the trial by relating the circumſtances, and declaiming upon the enormity of the offence, by which it appeared that the priſoner ſtood charged with robbery, accompanied with breach of hoſpitality; which, in that country, be the amount of the plunder ever ſo trifling, is at preſent capital. The addreſs of the public accuſer

was very florid, and vehement, and attended by violent gesture, occasionally graceful. The pleaders of Normandy are considered as the most eloquent men in France, I have heard several of them, but they appear to me to be too impassioned. Their motions in speaking frequently look like madness. He ransacked his language to furnish himself with reproachful epithets against the miserable wretch by the side of him, who with his hands in his bosom appeared to listen to him with the greatest sang froid. The witnesses who were kept separate, previous to their giving their evidence, were numerous, and proved many robberies against him, attended with aggravated breaches of hospitality. The court entered into proofs of offences committed by the prisoner at different times, and upon different persons. The women who gave their testimony, exhibited a striking contrast between the timidity of English females, confronting the many eyes of a crowded court of justice, and the calm self possession with which the French ladies here delivered their unperturbed testimony. The charges were clearly proved, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. Undismayed, and with all the practised hardihood of an Old Bailey felon, he calmly declared, that he purchased the pile of booty produced in the court, for sums of money, the amount of which he did not then know, of persons he could not name, and in

places which he did not remember. He had no advocate. The subject was next resumed, and closed by the official orator who opened it. The court retired, and the criminal was re-conducted to the prison behind the hall. After an absence of about twenty minutes, a bell rang to announce the return of the judges, the prisoner re-entered, escorted by a file of national guards, to hear his fate. The court resumed its sitting. The president addressed the unhappy man, very briefly, recapitulated his offences, and read the decree of the republic upon them, by which he doomed him to lose his head at four o'clock that afternoon.

It was then ten minutes past one!! The face of this wretched being presented a fine subject for the pencil. His countenance was dark, marked, and melancholy; over it was spread the sallow tint of long imprisonment. His beard was unshorn, and he displayed an indifference to his fate, which not a little surprised me. He immediately retired, and upon his return to his cell, a priest was sent forto prepare him for his doom. At present, in the provinces, all criminal offences are tried before military tribunals, qualified, as I have described this to be, by a mixture of civil judges and bourgeois.

It is one of the peculiar characteristics of such tribunals, to order immediate punishment after conviction. In the present instance, the fate of the offen-

der was well known, for his crimes were many, and manifest, and as the interval allowed by military courts between the sentence, and its fulfilment, is so very short, the administrators of the law had postponed his trial for five months from the period of his commitment, for the purpose of affording him an indulgent procrastination. This mode, although arising from merciful motives, is, I am aware, open to objection; but it would be unfair to comment upon laws, which prevailed in times of revolution, and are permitted only to operate, until the fabric of French criminal jurisprudence, which is now constructing, shall be presented to the people. To the honor of our country, and one of the greatest ornaments of the British bar, the honorable T. Erskine, in the year 1789, furnished the French with some of these great principles of criminal law, which it was impossible to perfect during the long æra of convulsion, and instability which followed, and which will constitute a considerable part of that great, and humane code, which is about to be bestowed upon the nation, and which will, no doubt, prove to be one of the greatest blessings, which human wisdom can confer upon human weakness.

Its foundation is nearly similar to that of our own. The great and enlightened genius whose name I have mentioned, has provided that the contumacy of *one* juryman shall not be able to force the opinion of the rest.

After the court had broken up, I visited the town house, which, before the revolution, was the monastery of the Benedictines, who, from what appeared of the remains of their establishment, must have been magnificently lodged, and well deserved during their existence, to bear the name of the blessed. The two grand staircases are very fine, and there is a noble garden behind. Upon entering the vestibule of the council chamber, formerly the refectory, I thought I was going behind the scenes of a theatre. It was nearly filled with allegorical banners, pasteboard and canvas arches of triumph, altars, emblems of liberty, and despotism, and all the scenic decorations suitable to the frenzied orgies of a republican fête. Thank God! they appeared to be tolerably well covered with dust and cobwebs. At the end of this noble room, seated upon a high pedestal, was the goddess of liberty, beautifully executed in marble. "Look at "that sanguinary prostitute," cried Mons. G———, to me, pointing to the statue, "for years have we had "liberty and bloodshed, *thank Heaven!* we are now "no longer *free*." Upon which, he wrote his name in the first consul's book, which was here lying open, upon a table, for the purpose of receiving the suffrages of the department.

The laconic irony, and manner of the speaker, afforded me a tolerably good display of the nature of

the bleſſings conferred upon the French, by their late political philoſophy.

From this place I proceeded to the ci-devant convent of the Jeſuits, built by one of the munificent dukes de Bourbon. It is a magnificent oblong ſtone building. In the centre of the court was a tree of liberty, which, like almoſt all the other trees, dedicated to that goddeſs, which I ſaw, looked blighted, and ſickly. I mention it as a fact, without alluding to any political ſentiment whatever. It is a remark in frequent uſe in France, that the caps of liberty are without heads, and the trees of liberty without root. The poplar has been ſelected from all the other trees of the foreſt, for this diſtinguiſhed honor, from a whimſical ſynonymy of its name with that of the people. In French, the poplar is called peuplier and the word peuple ſignifies people. This fine building is now converted into an univerſity of learning, and the fine arts. From the the number of the ſtudents, I ſhould ſuppoſe the faſhionable fervor of ſtudy had not as yet reached Rouen.

The profeſſor of philoſophy, with great politeneſs ſent a young man to ſhow me the muſeum of pictures, for which purpoſe the church of the Jeſuits, is at preſent uſed. There are ſeveral paintings in it, the only fine one, was a dying Jeſus by Vandyke, which was exquiſite. Upon my expreſſing my admiration, a young ſtudent near me ſaid "oui mon-

fieur c'eſt très jolie." This miſapplied remark, from an eaſy and natural combination of ſound, could not fail of ſeeming a little ſingular as applied to ſuch a ſubject, but every thing that pleaſes in France is très jolie. From this painting, I was, by importunity, led to view the other parts of the collection, which were compoſed of large pictures, by French maſters; and ſo natural is local prejudice, every where, that I was almoſt held down, before the works of the *beſt artiſts of Rouen*, upon which, as I am at liberty *here*, I ſhall beg to make no comment.

In the ſtudents' room, below, were ſome paintings curious, and valuable only, from their great antiquity, and a few good copies by the pupils. A picture was pointed out to me as a very fine thing, the ſubject was a fat little cherub, with a full flowing wig, fiddling to St. Francis, who from his gloomy appearance ſeemed not to poſſeſs half the muſical genius of a dancing bear.

Upon my return through the market place, I beheld the miſerable wretch, at whoſe trial I was preſent in the morning, led out to execution. He was ſeated upon the bottom of a cart, ſtripped above to his ſhirt, which was folded back, his arms were pinioned cloſe behind, and his hair was cloſely cropped, to prevent the ſtroke of the fatal knife from being impeded. A prieſt was ſeated in a chair beſide him. As the object of my excurſion was to contemplate the manners of the people, I ſummoned reſolution to view this

gloomy and painful ſpectacle, which ſeemed to excite but little ſenſation in the market place, where its petty traffic and concerns proceed with their accuſtomed activity, and the women at their ſtalls, which extended to the foot of the ſcaffold, appeared to be impreſſed only with the ſolicitude of ſelling their vegetables to the higheſt bidder. A ſmall body of the national guards, and a few boys and idlers ſurrounded the fatal ſpot. The guillotine, painted red, was placed upon a ſcaffold, of about five feet high. As ſoon as the criminal aſcended the upper ſtep which led to it he mounted, by the direction of the executioner, a little board, like a ſhutter, raiſed upright to receive him, to which he was ſtrapped, turned down flat, and run into a ſmall ring of iron half opened and made to admit the neck, the top part of which was then cloſed upon it, a black leather curtain was placed before the head, from which a valve depended, which communicated to a tub, placed under the ſcaffold to receive the blood, the executioner then touched a long thin iron rod, connected with the top of the inſtruments, and in a moment the axe deſcended, which was in the form of a ſquare, cut diagonally, heavily charged with lead. The executioner and his aſſiſtants placed the body in a ſhell, half filled with ſaw duſt, which was almoſt completely ſtained over with the brown blood of former executions; they then picked up the head, from a bag into which it had fallen, within the curtain, and having placed it in the

same gloomy depository, lowered the whole down to the sextons, who covering it with a pall bore it off to the place of burial.

The velocity of this mode of execution can alone recommend it. The pangs of death are passed almost in the same moment, which presents to the terrified eye of the sufferer the frightful apparatus of his disgraceful dissolution. It is a dreary subject to discuss; but surely it is a matter of deep regret, that in England, criminals doomed to die, from the uncertain and lingering nature of their annihilation, are seen writhing in the convulsions of death during a period dreadful to think of. It is said, that at the late memorable execution of an African governor for murder, the miserable delinquent was beheld for *fifteen minutes* struggling with the torments of his untimely fate! The guillotine is far preferable to the savage mode, formerly used in France, of breaking the criminal on the wheel, and leaving him afterwards to perish in the most poignant agonies.

As I have alluded to the fate of governor W—, I will conclude this chapter by relating an anecdote of the terror and infatuation of guilt, displayed in the conduct of this wretched man, in the *presence* of a friend of mine, from whom I received it—A few years before he suffered, fatigued with life, and pursued by poverty, and the frightful remembrance of his offences, then almost forgotten by the world, he left the south of France for Calais, with an intention of

passing over to England, to offer himself up to its laws, not without the cherished hope that a lapse of twenty years had swept away all evidence of his guilt.

At the time of his arrival at this port town, the hotel in which Madame H—— was waiting for a packet to Dover was very crowded—the landlord requested of her, that she would be pleased to permit two gentlemen, who were going to England, to take some refreshment in her room; these persons proved to be the unfortunate Brooks, a king's messenger, charged with important dispatches to his court, and governor W—. The latter was dressed like a decayed gentleman, and bore about him all the indications of his extreme condition. They had not been seated at the table long, before the latter informed the former, with evident marks of perturbation, that his name was W—, that having been charged in England with offences, which, if true, subjected him to heavy punishment, he was anxious to place himself at the disposal of its laws, and requested of him, as he was an English messenger, that he would consider him as his prisoner, and take charge of him.

The messenger, who was much surprised by the application told him, that he would not upon such a representation take him into custody, unless he had an order from the duke of Portland's office to that effect, and that in order to obtain it, it would be prop-

er for him to write his name, that it might be compared with his hand writting in the office of the secretary at war which he offered to carry over with him. Governor W— still pressed him to take him into custody, the messenger more strongly declined it, by informing him that he was the bearer of dispatches of great importance to his court, that he must immediately cross the Channel, and should hazard a passage, although the weather looked lowering, in an open boat, as no packets had arrived, and that consequently it was altogether impossible to take him over, but again requested him to write his name, for the purpose already mentioned; the governor consented, pens and paper were brought, but the hand of the murderer shook so dreadfully, that he *could not write*, and in an agony of mind, bordering upon frenzy, he rushed out of the room, and immediately left the town.

The messenger entered the boat, and set sail; a storm quickly followed, *the boat sunk in sight of the pier*, and all on board but one of the watermen perished!!!

The great disposer of human destiny, in vindication of his eternal justice, rescued the life of this infatuated delinquent from the waves, and from a sudden death, to resign him to the public and merited doom of the laws.

CHAPTER VII.

Filial Piety.—St. Catharine's Mount.—Madame Philippe.—General Ruffin's Trumpet.—Generosity.—Love Infectious.—Masons and Gardners.

I HAVE before had occasion to mention the humane conduct of Madame G—— towards the persecuted abbè; she soon afterwards, with the principal ladies of the city, fell under the displeasure of Robespierre, and his agents. Their only crime was wealth, honorably acquired. A committee, composed of the most worthless people of Rouen, was formed, who, in the name of, and for the use of the nation, seized upon the valuable stock of Messrs. G——, who were natives of France. In one night, by torch-light, their extensive ware houses were sacked, and all their stores were forcibly sold in the public market place to the best bidder: the plundered merchants were paid the amount of the sale in assignats, in a paper currency which then bore an enormous discount, and shortly afterwards retained only the value of the paper upon which the national note was written. In short, in a few hours an honorable family, nobly allied, were despoiled of a property to the amount of 25,000*l.* sterling. Other merchants shared the same fate. This act of robbery was followed by an act of cruelty. Madame G——, the mother, who was born in England, and who married a French gentle-

man of large fortune, whom she survived, of a delicate frame and advanced in years, was committed to prison, where, with many other female sufferers, she was closely confined for eleven months, during which time she was compelled to endure all sorts of privations. After the committee of rapine had settled their black account, and had remitted the guilty balance to their employers, the latter, in a letter of "friendly collusion, and fraudulent familiarity," after passing a few revolutionary jokes upon what had occurred, observed that the G——s seemed to bleed very freely, and that as it was likely they must have credit with many persons to a large amount, directed their obedient and active banditti to order these devoted gentlemen to draw, and to deliver to them, their draughts upon all such persons who stood indebted to their extensive concern. In the words of a celebrated orator,* "Though they had shaken the "tree till nothing remained upon the leafless branch-"es yet a new flight was on the wing, to watch the "first buddings of its prosperity, and to nip every "hope of future foliage and fruit."

The G——s expected this visit, and, by an ingenious, and justified expedient, prevented their perdition from becoming decisive.

* Vide Sheridan's oration against Hastings upon the Begum charge.

Soon after the gates of the prison were closed upon Madame G——, her eldest son, a man of commanding person, and eloquent address, in defiance of every friendly, and of every affectionate entreaty, flew to Paris.

It was in the evening of last winter which beheld its snows crimsoned with revolutionary carnage, when he presented himself, undismayed, before that committee, whose horrible nature will be better described by merely relating the names of its members, than sitting, than by the most animated and elaborate delineations of all its deadly deeds of rapine and of blood. At a table covered with green cloth, shabbily lighted, in one of the committee rooms of the national assembly, were seated Robespierre, Collot, d'Herbois, Carnot, and David. They were occupied in filling up the lists for the *permanent* guillotine, erected very near them, in la Place de la Revolution, which the executioners were then clearing of its gore, and preparing for the next day's butchery. In this devoted capital more blood had, during that day, streamed upon the scaffold, than on any one day during the revolution.

The terrified inhabitants, in darkness, in remote recesses of their desolate houses, were silently offering up a prayer to the great God of Mercy to release them, in a way most suitable to his wisdom, from such scenes of deep dismay, and remorseless slaughter.

Robespierre, as usual, was dressed with great neatness and gaiety; the *savage* was generally *scented*, whilst his associates were habited, en Jacobin, in the squalid, filthy fashion of that era of the revolution, in the dress of blackguards.

Mr. G—— bowed, and addressed them very respectfully. "I am come, citizens, before you," said this amiable son, "to implore the release of my mo-"ther; she is pining in the prisons of Rouen, with-"out having committed any offence; she is in years; "and if her confinement continues, her children "whose fortunes have been placed at the disposal of "the national exigencies, will have to lament her "death; grant the prayer of her son, restore, I con-"jure you, by all the rights of nature, restore her to "her afflicted family." Robespierre looked obliquely at him, and with his accustomed sharpness, interrupted him from proceeding further, by exclaiming, "what right have *you* to appear before us, mis-"creant? you are an agent of Pitt and Cobourg (the "then common phrase of reproach) you shall be sent "to the guillotine—Why are you not at the fron-"tiers?" Monsieur G——, unappalled, replied, "give me my mother, and I will be there to-mor-"row, I am ready instantly to spill my blood, if it "must be the price of *her* discharge." Robespierre, whose savage soul was occasionally moved by sights of heroic virtue, seemed impressed by this brave and unusual address. He paused, and after whispering a

few words to his associates, wrote the discharge, and handing it over to a soldier, for the successful petitioner, he fiercely told him to retire.

Mr. G—— instantly set out for Rouen, where, after a long, and severe journey, he arrived, exhausted with fatigue, and agitation of mind; without refreshment, this amiable man flew to the gates of the prison, which contained his mother, and presented the discharge to the goaler, who drily, with a brutal grin, informed him, that a trick had been played off upon him, that he had just received a counter order, which he held in his hand, and refused to release her!!!

It turned out that immediately after Mr. G—— had left the committee room, the relenting disposition, which he had momentarily awakened in the barbarous breast of Robespierre, had subsided.

The generous sentiment was of a short, and sickly growth, and withered under the gloomy, fatal shade of his sanguinary nature. A chasseur had been dispatched with the counter order, who passed the exulting, but deluded G—— on the road.

A short time after this, and a few days before Madame G——, and her unhappy companions were to have perished on the scaffold, the gates of their prison flew open, the world was released from a monster—Robespierre was no more.

This interesting recital I received from one of the amiable sufferers, in our way to St. Catharine's

Mount. The ſcene afforded a melancholy contraſt to the rich and cheerful ſcenes about us.

From the attic ſtory of a lofty houſe, built under this celebrated cliff, we aſcended that part of it, which, upon the road to Paris, is only acceſſible in this manner. When we reached the top, the proſpect was indeed ſuperb; on one ſide we traced for miles, the romantic meanders of the Seine, every where forming little iſlands of poplars; before us, melting away in the horizon, were the blue mountains of Lower Normandy; at their feet, a variegated diſplay of meadows, foreſts, corn fields, and vineyards; immediately below us, the city of Rouen, and its beautiful ſuburbs. This delicious, and expanded proſpect, we enjoyed upon a ſeat erected near a little oratory, which is built upon the top of the mountain, reſting, at one end, upon the pedeſtal of a croſs, which, in the time of the revolution, had been ſhattered and overturned.

From this place, before dinner, we proceeded to la Montagne; a wild and hilly country, lying oppoſite to St. Catharine's. Here we were overtaken by a ſtorm, upon which, a curé, who had obſerved us from his little cottage, not far diſtant, and who had been very lately reinſtated in the cure of the church, in the neighboring village, came out to us with an umbrella, and invited us to dinner. Upon our return to our inn, to dreſs, we were annoyed by a nuiſance which had before frequently aſſailed us.

knew a man, who in a moment of ill humour vented rather a revengeful wish that the next neighbor of his enemy might have a child, who was fond of a *whistle* and a *drum!* A more insufferable nuisance was destined for us; the person who lodged in the next room to mine, was a beginner (and a dull one too) upon the *trumpet*. It was general Ruffin, whom I have mentioned before, forcing from this brazen tube, sounds which certainly would have set a kennel of hounds in a cry of agony, and were almost calculated to disturb the repose of the dead. General Ruffin, in all other respects, was a very polite, and indeed a very *quiet* young man, and a brave warrior; but in the display of his passion for music, I fear he mistook either his talent or his instrument. At one time we thought of inviting him to dine with us, that we might have a little respite, but after debating the matter well over, we conceived that to entertain an Italian hero, as he ought to be received by those who admire valor even in an enemy, was purchasing silence at a very advanced price, so we submitted to the evil with that resignation which generally follows the incurable absence of a remedy. We now addressed ourselves to Madame P——, to know how long the general had learned the trumpet, and whether his leisure hours were generally occupied in this way. Madame P——, was, strange to tell, not very able to afford us much information upon the subject. She was under the influence of love. The natural tran-

quillity of her disposition, was improved by the prospect of connubial happiness, which although a widow, and touching the frontier of her eight and thirtieth year, she shortly expected to receive from the son of a neighbouring architect, who was then a minor. In this blissful frame of mind, our fair hostess scarcely knew when the trumpet of general Ruffin sounded. Her soul was in harmony with all the world, and it was not in the power of the demon of discord, nor even of this annoying brazen tube, to disturb her. Madame P—— well deserved to be blessed with such equanimity, and if *she* liked it, with such a lover, for she was a generous and good creature.

A gentleman to whom I was afterwards introduced, when the revolution began to grow hot, fled with his lady and his children into a foreign country, where, upon the relics of a shattered fortune he remained, until things wore a better aspect, and enabled him, with a prospect of safety, to return to his native country. In better times, upon his annual visits to a noble chateau, and large estates which he once possessed in this part of Normandy, he was accustomed to stop at the Hôtel de Potiers. His equipage was then splendid, and suitable to his affluent circumstances. Upon his return to France, this gentleman, harrassed by losses, and fatigued by sickness, arrived with his accomplished lady, and their elegant children, in a hired cabriole, at the gate of Madame

P——. As soon as their name was announced, the grateful hostess presented herself before them, and kissing the children, burst into tears of joy; when she had recovered herself, she addressed her old patron, by expressing her hopes, that he had amended his fortune abroad, and was now returning to enjoy himself in tranquillity at home.—"Alas! my good Madame P——," said this worthy gentleman, "we left our country, as you "know to save our lives, we have subsisted upon the "remains of our fortune ever since, and have sustain-"ed heavy and cruel losses; we have been taken "prisoners upon our passage, and are now returning "to our home, if any is left to us, to solicit some re-"paration for our sufferings.—Times are altered, "Madame P——, you must not now consider me as "formerly, when I expended the gifts of Providence "in a manner which I hope was not altogether un-"worthy of the bounty which showered them upon "me, we must bow down to such dispensations, you "see I am candid with you; we are fatigued, and "want refreshment, give us, my good landlady, a "little plain dinner, such as is suitable to our present "condition."

Madame P—— was so much affected, that she could make no reply, and left the room.

Immediately all the kitchen was in a bustle, every pot and pan were placed in instant requisition, the chamber-maids were sent to the neighboring confec-

tioners for cakes, and the porter was dispatched all over the city for the choicest fruits. In a short time a noble dinner was served up to this unfortunate family, followed by confectionary, fruits, and burgundy. When the repast was over, Mons. O—— ordered his bill, and his cabriole to be got ready. Madame P—— entered, and in the most amiable manner requested him, as she had exceeded his orders, to consider the dinner as a little acknowledgment of her sense of his past favors; money, though earnestly pressed upon her, she would not receive.

The whole of this interesting party were moved to tears, by this little act of nature and generosity. When they entered their carriage, they found in it bouquets of flowers, and boxes of cakes for the little children. No doubt Madame P—— moved lighter that day, than she ever did in her life, and perhaps found the remembrance of her conduct upon the occasion almost as exquisite as the hours of love, which she appeared most happily to enjoy, when we had the honor of being under her roof.

Monsieur O—— could not help exhibiting much feeling, when he related this little event to me. I must not fail to mention that all the house seemed, for the moment, infected with the happy disease of the mistress. General Ruffin's valet de chambre was in love with Dorothee, our chambermaid; the porter was pining for a little black eyed grisette, who sold prints and pastry, in a stall opposite; and the

hoſtler was eternally quarrelling with the chef de cuiſine, who repelled him from the kitchen, which, in the perſon of the aſſiſtant cook, a plump, roſy Norman girl, contained all the treaſure of his ſoul—love and negligence reigned throughout the houſehold. We rang the bells, and ſacre dieu'd, but all in vain, we ſuffered great inconvenience, *but who could be angry?* In the courſe of our walks, and converſations, with the workmen, whom we met, we found that moſt of the maſons, and gardeners of Rouen, had fought in the memorable, bloody, and deciſive battle of Marengo, at which it appears that a great part of the military of France, within four or five hundred miles of the capital, were preſent. The change they preſented was worthy of obſervation; we ſaw men ſun-browned in campaigns, and enured to all the ferocity of war, at the ſound of peace aſſuming all the tranquil habits of ingenious induſtry, or ruſtic ſimplicity. Some of them were occupied in forming the ſhapeleſs ſtone into graceful embelliſhments for elegant houſes, and others in diſpoſing, with botanic taſte, the fragrant parterre. After ſpending four very delightful days in this agreeable city, I bade adieu to my very worthy companion, captain W. C——, whoſe intention it was to ſpend ſome time here, and thoſe friends, from whom I had received great attention and hoſpitalities, and wiſhing the amiable Madame P——, many happy years, and re-

ceiving from her the assurances of civility, about seven o'clock in the evening I seated myself in the diligence for Paris, and in a comfortable corner of it, after we had passed the pavé, resigned myself to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early dinner.—Mante.—Frost.—Duke de Sully.—Approach the Capital.—Norman Barrier.—Paris.—Hotel de Rouen.—Palais Royal.

AT day break, the appearance of the country in all directions was delightful. The faint eastern blush of early morn, threw a mild, refreshing light over the moist and dew-dripping scenery.

The spirit of our immortal bard, awaking from the bosom of nature, seemed to exclaim—

——Look love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds, in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out; and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

About eight o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Mante, a picturesque town, built upon a fertile mountain, at the base of which the Seine flowed along rippling against its many islands of beautiful poplars. At this hour, upon our alighting at the inn, we found a regular dinner ready, consisting of soups, meats, fowls

and confectionary. To the no small surprise of the host, I expressed a wish to have some breakfast, and at length, after much difficulty, procured some coffee and rolls.

The rest of the party, with great composure, tucked their napkins in the buttonholes of their waistcoats, and applied themselves to the good things before them, with very active address.—What a happy race of people! ready for every thing, and at all times; they scarcely know the meaning of inconvenience.

In the midst of difficulty, they find accommodation; with them, every thing seems in harmony. After paying thirty sols for my repast, a charge which announced our approach to the capital, I walked on, and made my way to the bridge over another winding of the Seine, at the bottom of the town; which is a light, and elegant structure. The houses along the sides of the river are handsome, and delightfully situated. The principal church is a fine gothic building, but is rapidly hastening to decay; some of its pinnacles are destroyed, and all its windows broken in.

A small chapel, in the street opposite, which had an appearance of considerable elegance, was converted into a slaughter-house. Embosomed in woods, on the other side of the bridge, is a fine chateau, formerly belonging to the count d'Adhemar; here, while enjoying the enchanting prospect about me, I heard

the jingling approach of our heavy diligence, in which, having reſeated myſelf, we proceeded upon a fine high road, through thick rows of walnut, cherry, mulberry, and apple trees, for ſeveral miles, on each ſide of which, were vineyards, upon whoſe promiſing vintage, the froſt had committed ſad devaſtation. For a vaſt extent, they appeared blackened and burnt up. It was ſaid that France ſuſtained a loſs of two millions ſterling, by this unuſual viſitation.

In the courſe of our journey, I experienced in the conduct of one of our two female companions, an occurrence, allied to that, which is related by Sterne, of Madame de Rambouillet, by which he very juſtly illuſtrates the happy eaſe, with which the French ladies prevent themſelves from ever ſuffering by inconvenient notions of delicacy.

A few miles from Mante, on the borders of the Seine, we paſſed one of the venerable chateaus of the celebrated duke de Sully, the faithful, able, and upright miniſter, of Henry IV. of France, one of thoſe great geniuſes, who only at diſtant eras of time, are permitted to ſhine out amongſt the race of men. Hiſtorians unite in obſerving that the duke performed all the duties of an active and upright miniſter, under a maſter, who exerciſed all the offices of a great and good king; after whoſe unhappy fate, this excellent man retired from the buſy ſcenes of the world, and covered with time and honors expired in the eighty-ſecond year of his age in the year 1641 at

his castle of Villebon. The house is plain, and large. The grounds are disposed after the fashion of ancient times.

As we approached the capital, the country looked very rich and luxuriant. We passed through the forest of St. Germains, where there is a noble palace, built upon a lofty mountain. The forest abounds with game, and formerly afforded the delights of the chase to the royal Nimrods of France. Its numerous green alleys are between two and three miles long, and in the form of radii unite in a centre. The forest and park extend to the barrier, through which, we immediately entered the town of St. Germains, distant from Paris about twelve miles which is a large and populous place, and in former periods, during the royal residence, was rich and flourishing, but having participated in the blessings of the revolution, presents an appearance of considerable poverty, and squalid decay. Here we changed horses for the last post, and ran down a fine, broad paved, royal road through rows of stately elms, upon an inclined plane, until the distant, and wide, but clear display of majestic domes, awful towers, and lofty spires, informed us that we approached the capital. I could not help comparing them with their cloud-capped brethren of London, over whose dim-discovered heads, a floating mass of unhealthy smoke, forever suspends its heavy length of gloom. Our carriage stopped at the Norman Barrier, which is the grand entrance to Pa-

ris, and here preſents a magnificent proſpect to the eye. The barrier is formed of two very large, and noble military ſtonelodges, having porticoes, on all ſides, ſupported by maſſy doric pillars. Theſe buildings were given to the nation, by the national aſſembly in the year 1792, and are ſeparated from each other, by a range of iron gates, adorned with republican emblems. Upon a gentle declivity; through quadruple rows of elms, at the diſtance of a mile and a half, the gigantic ſtatues of la Place de la Concorde (ci-devant, de la Revolution) appear; beyond which, the gardens, and the palace of the Thuilleries, upon the centre tower of which, the tri-coloured flag was waving, from the back ſcene of this ſplendid ſpectacle. Before we entered la Place de la Concorde, we paſſed on each ſide of us, the beautiful, and favorite walks of the Pariſians, called les Champs-Elyſées, and afterwards, on our left, the elegant palace of the Garde-meuble; where we entered the ſtreets of Paris, and ſoon afterwards alighted at the bureau of the diligences; from which place, I took a fiacre (a hackney coach) and about ſix o'clock in the evening preſented myſelf to the *miſtreſs* of the hotel de Rouen, for the women of France generally tranſact all the maſculine duties of the houſe. To this hotel I was recommended by Meſſrs G——, upon mentioning whoſe name, I was very politely ſhown up to a ſuite of pleaſant apartments, conſiſting of an anti-room, bed-room, and dreſſing-room, the

two latter were charmingly situated, the windows of which, looked out upon an agreeable garden belonging to the palace of Louvre. For these rooms I paid the moderate price of three livres a day. Here, after enjoying those comforts which travellers after long journies, require, and a good dinner into the bargain, about nine o'clock at night I sallied out to the Palais Royal, a superb palace built by the late duke d'Orleans, who, when he was erecting it, publicly boasted, that he would make it one of the greatest brothels in Europe, in which prediction he succeeded, to the full consummation of his abominable wishes. This palace is now the property of the nation. The grand entrance is from the Rue St. Honoroè, a long street, something resembling the Piccadilly of London, but destitute, like all the other streets of Paris, of that ample breadth, and paved footway, for the accommodation, of pedestrian passengers, which give such a decided superiority to the streets of the capital of England. After passing through two noble courts, I entered the piazza, of this amazing pile; which is built of stone, upon arches, supported by Corinthian pilasters. Its form is an oblong square, with gardens, and walks in the centre. The whole is considered to be, about one thousand four hundred feet long, and three hundred feet broad. The finest shops of Paris for jewelry, watches, clocks, mantua-

numbers, restaurateurs,* China magazines, &c. Into the back of the piazza, which on all the sides of this immense fabric, affords a very fine promenade. These shops once made a part of the speculation, of their mercenary and abandoned master, to whom they each paid a rent after the rate of two or three hundred pounds sterling per annum. This place presents a scene of profligate voluptuousness, not to be equalled upon any spot in Europe. Women of any character are almost afraid to appear here at noon day; and a stranger would conceive, that at night, he saw before him, one third of the beauty of Paris.

Under the roof of this palace are two theatres, museums of curiosities, the tribunats, gaming houses, billiard rooms, buillotte clubs, ball rooms, &c. all opening into the gardens, the windows of which threw, from their numerous lamps, and lustres, a stream of gay and gaudy light upon the walks below, and afforded the appearance of a vast illumination. At the bottom was a large pavilion, finely illuminated, in which were groups of people regaling themselves with lemonade, and ices. Upon this spot, in the early parts of the revolution, the celebrated Camille Desmoulins used to declaim against the abuses of the old government, to all the idle and disaffected of Paris. It is said that the liveries of the duc de Or-

* Restaurateur is now universally used instead of traiteur.

leans gave birth to the republican colors, which used to be displayed in the hats of his auditors, who in point of r . ectability resembled the motley reformers of Chalk arm. From the carousing rooms under ground, th ear was filled with the sounds of music, and the buzzing of crowds ; in short such a scene of midnight revelry and dissipation I never before beheld.

Upon my return to my hotel, I was a little surprised to find the streets of this gay city so meanly lighted. Lamps placed at gloomy distances from each other, suspended by cords, from lofty poles, furnish the only means of directing the footsteps of the nocturnal wanderer.

CHAPTER IX.

French reception.—Voltaire.—Restaurateur.—Consular Guard.—Music.—Venetian Horses.—Gates of the Palace.—Gardens of the Thuilleris.—Statues.—The faithful Vase.—The Sabine Picture.—Monsieur Peregaux.—Marquis de Chatelet.—Madame Peregaux.—Beaux and Belles of Paris.

I FORGOT, in my last chapter, to mention that I paid for my place, and luggage in the diligence, from Rouen to Paris, a distance of ninety miles, twenty three livres and eighteen sols. The next morning after my arrival, and a good night's repose in a

in a bed, constructed after the French fashion, which was very lofty, and handsome, and very comfortable. I waited upon my accomplished friend, Madame H——, in the Rue Florentine. I had the honor of knowing her when in England, from very early years; I found her with her elegant and accomplished daughter, in a suite of large rooms, very handsomely furnished after the *antique*, which gives to the present fashionable furniture of France, its form and character. These rooms composed a floor of a noble stone built house, which contained several other families; such is the customary mode of being lodged in the capital. She received me in the most charming manner, and had expected me for some days, previous to my arrival, and was that evening going to her country house at Passi, a few miles from Paris, whither she pressed me to accompany her, but I declined it, on account of the short time which I had before me to spend in Paris. Madame H—— was not only a beauty, but a woman of wit and learning, and had accordingly admitted Voltaire amongst the number of her household gods; the arch old cynic, with his deathlike sarcastic face, admirably represented, by a small whole length porcelain statue, occupied the centre of her chimney piece. Upon finding that I was disposed to remain in town, she recommended me to a restaurateur, in the gardens of the Thuilleries, one of the first eating houses in Paris, for society, and entertainment, to the

master of which she sent her servant, with my name, to inform him, she had recommended an English gentleman of her acquaintance to his house, and requested that an English servant in his service might attend to me, when I dined there. This was a little valuable civility, truly French. This house has been lately built under the auspices of the first consul, from a design approved by his own exquisite taste; he has permitted the entrance to open into the gardens of the consular palace. The whole is from a model of one of the little palaces of the Herculaneum, it is upon a small scale, built of a fine white stone, it contains a centre, with a portico, supported by doric pillars, and two long wings. The front is upon the terrace of the gardens, and commands an enchanting view of all its beautiful walks and statues. On the ground floor, the house is divided into three long and spacious apartments, opening into each other through centre arches, and which are redoubled upon the view, by immense pier glasses at each end. The first room is for dinner parties, the next for ices, and the third for coffee. In the middle is a flying staircase, lined on each side with orange trees, which ascends into a suite of upper rooms, all of which are admirably painted after the taste of Herculaneum, and are almost lined with costly pier glasses.

My fair countrywomen would perhaps be a little surprised to be told, that elegant women, of the first respectability, superbly dressed for the promenade,

dine here with their friends in the public room, a cuſtom which renders the ſcene delightful, and removes from it the accuſtomed impreſſions of groſſneſs. Upon entering, the gueſt is preſented with a dinner chart, handſomely printed, enumerating the different diſhes provided for that day, with their reſpective prices affixed. All the people who frequent this place are conſidered highly reſpectable. The viſitor is furniſhed with ice for his water decanters, with the beſt attendance at dinner, and with all the Engliſh and foreign newſpapers. I always dined here when I was not engaged. After parting from Madame H——, who intended returning to town the next day, I went to ſee the conſular guard relieved at the Thuilleries. About five companies of this diſtinguiſhed regiment aſſemble in the gardens, exactly at five minutes before twelve o'clock, and preceded by their fine band of muſic march through the hall of the palace, and form the line in the grand court yard before it, where they are joined by a ſquadron of horſe. Their uniform is blue, with broad white facings.

The conſular guard were in a little diſgrace, and were not permitted to do the entire duty of the palace at this time, nor during ſeveral ſucceeding days, as a mark of the firſt conſul's diſpleaſure, which had been excited by ſome unguarded expreſſion of the common men, reſpecting his conduct, and which, to the jealous ear of a new created and untried authori-

ty, founded like the tone of diſaffection. Only the cavalry were allowed to mount guard, the infantry were, proviſionally, ſuperceded by a detachment from a fine regiment of huſſars. On account of the ſhortneſs of this parade, which is always diſmiſſed preciſely at ten minutes paſt twelve o'clock, it is not much attended. The band is very fine, they had a Turkiſh military inſtrument, which I never heard before, and was uſed inſtead of triangles. It was in the ſhape of four canopies, like the roofs of Chineſe temples, one above another, leſſening as they aſcended, made of thin plates of braſs, and fringed with very little braſs bells, it was ſupported by a ſliding rod which dropped into a handle, out of which, when it was intended to be ſounded, it was ſuddenly jerked by the muſician, and produced a good effect with the other inſtruments. The tambour major is remarked for his noble appearance, and for the proportions of his perſon, which is very handſome: his full dreſs uniform on the grand parade is the moſt ſplendid thing, I ever beheld. The corps of pioneers who precede the regiment, have a ſingular appearance. Theſe men are rather above ſix feet high, and proportionably made, they wear fierce muſtachios, and long black beards, lofty bear ſkin caps, broad white leathern aprons, which almoſt touch their chins, and over their ſhoulders carry enormous hatchets. Their ſtrange coſtume ſeemed to unite the diſſimilar char-

acters of high prieſt, and warrior. They looked like *military magi*. The common men made a very martial appearance. Their officers wore Engliſh riding boots, which had an unmilitary effect. Paris at preſent exhibits all the appearances of a city in a ſtate of ſiege. The conſular palace reſembles a line of magnificent barracks, at the balconies, and upon the terraces of which, ſoldiers are every where to be ſeen lounging. This palace is partitioned between the firſt and ſecond conſuls, the third principal magiſtrate reſides in a palace near the Louvre, oppoſite to the Thuilleries. The four coloſſal brazen horſes, called the Venetian horſes, which have been brought from Venice, are mounted upon lofty pedeſtals, on each ſide of the gates of the grand court yard of the palace. When the Roman emperor Conſtantine founded Conſtantinople, he attached theſe exquiſite ſtatues to the chariot of the Sun in the hippodromus, or circus, and when that capital was taken poſſeſſion of by the Venetian and French cruſading armies, in 1206, the Venetians obtained poſſeſſion of them, amongſt many other ineſtimable curioſities, and placed theſe horſes in four niches over the great door of the church of St. Marco. Reſpecting their previous hiſtory, authors very much differ; ſome aſſert that they were caſt by the great ſtatuary Lyſippus, in Alexander's time, others that they were raiſed over the triumphal arch of Auguſtus, others of Nero, and

thence remove to the triumphal arch of Conſtantine, from which he carried them to his own capital.

They are ſaid to be compoſed of bronze and gold, which much reſembles the famous compoſition of the Corinthian braſs. Although theſe ſtatues are of an enormous ſize, they are too diminutive for the vaſt pile of building which they adorn. The ſame remark applies to the entrance gates, of maſſy iron, which have juſt been raiſed by the directions of the firſt conſul. The tricolored flag, mounted upon the centre dome of the palace, is alſo too ſmall. From the court yard I entered the gardens, which are very beautiful, and about ſeven o'clock in the evening, form one of the favorite and faſhionable walks of the Pariſians. They are diſpoſed in regular promenades, in which are many fine caſts from the ancient ſtatues, which adorn the hall of antiques, and on each ſide, are noble orange trees, which grow in vaſt moveable caſes; many of theſe exotics are twenty feet high. Until lately many of the antiques were placed here, but Bonaparte, with his accuſtomed judgment and veneration for the arts, has had them removed into the grand national collection, and has ſupplied their places by theſe beautiful copies, amongſt which I particularly diſtinguiſhed thoſe of Hippomanes, and Atalanta, for the beauty of their proportions, and the exquiſite elucidation of their ſtory. Here are alſo ſome fine baſins of water, in the middle of which are jets d'eau. The gravel walks of the

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gardens are watered every morning in hot weather, and centinels are ſtationed at every avenue, to preſerve order: no perſon is admitted who is the carrier of a parcel, however ſmall. Here are groups of people to be ſeen, every morning, reading the prints of the day, in the refreſhing coolneſs of the ſhade. For the uſe of a chair in the gardens, of which there are ſome hundreds, the proprietor is thankful for the ſmalleſt coin of the republic. At the bottom of the ſteps, leading to the terrace, in front of the palace, are ſome beautiful vaſes, of an immenſe ſize, which are raiſed about twelve feet from the ground: in one of them, which was pointed out to me, an unpopular and perſecuted Pariſian ſaved nearly all his property, during the revolution. A ſhort time before the maſſacre of the 10th of Auguſt, 1792, when the domiciliary viſits became frequent and keen, this man during a dark night, ſtole, unobſerved by the guards, into the garden, with a bag under his arm, containing almoſt all his treaſure; he made his way to the vaſe, which, from the palace, is on the right hand, next to the Feuillans, and after ſome difficulty, committed the whole to the capacious boſom of the faithful depoſitory: this done, he retreated in ſafety; and when the time of terror was paſſed, fearful that he ſhould not be able to raiſe his bag from the deep bottom of the urn without a diſcovery, which might have rendered the circumſtance ſuſpicious, and perhaps hazardous to him, he preferred himſelf be-

fore the minister of the police, verified the narrative of the facts, and was placed in the quiet possession of his property, which in this manner had remained undisturbed during all that frightful period. From the gardens I went to the exhibition of David's celebrated painting of the suspension of the battle between the Sabines and the Romans, produced by the wives of the latter rushing, with their children in their arms, between the contending warriors. David is deservedly considered as the first living artist in France, and this splendid picture is worthy of his pencil. It is upon an immense scale. All the Figures (of which there are many) are as large as life. The principal female raising her terrified infant, and the two chief combatants, are inimitable. I was informed, by good authority, that the court of Russia had offered 2000*l.* sterling for it, an unexampled price for any modern painting! but that David, who is very rich, felt a reluctance in parting with it, to the emperor, on account of the climate of Russia being unfavorable to color.

From this beautiful painting, I went to pay my respects to Mons. O——, who resided at the other end of Paris, upon whom I had a letter of credit. Upon my arriving at his hotel, I was informed by the porter that his master was at his chateau, about ten miles in the country, with his family, where he lay extremely ill. This news rendered it necessary for me to leave Paris for a day and night at least.

From Mons. O—— I went to Mr. Perregaux, the rich banker and legislator, to whom I had letters of introduction. He lives in the Rue Mont Blanc, a street, the place of residence of the principal bankers, and is next door neighbor to his rival Mons. R——, whose lady has occasioned some little conversation. Mons. P——'s hotel is very superb. His chief clerks occupy rooms elegantly fitted up, and decorated with fine paintings. He received me in a very handsome manner, in a beautiful little cabinet, adorned with some excellent and costly paintings. After many polite expressions from him, I laughingly informed him of the dilemma in which I was placed by the unexpected absence of Mons O——; upon which Mons. P—— in the most friendly manner told me that the letters which I had brought were from persons whom he highly esteemed; and that Mons. O—— was also his friend; that as it might prove inconvenient for me to wait upon him in the country, he begged to have the pleasure of furnishing me with whatever money I wanted, upon my own draughts. I felt this act of politeness and liberality very forcibly, which I of course declined, as I wished only to take up what money I wanted in a regular manner, but I was desirous of seeing Mons. O——, who was represented to me as a very amiable man, and his family as elegant and accomplished. I was much charmed with the generous conduct of Mons. P——, from whom I afterwards received great

attentions, and who is much beloved by the Engliſh. I felt it a pleaſurable duty not to confine the knowledge of ſuch an act of liberality to the ſpot where it was ſo handſomely manifeſted. The ſeſſions of the legiſlative aſſembly had cloſed the day before my arrival, a circumſtance I much regretted, as through his means I ſhould have been enabled to have attended their ſittings. The bankers of France are immenſely rich, and almoſt command the treaſury of the nation. Mons. P——, with the well-timed, ſilent ſubmiſſion of the flexible reed, in the fable, has ſurvived the revolutionary ſtorm, which by a good, but guiltleſs policy, has paſſed over him, without leaving one ſtain upon his honorable character, and has operated, like the ſlime of the Egyptian inundation, only to fructify, and increaſe his fortunes. He once however narrowly eſcaped. In the time of Robeſpierre, the Marquis de Chatelet, a few nights before his execution, attempted to corrupt his guards, and told them, if they would releaſe him, Mons. P—— would give them a draft to any amount which they might chooſe then to name. The centinels rejected the bribe, and informed their ſanguinary employer of the offer, who had the books of Mons. P—— inveſtigated: he was in no ſhape concerned in the attempted eſcape; but hearing, with extraordinary ſwiftneſs, that the marquis, whoſe banker he had been, and to whom an inconſiderable balance was then due, had implicated him in this manner, he

inſtantly with dexterity, removed the page which contained the laſt account of the unhappy noblemen, and alſo his own deſtiny, and thus ſaved his life. Mons. P—— is a widower; his daughter, an only child, is married to a wealthy general, a man of great bravery, and beloved by Bonaparte.

I dined this day at the Reſtaurateur's in the Thuilleries, and found the effect of Madame H——'s charming civility to me. There were ſome beautiful women preſent, dreſſed after the antique, a faſhion ſucceſsfully introduced by David. This extraordinary genius was deſirous of dreſſing the beaux of Paris after the ſame model; but they politely declined it, alledging that if Mons. David would at the ſame time create another climate, warmer and more regular for them, they would then ſubmit the matter to a committee of faſhion. The women, though ſaid, in point of corporeal ſufferance, to be able to endure leſs than men, were enchanted with the deſign of the artiſt, and without approaching a ſingle degree nearer to the ſun, unmindful of colds, conſumptions, and death, have aſſumed a dreſs, if ſuch it can be called, the airineſs of which to the eye of fancy, looked like the miſt of incenſe, undulating over a diſplay of beauty and ſymmetry, only to be rivalled by thoſe exquiſite models of Grecian taſte which firſt furniſhed them with theſe new ideas of perſonal decoration.

The French ladies every morning anoint their heads with the antique oil, ſcented; their ſidelocks are formed into ſmall circles, which juſt touch the boſom; and the hair behind is rolled into a roſe, by which they produce a perfect copy of the ancient buſt.

CHAPTER X.

Large Dogs.—A Plan for becoming quickly acquainted with Paris.—Pantheon.—Tombs of Voltaire and Rouſſeau.—Politeneſs of an Emigrant.—The Beauty of France.—Beauty evaneſcent.—Place de Carouſel.—Infernal Machine.—Fauche.—Seine.—Waſher-women.—Fiſhwomen.—Baths.

IN the ſtreets of Paris, I every where ſaw an unuſual number of very large, fierce looking dogs, partaking of the breed of the Newfoundland, and Britiſh bulldog. During the time of terror, theſe brave and faithful animals were in much requeſt, and are ſaid to have given the alarm of danger, and ſaved, in ſeveral inſtances, the lives and property of their maſters, by their accuſtomed fidelity. Upon my arrival in this great capital, I was of courſe deſirous of becoming acquainted with its leading features as ſoon as poſſible, for the purpoſe of being enabled to explore my way to any part of it, without a guide. The ſcheme which I thought of, for this purpoſe, an-

fwered my wiſhes, and therefore I may preſume to ſubmit it to others.

On the ſecond day after my arrival, I purchaſed a map of Paris, hired a fiacre, and drove to the Pantheon. Upon the top gallery which ſurmounts its lofty and magnificent dome, I made a ſurvey of the city, which lay below me, like the chart with which which I compared it. The clouds paſſed ſwiftly over my head, and from the ſhape of the dome, impreſſed me with an idea of moving in the air upon the top, inſtead of the bottom of a balloon. I eaſily attained my object by tracing the churches, the temple, the abbey, the palaces, large buildings, and the courſe and iſlands of the river, after which I ſeldom had occaſion to retrace my ſteps, when I was roving about, unaccompanied. On account of no coal being uſed in Paris, the proſpect was perfectly clear, and the air is conſequently ſalubrious. The Pantheon, or church of St. Genevieve, is a magnificent building from the deſigns of Mons. Souffliet, one of the firſt architects of France; it was intended to be the rival of the St. Paul's of London; but, though a very noble edifice, it muſt fail of exciting any emotions of jealouſy amongſt the admirers of that national building. It is a magnificent pile, and when completed, is deſtined to be the principal place of worſhip, and is at preſent the mauſoleum of the deceaſed great men of France. Upon the entablature over the portico is written, in immenſe characters,

"AUX GRANDS HOMMES—LA PARTRIE RECONNOISSANTE." Parallel with the grand entrance, are colossal statues, representing the virtues imputed to a republic. Soon after the completion of the inner dome, about two years since, one of the main supporting pillars was crushed in several places by the pressure. The defective column has been removed, and until it can be replaced, its proportions of weight is sustained by a most ingenious and complicated wooden structure. Upon the spot where the altar is to be erected, I saw another goddess of liberty, with her usual appendages carved in wood, and painted, and raised by the order of Robespierre, for a grand revolutionary fête, which he intended to have given, in this church upon the very day in which he perished. The interior dome is covered with two large ones, each of which is supported by separate pillars, and pilasters, and the whole is constructed of stone only. The interior of the lower dome is covered with the most beautiful carvings in Stone. The peristyle, or circular colonnade round the lower part of the exterior dome, is very fine, but I must confess, I do not like an ancient fashion which the French have just revived in their construction of these pillars, of making the thickest part of the column a little below the centre, and lessening in size to the base. Under this immense fabric are spacious vaults, well lighted; supported by doric pillars, the depositaries of the illustrious dead of France. At present there are only

two perſonages whoſe labors are honored with this gloomy diſtinction. Rouſſeau and Voltaire very quietly repoſe by the ſide of each other. Their remains are contained in two ſeparate tombs, which are conſtructed of wood, and are embelliſhed with various inſcriptions. Hamlet's remark over the grave of Ophelia, ſtrongly occurred to me.

"Where be your gibes now? your gambols? "your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment that were "wont to ſet the table on a roar? not one now to "mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen?"

At either end of the tomb of Jean Jacques, are two hands, darting out of the gates of death, ſupporting lighted torches, and below, (it is a little ſingular) are inſcriptions illuſtrating the *peaceful*, and benevolent virtues of the enclofed defunct.

Peace to their manes! may they enjoy more repoſe, than that troubled world which their extraordinary, yet different talents ſeemed equally deſtined to embelliſh and to embroil, though it would be difficult to name any two modern writers, who have expreſſed, with more eloquence, a cordial love of peace, and a zealous deſire to promote the intereſts of humanity!!

The church of St. Genevieve is entirely compoſed of ſtone and iron, of the latter very little is uſed. It has already coſt the nation very near two millions ſterling. As I was returning from the Pantheon, I was addreſſed by one of our emigrant companions, to whom I have before alluded. He had juſt arrived in

Paris, intended staying about a month, and then returning to Toulon. He warmly made me an offer of his services, and during my stay here, sent every morning to know if he should attend me as a friendly guide, to conduct me to any place which I might wish to see, or to prevent me from suffering any imposition from tradesmen. His attentions to me were always agreeable, and sometimes serviceable, and strongly impressed upon my mind, the policy, as well as the pleasure, of treating every being with civility, even where first appearances are not favorable, and where an expectation of meeting the party again is not probable. In the course of the day I was introduced to Madame B——, who resides, by permission of the first consul, in a suite of elegant apartments in the Louvre, which have been granted to her on account of her merits and genius, and also in consideration of the losses which she has sustained by the revolution. In her study she presented me to Mademoiselle T——, the then celebrated beauty of Paris: her portrait by David, had afforded much conversation in the fashionable circles; she was then copying, with great taste, from the antique, which is generally the morning's occupation of the French ladies of fashion. She is certainly a very handsome young woman: but I think if the painter of France was to visit a certain western county of England, he would discover as many attractions for the display of his ad-

mirable pencil, as were at this time to be found in the study of Madame B——. When we left her, Madame B—— asked me what I thought of her; I candidly made the above remark to her, "Ah!" said she, "you should have seen her about a month since, she "was then the prettiest creature in all France;" "so, has she suffered from indisposition? oh no repli"ed Madame B——, smilingly, "but a *month*, you "know, makes a considerable difference upon the face "of beauty."

I was much obliged to Madame B——, for the remark, which is greatly within an observation which I frequently made, on the evanescent nature of youthful beauty. Madame B——'s calculations of the given progress of decay, were eighteen times more swift than mine. The subject of our conversation, and the busts by which we were surrounded, naturally led us to talk of the French ladies, and they reminded us, though *slightly*, of their present *dress*. Madame B——, entered into a particular account of the decorations of a lady of fashion in France. I have not patience enough to enumerate them here, except that the wife of a fourmisseur will not hesitate paying from three to four hundred pounds for a Cachemire shawl, nor from four to five hundred pounds for a laced gown, nor a much larger sum for diamonds cut like pearls, and threaded. In this costly manner, does the ingenuity of art, and the prodigality of wealth do homage to the elegance of nature. The

entrance to Madame B——'s apartments seemed at first a little singular and unsuitable, but I soon found that it was no unusual circumstance, after groping through dirty passages, and up filthy staircases to enter a noble hall and splendid rooms.

Upon leaving Madame B——, I passed the Place de Carousel, and saw the ruins of the houses which suffered by the explosion of the infernal machine, which afforded so much conversation in the world at the time, by which the first consul was intended to have been destroyed in his way to the National Institute of Music. This affair has been somewhat involved in mystery. It is now well known that Monsieur Fauché, at the head of the police, was acquainted with this conspiracy from its first conception, and by his vigilant agents, was informed of the daily progress made in the construction of this destructive instrument, of the plan of which he had even a copy. The conspirators proceeded with perfect confidence, and as they thought with perfect security. Three days before it was quite completed, and ready for its full purpose, from some surprise or dread of detection, they changed their place of meeting, and in one night removed the machine from the spot where it had been usually deposited. The penetrating eye of the police lost sight of them. Fauché and his followers exercised their unrivalled talents for pursuit and discovery to no purpose. The baffled minister then waited upon Bonaparte, to whom he had regularly im-

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parted the result of every day's information respecting it, and told him that he could no longer trace the traiterous instrument of his assassination, and requested him as he knew it must be completed by this time, not to go to any public places, until he had regained a knowledge of it. Bonaparte replied, that fear only made cowards, and conspirators brave, and that he had unalterably determined to go with his accustomed equipage to the National Concert that very evening. At the usual hour the first consul set off undismayed from the Thuilleries; a description of the machine, which was made to resemble a water cask, being first given to the coachman, servants, and guards. As they proceeded the advance guard passed it unobserved, but the coachman discovered it just as the consular carriage was on a parallel with it; instantly the dexterous and faithful charioteer lashed his horses into full speed, and turned the corner of the Rue Marcem. In one moment after, the terrible machine exploded, and covered the street with ruins. The thunder of its discharge shook the houses of Paris, and was heard at a considerable distance in the country. The first consul arrived in safety at the Hall of Music, and with every appearance of perfect tranquillity, entered his box amidst the acclamations of the crowded multitude. The range of buildings which was shattered by the explosion, has long offended the eye of taste, and presented a gloomy, and very inconvenient obstruction to the grand entrance of the palace. Bo-

naparte with his usual judgment, which converts every event into some good, immediately after this affair, purchased the houses which were damaged, and the whole of this scene of ruins and rubbish is removing with all possible expedition, to the great improvement of this grand approach.

Whilst I was strolling along the banks of the Seine, I could not help remarking that it would suffer much by a comparison with the Thames, so finely described by Sir John Denham.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle yet not dull:
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The Seine is narrow, and very dirty; its waters, which are finely filtrated when drawn from the fountains of Paris, produce an aperient effect upon strangers, who are generally cautioned not to drink much of them at a time.

The tide does not reach further than several miles below Paris; to this cause I can alone attribute, though perhaps the reason is insufficient, that the river is never rendered gay by the passing, and repassing of beautiful pleasure boats, to the delights of which the Parisians seem total strangers. Its shores are sadly disfigured by a number of black, gloomy, and unwieldly sheds, which are erected upon barges, for the accommodation of the washerwomen, who, by their mode of washing, which is, by rubbing the linen in the river water, and beating it with large flat pieces

of wood, resembling battledoor, until the dirt, and generally a portion of the linen rather together, make a noise very similar to that of thousands clinking a vessel. This is an abominable nuisance, and reaches the views up the river, from the centre of the Pont de la Concorde, the most complete melange of filth and finery, meanness and magnificence I ever beheld. Whilst I am speaking of these valuable, but noisy dames, I must mention that their services are chiefly confined to strangers, and the humbler class of Parisians. The genteel families of France are annoyed by the unpleasant domestic occurrence of washing, when in town only once, and when in the country only twice in the course of the year. Their magazines of clothes are of course immense, for the reception and arrangement of which several rooms in their houses are always allotted. It is the intention of the first consul gradually to unkennel this clattering race of females, when it can be done with safety. To force them to the tub, and to put them into the suds too suddenly, might, from their influence amongst the lower classes of citizens, be followed by consequences not very congenial to the repose of the government.

To show of what importance the ladies of the lower class in Paris are, I shall relate a little anecdote of Bonaparte, in which he is considered to have exhibited as much bravery as he ever displayed in the field of battle.

The poissardes, whose name alone will awaken some emotion in the mind of the reader, from its horrible union with the barbarous massacres which discolored the capital with blood during the revolution, have been from time immemorial accustomed, upon any great and fortunate event, to send a deputation of their sisterhood, to the kings and ministers of France, and since the revolution to the various rulers of the republic, to offer their congratulations, accompanied by a large bouquet of flowers. Upon the elevation of Bonaparte to the supreme authority of France, according to custom, they sent a select number from their body to present him with their good wishes, and usual fragrant donation. The first consul sternly received them, and after rejecting their nosegay, fiercely told them to retire, and in future to attend to their husbands, their children, and their fisheries, and never more to attempt an interference in matters relating to the state. Upon which he ordered the pages in waiting to close the door upon them. He thought no doubt that "Omnium manibus res "humanæ agent; paucorum capita sufficiunt."— "Human affairs require the hands of all, whilst the "heads of few are sufficient."

These formidable dames, so celebrated for their ferocity, retired chagrined and chapfallen from the presence of the imperious consul, and have not attempted to force either their congratulations, or their bouquets upon any of the public functionaries since that

period. Such a repulse as this, offered to a body of people, more formidable from their influence than the lazzaroni of Naples, would in all human probability have cost any one of the kings of France his crown. I received this anecdote from the brother of one of the ministers of France to whom this country is much indebted. Before the high daring of Bonaparte, every difficulty seems to droop, and die.

Near the Pont de la Concorde is a handsome, and ornamental building, which is erected upon barges, and contains near three hundred cold and tepid baths, for men and women. It is surrounded by a wooden terrace, which forms an agreeable walk upon the water, and is decorated with shrubs, orange trees, and flowers, on each side.

This place is very grateful in a climate which in summer, is intensely warm. There are other public baths, but this is chiefly resorted to by people of respectability. The price is very moderate, thirty sols.

CHAPTER XI.

David.—Place de Concorde.—L'Eglise de Madeleine.—Print-shops.—Notre Dame.—Museum, or Palace of Arts.—Hall of Statues.—Laocoon.—Belvidere Apollo.—Socrates.

DURING my stay in Paris I visited the gallery of David. This celebrated artist has amassed a fortune

of upwards of two hundred thousand pounds, and is permitted by his great patron and friend, Bonaparte, to occupy the corner wing of the old palace, from which every other man of genius and science, who was entitled to reside there, has been removed to other places, in order to make room for the reception of the grand National Library, which the first consul intends to have deposited there. His apartments are very magnificent, and furnished in that taste, which he has, by the influence of his fame, and his elegance of design, so widely and successfully diffused. Whilst I was seated in his rooms, I could not help fancying myself a contemporary of the most tasteful times of Greece. Tunics and robes were carelessly but gracefully thrown over the antique chairs, which were surrounded by elegant statues, and ancient libraries, so disposed, as to perfect the classical illusion. I found David in his garden, putting in the back ground of a painting. He wore a dirty robe, and an old hat. His eyes are dark and penetrating, and beam with the lustre of genius. His collection of paintings and statues, and many of his own studies, afforded a perfect banquet. He was then occupied in drawing a fine portrait of Bonaparte. The presence of David covered the gratification with gloom. Before me, in the bosom of that art, which is said, with her divine associates, to soften the souls of men, I beheld the remorseless judge of his sovereign, the destroyer of his brethren in art, and the enthusiast

and confidential friend of Robespierre. David's political life is too well known. During the late scenes of horror, he was asked by an acquaintance, how many heads had fallen upon the scaffold that day, to which he is said coolly to have replied, "*only one* "*hundred and twenty!!* The heads of twenty thousand "and more must fall before the great work of philo"sophy can be accomplished."

It is related of him, that during the reign of the Mountain, he carried his portfolio to the front of the scaffold, to catch the last emotions of expiring nature, from the victims of his revolutionary rage.

He directed and presided at the splendid funeral solemnities of Lepelletier, who was assassinated by Paris, in which his taste and intimate knowledge of the ceremonies of the antients, on similar occasions, were eminently displayed.

Farewel, David! when years have rolled away, and time has mellowed the works of thy sublime pencil, mayst thou be remembered only as *their* creator; may thy fame repose herself upon the tableau of the dying Socrates, and the miraculous passage of the Alpine hero, may the ensanguined records of thy political frenzy, moulder away, and may science, who knew not blood till thou wert known, whose pure, and hallowed inspirations have made men happier, and better, till thou wert born, implore for thee forgiveness, and whilst, with rapture she points to the immortal images of thy divine genius, may she cover

with an impenetrable pall, the pale, [illegible]dering, and bleeding victims of the [illegible]

The great abilities of this man, have [illegible] enabled him to survive the revolution, which, [illegible]ge to resolve, has throughout its ravages, preserved a veneration for science, and, in general, protected her distinguished followers. Bonaparte, who possesses great taste "that instinct superior to study, surer than reasoning, and more rapid than reflection," entertains the greatest admiration for the genius of David, and always, consults him in the arrangement of his paintings and statues. All the costumes of government have been designed by this artist.

David is not without his adherents. He has many pupils, the sons of respectable, and some of them, of noble families residing in different parts of Europe. They are said to be much attached to him, and have formed themselves into a military corps, for the purpose of occasionally doing honor to him, and were lately on the point of revenging an insult, which had been offered to his person, in a manner, which if perpetrated, would have required the interest of their master to have saved them from the scaffold.

But neither the gracious protection of consular favor, nor the splendor of unrivalled abilities, can restore their polluted possessor, to the affections and endearments of social intercourse. Humanity has drawn a *fable circle* round him. He leads the life of a proscribed exile, in the very centre of the gayest city

in Europe. In the gloomy ſhade of unchoſen ſeclaſion, he paſſ[illegible] ungladdened hours, in the hope of covering his guilt with his glory, and of preſenting to poſterity, by the energies of his unequalled genius, ſome atonement for the havoc, and ruin of that political hurricane, of which he directed the fury, and befriended the deſolations, againſt every contemporary object that nature had endeared, and virtue conſecrated.

After leaving the gallery of David, I viſited la Place de la Concorde. This ill fated ſpot, from its ſpaciouſneſs, and beauty of ſituation, has always been the theatre of the great fêtes of the nation, as well as the ſcene of its greateſt calamities. When the nuptials of the late king and queen were celebrated, the magnificent fireworks, ſhows, and illuminations which followed, were here diſplayed. During the exhibition, a numerous banditti, from Normandy, broke in upon the vaſt aſſemblage of ſpectators: owing to the confuſion which followed, and the fall of the ſcaffolding, the ſupporters of which were ſawed through by theſe wretches, the diſorder became dreadful, and univerſal; many were cruſhed to death, and ſome hundreds of the people, whilſt endeavoring to make their eſcape, were ſtabbed and robbed. The king and queen as a mark of their deep regret, ordered the dead to be entombed in the new burial ground of l'Egliſe de Madeleine, then erecting at the entrance of the Boulevard des Italiens,

in the neighborhood of the palace, under the immediate inspection and patronage of the sovereign. This building was never finished, and still presents to the eye, a naked pile of lofty walls and columns. Alas! the gloomy auguries which followed this fatal spectacle, were too truly realized. On *that* spot perished the monarch and his queen, and the flower of the French nobility, and many of the virtuous and enlightened men of France, and in *this* cemetery, their unhonored remains were thrown, amidst heaps of headless victims, into promiscuous graves of unslacked lime!

How inscrutable are the ways of destiny!

This spot, which, from its enchanting scenery, is calculated only to recal, or to inspire the most tender, and generous, and elegant sentiments, which has been the favored resort of so many kings, and the scene of every gorgeous spectacle, was doomed to become the human shambles of the brave and good, and the Golgotha of the guillotine! In the centre, is an oblong square railing, which encloses the exact spot where formerly stood that instrument of death, which was voted permanent by its remorseless employers.

A temporary model in wood, of a lofty superb monument, two hundred feet high, intended to be erected in honor of Bonaparte and the battle of Marengo, was raised in this place, for his approval, but from policy or modesty, he declined this distinguished

mark of public approbation. I was a little surprised to observe, in the windows of the principal print shops, prints exposed to sale, representing the late king, in his full robes of state, under which was written, Le Restaurateur de la liberté, (an equivoque, no doubt) and the parting interview between that unhappy sovereign and his queen and family in the temple, upon the morning of his execution.

This little circumstance will show the confidence which the present rulers feel in the strength and security of the present government; for such representations are certainly calculated to excite feelings, and to restore impressions which might prove a little hazardous to both, were they less powerfully supported.

I was also one morning a little surprised, by hearing from my window, the exhilirating song of "Rule Britannia" played upon a hand organ; upon looking down into the street, I beheld a Savoyard very composedly turning the handle of his musical machine, as he moved along, and a French officer humming the tune after him. Both were, no doubt ignorant of the nationality of the song, though not of the truth of its sentiment.

In the course of one of my morning walks, I went to the metropolitan abbey of Notre Dame, which is situated at the end of a large island in the Seine, which forms a part of Paris, and is filled with long narrow streets. It is a fine gothic pile, but in my

humble opinion, much inferior to our Weſtminſter abbey, and to the great churches of Rouen.

From this building I viſited, with a large party, the celebrated muſeum, or palace of the arts, which I afterwards generally frequented every other day.

This ineſtimable collection contains one thouſand and thirty paintings, which are conſidered to be the chefs d'œuvre of the great ancient maſters, and is a treaſury of human art and genius, unknown to the moſt renowned of former ages, and far ſurpaſſing every other inſtitution of the ſame nature, in the preſent times.

The firſt apartment is about the ſize of the exhibition room of Somerſet houſe, and lighted as that is, from above. It contains ſeveral exquiſite paintings which have been preſented to Bonaparte by the princes, and rulers of thoſe ſtates which have been either ſubdued by his arms, or have cultivated his alliance. The Pariſians call this apartment Bonaparte's noſegay. The moſt coſtly pictures in the room, are from the gallery of the grand duke of Tuſcany. Amongſt ſo many works, all exquiſite and beautiful, it is almoſt temerity to attempt to ſelect, but if I might be permitted to name thoſe which pleaſed me moſt, I ſhould particularize the Ecce Homo, by Cigoli Ludovico Cardi.

The breaſt of the mild and benevolent Saviour, ſtriped with the bruiſes of recent puniſhment, and his heavenly countenance, benignly looking forgive-

nefs upon his executioners, are beautifully delineated. L'Annonciation, by Gentileschi, in which the divine look of the angel, the graceful plumage of his wings, and the drapery of the virgin, are incomparable. La Sageffe chaffant les Vices, which is a very ancient and curious painting, by Andrea Montegna, in which the figure of Idlenefs, without arms, is wonderfully conceived. Les Noces de Cana, by Paul Veroneſe, which is conſidered to be the beſt of his works. It is the largeſt painting I ever beheld. The figures which are ſeated at the banquet, are chiefly the portraits of contemporary royal perſonages of different nations. From this room we paſſed into the gallery of the Louvre.

I cannot adequately deſcribe the firſt impreſſions which were awakened, upon my firſt entering it, and contemplating ſuch a galaxy of art and genius. This room is one thouſand two hundred feet long, and is lined with the fineſt paintings of the French, Flemiſh, and Italian ſchools, and is divided by a curious double painting upon ſlate placed upon a pedeſtal in the middle of the room, which repreſents the front and back view of the ſame figures.

The firſt diviſion of this hall contains the fineſt works of le Brun, many of which are upon an immenſe ſcale. L'Hyver ou le Deluge, by Pouſſin, is truly ſublime, but is unfortunately placed in a bad light. There are alſo ſome beautiful marine paintings, by Verney. Les Religieuſes, by Philip de

Champagney is justly celebrated for the principal figure of the dying nun. Vue de Chevet, d'une eglise, by Emanuel de Witte, is an exquisite little cabinet picture, in which the effect of a ray of light shining through a painted window, upon a column, is inimitable, and the perspective is very fine. There are here also some of the finest works of Wouvermans, and a charming picture by Teniers. La Vierge, l'enfant Jesus, la Madeleine, et St. Jerome, by Antoine Allegri Correge, is considered to be a picture of great beauty and value. There are also some glorious paintings by Reubens. I have thus briefly selected these pictures from the rest, hoping, at the same time, that it will not be inferred that those which I have not named, of which it would be impossible to offer a description without filling a bulky volume, are inferior to the works which I have presumed to mention. The recording pen must rival that matchless pencil, which has thus adorned the walls of the Museum, before it can do justice to such a magnificent collection.

This exhibition is public three days in the week, and at other times is open to students and to strangers, upon their producing their passports. On public days, all descriptions of persons are here to be seen. The contemplation of such a mixture is not altogether uninteresting.

The sun-browned rugged plebeian, whose mind, by the influence of an unexampled political change, has

been long alienated from all the noble feelings which religion and humanity inspire, is there seen, with his arms rudely folded over his breast, softening into pity, before the struggling and sinking sufferer of a deluged world, or silently imbibing from the divine resigned countenance of the crucified Saviour, a hope of unperishable bliss, beyond the grave. Who will condemn a policy by which ignorance becomes enlightened, profligacy penitent, and which, as by stealth, imparts to the relenting bosom of ferocity, the subdued, and social disposition of true fraternity?

To amuse, may be necessary to the present government of France, but surely to implant the wild, abandoned principles of a barbarous revolution, with *new* impressions, created by an unreserved display of the finest and most persuasive images of resigned suffering, heroic virtue, or elegant beauty, cannot be deemed unworthy of the ruler of a great people.

At this place, as well as at all the other national exhibitions, no money for admission is required or expected. No person is admitted with a stick, and guards attend to preserve the pictures from injury, and the exhibition from riot. The gallery of the Louvre is at present, unfortunately, badly lighted throughout owing to the light issuing chiefly on one side, from long windows. This inconvenience, however, is soon to be remedied; by observing the same manner of lighting, as in the adjoining apartments.

From the museum, we descended into la Salle des Antiques, which contains all the treasury of Grecian and Roman statuary. The first object to which we hastened, was the statue of Laocoon, for so many ages, and by so many writers admired and celebrated. This superb specimen of Grecian sculpture, is supposed to be the united production of Polydorus, Athenodorus, and Agesander, but its great antiquity renders its history somewhat dubious. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was discovered at Rome amongst the ruins of the palace of Titus, and deposited in the Farnese palace, whence it has been removed to Paris, by the orders of Bonaparte, after the conquest of Italy. It represents Laocoon, the priest of Apollo and Neptune, and his two sons writhing in the folds of two hideous serpents. The reader will remember the beautiful lines of Virgil upon the subject,

"——————et primum parva duorum
"Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
"Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus.
"Post, ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,
"Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus: et jam
"Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squames circum
"Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
"Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos——"

Or, in the English habit which Dryden has given them,

"And first around the tender boys they wind,
"Then with their sharpen'd fangs, their limbs and bodies gored.
"The wretched father, running to their aid,
"With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
"Twice round his waist the winding volumes roll'd,
"And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
"The priest, thus doubly choak'd, their crests divide,
"And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
"With both his hands he labors at the knots—"

Pliny mentions this statue as the admiration of the age in which he flourished.

I fear that I shall be guilty of a sort of profanation when I remark, that the figures of the two sons of Laocoon appear to exhibit rather more marks of maturity, and strength of muscle than are natural to their size, and to the supposed tenderness of age. It is, however, a glorious work of art.

We next behold the Belvidere Apollo. This statue, in my humble opinion, surpasses every other in the collection. All the divinity of a God beams through this unrivalled perfection of form. It is impossible to impart the impressions which it inspires. The rivetted beholder is ready to exclaim, with Adam, when he first discerns the approach of Raphael.

"——————behold what glorious shape
"Comes this way moving: seems another morn,
"Risen on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n"

The imagination cannot form such an union of grace and strength. During my stay in Paris, I frequently visited this distinguished statue, and discovered fresh subjects of amazement, and admiration as often as I gazed upon it. One of its remarkable beauties, is its exquisite expression of motion. Its aerial appearance perpetually excites the idea of its being unstationary, and unsupported. As it would be a rash and vain attempt to give a complete description of this matchless image, I must, reluctantly, leave it, to inform my reader, that on the other side of the Hall are the original Diana (which is wonderfully fine) and several very beautiful Venuses. The Venus de Medicis is not here. There are also some fine whole length statues of Roman magistrates, in their curule chairs.

In the Temple of the Muses, are exquisite busts of Homer and Socrates. Pliny informs us that the ancient world possessed no original bust of the former. That of the latter seems to have been chissel-led to represent the celebrated Athenian before he had obtained his philosophical triumph over those vices, which a distinguished physionomist of his time once imputed to him from the character of his features.

CHAPTER XII.

Bonaparte.—Artillery.—Mr. Pitt.—Newspapers.—Archbishop of Paris.—Consular Colors.—Religious Consular Conversation.—Madame Bonaparte.—Consular Modesty.—Separate Beds.—A Country Seat.—Connubial Affection.—Female Bravery.

A LITTLE anecdote is related of Bonaparte, which unfolds the bold, and daring character of this extraordinary man in early life: when he was about fifteen years of age, and a cadet in the military school at Paris—by the by, the small distance between this seminary and his present palace, and the swiftness of his elevation, afford a curious coincidence—in the vast plain of the Champ de Mars, the court, and the Parisians were assembled to witness the ascent of a balloon. Bonaparte made his way through the crowd, and unperceived, entered the inner fence, which contained the apparatus for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its flight by the last cord only. The young cadet requested the aerounaut to permit him to mount the car with him; which request was immediately refused, from an apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiment. Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed, "I am young, it is "true, but I neither fear the power of earth, nor of "air," and sternly added, "will you let me ascend?"

The aeronaut, a little offended at his obtrusion, sharply replied, "No, sir, I will not; I beg that you will "retire." Upon which the little enranged officer, drew a small sabre, which he wore with his uniform, instantly cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus, which the aeronaut had constructed, with infinite labor and ingenuity, for the purpose of trying the possibility of aerial navigation.

Paris was almost unpeopled this day, to view the spectacle. The disappointment of the populace, which was said to have exceeded seven hundred thousand persons, became violent and universal. The king sent to know the reason of the tumult, when the story was related to him, the good humored monarch laughed heartily, and said, "Upon my word that impetuous boy will make a brave officer."—The devoted king little thought that he was speaking of his successor.—The young offender was put under arrest, and confined for four days.

This man is certainly the phenomenon of the present times. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the artillery has furnished France with most of its present distinguished heroes, who have also been bred up in the same military school with Bonaparte. A short time before my arrival at Paris, this great genius, who displays a perfect knowledge of mankind, and particularly of the people over whom he rules, discovered that the Parisians, from a familiarity with his person, and from his lady and his family having

occasionally joined in their parties of amusement, began to lose that degree of awe and respect for him, which he so well knows how to appreciate, as well as to inspire. In consequence of this, he gradually retired from every circle of fashion, and was at this period almost as inaccessible as a Chinese emperor. The same line of conduct was also adopted by the principal officers of government. He resided almost wholly at Mal Maison, except on state days, when only those strangers were permitted to be introduced to him, who had satisfied the ambassadors of their respective nations, that they had been previously presented at their courts. If Bonaparte is spared from the stroke of the assassin, or the prætorian caprice of the army for any length of time, he will have it in his power to augment the services which he has already afforded to the the republic, by rebuilding the political edifice of France, with many meliorations, for which some materials may be collected from her own ruins, and some from the tried and approved constitutions of other countries. If his ambition will permit him to discharge this great undertaking faithfully, in a manner uniform with that glory which he has acquired in the field, and influenced only by the noble desire of giving rational liberty, and practicable happiness to the people over whom he sways, they will in return, without jealousy or regret, behold the being to whose wisdom and moderation they will be thus indebted, led to the highest seat amongst them—they will con-

for those functions upon his well merited distinction, without which all authority is but disastrous usurpation —a comet's blaze, flaming in a *night of dismay*, and *setting in gloom*.

The dignity of such a legislator will be self maintained, and lasting. Upon him, the grateful French will confer those unforced, unpurchased suffrages, which will *prevent* that fate, which, in their absence, the subtilty of policy, the fascinations of address, the charm of corruption, and even the terror of the bayonet can only *postpone*.—Yes, Bonaparte! millions of suffering beings, raising themselves from the dust, in which a barbarous revolution has prostrated them, look up to thee for liberty, protection, and repose. They *will* not look to thee in vain. The retiring storm still flashing its lessening flame, and rolling its distant thunders will teach thee, *were it necessary*, not to force them to remeasure their vengeance, by their wrongs.

In Paris, the achievements of the first consul are not much talked of, so true is the old adage, that no man is a hero to his own domestic. The beauties of a colossal statue, must be contemplated at a distance.

The French at present work, walk, eat, drink, and sleep in tranquility, and what is of more consequence to them, they dance in security, to which may be added, that their taxes are neither very heavy, nor oppressive. In every party which I entered, I found the late minister of Great Britain was the prevailing

ſubject of curioſity. I was overpowered with queſtions reſpecting this great man, which in their minute detail, extended to aſcertain what was the color of his eye, the ſhape of his noſe, and whether in a morning he wore huſſar boots, or ſhoes. This little circumſtance could not fail of proving pleaſant to an Engliſhman. They informed me, that throughout the war, they regularly read in their own diurnal prints, our parliamentary debates, and the general outline of moſt of our political ſchemes, which were furniſhed by people in the pay of the French government, who reſided in England notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the legiſlative, and the vigilance of the executive authorities. Whilſt I am mentioning the ſubject of newſpaper intercourſe, I cannot help lamenting, that ſince the renewal of national friendſhip, the public prints of both countries are not more under the influence of cordiality and good humor.

The liberty of the preſs is the palladium of reaſon, the diſtributor of light and learning, the public and undiſmayed aſſerter of interdicted truth. It is the body and the *honor guard* of civil and political liberty. Where the laws halt with dread, the freedom of the preſs advances, and with the ſubtle activity of conſcience, penetrates the fortified receſſes and writes its *fearful ſentence on the palace wall* of recoiling tyrants. As an Engliſhman, my expiring figh ſhould be breathed for its preſervation; but as an admirer of ſocial repoſe and national liberty, I regret to ſee

its noble energies engaged in the degrading service of fretful spleen, and ungenerous animadversion. When the horizon is no longer blackened with the smoke of the battle, it is unworthy of two mighty empires to carry on an ignoble war of words. If peace is their wish, let them manifest the great and enlightened sentiment in all its purity, and disdain to irritate each other by acts of petulent and provoking recrimination.

A short time preceding my arrival in France, Bonaparte had rendered himself very popular amongst the constitutional clergy, by a well timed compliment to the metropolitan archbishop. The first consul gave a grand dinner to this dignified prelate, and to several of his brethren. After the entertainment, Bonaparte addressed the archbishop by observing, that as he had given directions for the repairing of the archiepiscopal palace, he should very much like to take a ride in the archbishop's carriage, to see the progress which the workmen had made. The prelate bowed to the first consul, and informed him that he had no carriage, otherwise he should be much flattered by conducting him thither. Bonaparte good humoredly said, "how can that be? your coach has been waiting at the gate this half hour," and immediately led the venerable archbishop down the steps of the Thuilleries, where he found a plain handsome carriage, with a valuable pair of horses, and a coachman, and footmen dressed in livery which Bo-

naparte had just before informed him would be allotted to him, when his establishment was completed. The whole was a present from the private purse of the first consul. Upon their arrival at the palace, the archbishop was agreeably surprised by finding that the most minute, and liberal attention had been paid to his comfort and accommodation.

The clergy seem to be in favor with Bonaparte. When he assisted in the last spring at the inauguration of the archbishop of Paris, in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, and gave to the restoration of religion "all the circumstance of pomp" and military parade, he was desirous of having the colors of his regiment consecrated by the holy prelate, and submitted his wishes to his soldiers. A few days afterwards, a deputation waited upon their general in chief, with this reply, "Our banners have already "been consecrated by the blood of our enemies at "Marengo; the benediction of a priest cannot ren-"der them more sacred in our eyes, nor more anim-"ating in the time of battle." Bonaparte prudently submitted himself to their prætorian resolution, and the consular colors remain to this hour in the same *unchristianlike* condition as when they first waved at the head of their victorious legions. This anecdote will in some degree prove a fact which, notwithstanding the counter reports of English newspapers, I found every where confirmed, that although religion is *new* to the French, yet that the novelty has at pres-

ent but little charm for them. I had frequent opportunity of making this remark, as well in the capital as in the departments of the republic through which I paſſed. In Paris, the Sabbath can only be conſidered as a day of diſſipation to the lovers of gaiety, and a day of unuſual profit to the man of trade. Here, it is true, upon particular feſtival days, conſiderable bodies of people are to be ſeen in the act of worſhip, but curioſity and the love of ſhew aſſemble them together, if it was otherwiſe their attendance would be more numerous and regular. The firſt conſul does not ſeem to poſſeſs much faſhionable influence over the French in matters of religion, otherwiſe, as he has the credit of attending maſs, with very pious punctuality, in his private chapel at Mal Maiſon, it might be rather expected, that devotion would become a little more familiar to the people.

Upon another ſubject the *will* of the chief magiſtrate has been equally unfortunate. To the few ladies who are admitted into his ſocial circles, he has declared himſelf an enemy to that dreſs, or undreſs (I am puzzled to know what to call it) which his friend David, has ſo ſucceſsfully recommended for the purpoſe of diſplaying, with the leaſt poſſible reſtraint, the fine proportions of the female form. Madame Bonaparte, who is conſidered to be in as good a ſtate of ſubordination to her *young* huſband, as the conſular regiment is to their *young* general, contrives to exhibit her elegant perſon to the greateſt

advantage; by adopting a judicious and graceful medium of dress by which she tastefully avoids a kind of decoration, which repels the eye by too dense a covering, and that questionable airiness of ornament which by its gracious and unrestrained display, deprives the imagination of more than half its pleasures. Bonaparte is said not to be indifferent to those affections which do honor to the breast which cherishes them, nor to the morals of the people whom he governs.

It is well known that in France, in the house of a new fashionable couple, *separate chambers* are always reserved for the *faithful pair*, which after the solemnities of marriage very seldom remain long unoccupied. The first consul considers such separation as unfriendly to morals. A few months since, by a well timed display of affected ignorance, he endeavored to give fashion to a sentiment which may in time reduce the number of these *family accommodations*. The noble palace of St. Cloud was at this time preparing for him; the principal architect requested of him to point out in what part of the palace he would wish to have his separate sleeping room. "I do not know what you mean," said the young imperial philosopher, "crimes only divide the husband and "his wife. Make as many bed rooms as you please, "but only *one* for me and Madame Bonaparte."

I must now quit the dazzling splendor of imperial virtues for the more tranquil, but not less fascinating appearance of retired and modest merit.

It was in the afternoon of one of the finest days in June, when Madame O——, with her nephew, a very amiable young man, called in their carriage and took me to the chateau of her husband, to whom I had letters of introduction. After passing through a charming country for nine miles, adorned on each side with gardens and country houses, we arrived at the pleasant village of la Reine. As soon as we entered it, the sight of the carriage, and of their benefactress, seemed to enliven the faces of the villagers, who were seated in picturesque groupes at the doors of their cottages. Such animated looks were not lighted up by curiosity, for they had seen Madame O—— a thousand and a thousand times, but because they had seldom seen her without experiencing some endearing proof of a bountiful heart. We left the village to the right and proceeded through a private road, lined with stately walnut trees, of nearly a mile in length, which led to Monsieur O——'s. It was evening; the sun was setting in great glory and covered the face of this romantic country with the richest glow. Near the gate of a shrubbery I beheld a very handsome boy, whose appearance at once bespoke him to be the son of a gentleman, the animated smile of Madame O——, immediately convinced me that it was her son; "see," said the delighted mother, "it is my little gardener;" the little graceful rustic had a small spade in his hand, which he threw down and ran to us. We alighted at the entrance

of the garden, into which we entered, under a beautiful covered treillage, lined with Jeſſamine and honeyſuckles. At the end were two elegant young women, waiting with delight, to receive their mother, from whom they had been ſeparated only a few hours. With this charming family I entered the houſe, which was handſome but plain. The hoſpitable owner roſe from his ſofa, and after embracing his elegant lady with great affection, he received me with all the expreſſions and warmth of a long friendſhip. Soon afterwards his ſervant (a faithful indian) entered, and ſpread upon the table, Madeira, Burgundy, and dried fruits. It was intenſely hot: the great window at the end of the room in which we were ſitting opened into the gardens, which appeared to be very beautiful and abounded with nightingales, which were then moſt ſweetly ſinging. "They "are my little muſicians," ſaid Monſieur O——, "we have made a pleaſant bargain together, I give "them crumbs of bread and my bowers to range in, "and they give me this charming muſic every eve-"ning."

Monſieur O—— was an invalide, the revolution, poignant vexations, heavy loſſes and a painful ſeperation from his native country, for the preſervation of his life, and that of his family, had undermined his health. Grief had made ſad inroads upon a delicate conſtitution. It was his good fortune to be the huſband of one of the fineſt and moſt amiable women in

France, and the father of an affectionate, beautiful, and accomplished family. His circumstances had been once splendid; they were then respectable, but he had passed through events which threatened his all. Those sufferings which generous souls sustain for the sake of others, not for themselves, had almost destroyed the resemblance which once existed between this excellent man and his admirable portrait, which, at the further end of the room, presented the healthy glow, and fine proportions of manly beauty. He expressed to me, in the most charming manner, his regret, that indisposition confined him to the country, and prevented him from receiving me in Paris suitable to his own wishes, and to those claims which I had upon his attentions, by the letters of introduction which I had brought to him; but added, that he should furnish me with letters to some of his friends in town, who would be happy to supply his absence, and to make Paris agreeable to me. Monsieur G—— was as good as his word.

This amiable gentleman possessed a countenance of great genius, and a mind full of intelligence.

After an elegant supper, when his lady and daughters had withdrawn, he entered into a very interesting account of his country, of the revolution, and of his flight for the salvation of himself and family. A tolerable good opinion may be formed of the devastation which have been produced by the late republican government, by the following circumstance, which

Monsieur O—— assured me, on the word of a man of honor, was correct.

His section in Paris was composed of one thousand three hundred persons, of rank and fortune, of whom only five had escaped the slaughter of the guillotine!!

Madame O—— and her charming family, seemed wholly to occupy his heart and affections.

He spoke of his lady with all the tender eulogium of a young lover. Their union was entirely from attachment, and had been resisted on the part of Madame O——, when he first addressed her, only because her fortune was humble, compared with his. He informed me, and I must not suppress the story, that in the time of blood, this amiable woman, who is remarkable for the delicacy of her mind, and for the beauty and majesty of her person, displayed a degree of coolness and courage, which, in the field of battle, would have covered the hero with laurels. One evening, a short period before the family left France, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre, from the frontiers which divide France from Italy, and who were by that arch fiend employed in all the butcheries, and massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of la Reine, in search of Monsieur O——. His lady saw them advancing, and anticipating their errand, had just time to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door, and secreted himself in

the house of a neighbour. Madame O——, with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in the most gracious manner. They fiercely demanded Monsieur O——, she informed them that he had left the country, and after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them into her drawing room, and regaled them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance was altogether horrible, they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood, they had large horse pistols in their belts, and a dirk and sabre by their sides. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh dissonant patois language. Over their cups, they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation, in the course of which they drew out their dirks, and wiped from their handles, clots of blood and hair. Madame O—— sat with them, undismayed by their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of Champaign and Burgundy, these savages began to grow good humored, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable and unembarrassed, and hospitable behavior of their fair landlady. After carousing till midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing that they had been received so handsomely that they were convinced Monsieur O—— had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the *good cause*; they added that they found the wines excellent, and after drinking

two or three hours more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission.

Madame O——, with all the appearance of perfect tranquillity and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night, and after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand, and, overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she *soundly* slept till she was called by her servants, two hours after those wretches had left the house. He related also another instance of that resolution which is not unfrequently exhibited by women, when those generous affections, for which they are so justly celebrated, are menaced with danger. About the same period, two of the children of Monsieur O—— were in Paris at school: A rumor had reached him, that the teachers of the seminary in which they were placed, had offended the government, and were likely to be butchered, and that the carnage which was expected to take place, might, in its undistinguished fury, extend to the pupils. Immediately upon receiving this intelligence, Monsieur O—— ordered his carriage for the purpose of proceeding to town. Madame O—— implored him to permit her to accompany him; in vain did he beseech her to remain at home; the picture of danger which he painted, only rendered her more determined. She mounted the carriage and seated herself

by the side of her husband. When they reached Paris, they were stopped in the middle of the street St. Honoree, by the massacre of a large number of prisoners, who had just been taken out of a church which had been converted into a prison. Their ears were pierced with screams. Many of the miserable victims were cut down, clinging to the windows of their carriage. During the dreadful delays which they suffered in passing through this street, Madame O—— discovered no sensations of alarm, but stedfastly fixed her eyes upon the back of the coach box, to avoid, as much as possible, observing the butcheries which were perpetrating on each side of her.

Had she been observed to close her eyes, or to set back in the carriage, she would have excited a suspicion, which, no doubt, would have proved fatal to her. At length she reached the school which contained her children, where she found the rumor which they had received was without foundation; she calmly conducted them to the carriage, and during their gloomy return through Paris, betrayed no emotions; but as soon as they had passed the barrier, and were once more in safety upon the road to their peaceful chateau, the exulting mother, in an agony of joy, pressed her children to her bosom, and in a state of mind wrought up to frenzy, arrived at her own house, in convulsions of ghastly laughter. Monsieur O—— never spoke of this charming woman, without exhibiting the strongest emotions of regard.

He said, that in sickness she suffered no one to attend upon him but herself, that in all his afflictions she had supported him, and that she mitigated the deep melancholy which the sufferings of his country, and his own privations, had fixed upon him, by the well-timed sallies of her elegant fancy, or by the charms of her various accomplishments.

I found myself a gainer in the article of delight, by leaving the gayest metropolis that Europe can present, to a traveller, for the sake of visiting such a family.

CHAPTER XIII.

Breakfast.—Warmth of French Expression.—Rustic Eloquence.—Curious Cause assigned for the late extraordinary Frost.—Madame R——.—Paul I.—Tivoli.—Frescati.

IN the morning we breakfasted in the drawing room, in which the murderous myrmidons of Robespierre had been regaled. It was beautifully situated. Its windows looked into a grove which Monsieur Q—— had formed of valuable American shrubs. His youngest daughter, a beautiful little girl, of about five years of age, rather hastily entered the room with a pair of tame wood pigeons in her hands, which, in her eagerness to bring to her father, she had too forcibly pressed, who very gently told her, it was cruel to hurt her little favorites, more particularly as they

were a species of bird which was remarkable for its unoffending innocence. The little creature burst into tears, "my little Harriet, why do you weep?" said her father, kissing her white forehead, and preſſing her to him. "Why do you rebuke me?" ſaid the little ſufferer, "when you know I love you ſo much that I could kiss your naked heart."

I mention this circumſtance, to ſhow how early in life, the French children imbibe the moſt charming expreſſions, by which their more mature converſation is rendered ſo peculiarly captivating. During our repaſt, a circumſtance occurred, which produced an unuſual vivacity amongſt all the party, and afforded a ſpecimen of the talent and pleaſantry of the French people. The gardener entered with the paper, and letters of the day. Amongſt them, was a letter which had been opened, appeared very much diſor-ed, and ought to have been received upon the pre-ceding day. Mons. O—— ſeemed much diſpleaſed, and called upon his man to explain the matter. The gardener, who poſſeſſed a countenance which beamed with animation and good humor, made a low bow, and without appearing to be, in the leaſt degree, diſcon-certed, proceeded to unfold the affair, with the moſt playful ingenuity. He ſtated that the dairy maid was very pretty, that ſhe made every body in love with her, and was very much in love herſelf, that ſhe was accuſtomed to receive a great number of billet-doux, which, on account of her education having

been very far below her incomparable merits, she was not able to understand, without the assistance of Nicolene, the groom, who was her confident, and amanuensis; that on the day before, he gave her the letter in question, with directions to carry it to his master, that under the influence of that thoughtful absence which is said to attend the advanced stages of the tender passion, she soon afterwards conceived that it was no other than a customary homage from one of her many admirers, upon which she committed the supposed depository of tender sighs and brittle vows, to the warm custody of her glowing bosom, than which, the gardener, (who at this moment saw his master's eyes were engaged by the *sullied* appearance of the letter) declared that nothing was fairer; he again proceeded, by observing, that in the course of the preceding evening, as she was stooping to adjust her stool in the meadow, the cow kicked, and the epistle tumbled into the milk pail; that she afterwards dried it by the kitchen fire, and gave it, for the reasons before assigned, to her confidential friend to explain to her, who soon discovered it to be a letter of business, addressed to his master, instead of an impassioned love ditty for the tender Marie; that, finally, all the principals concerned in this unhappy affair were overwhelmed with distress, on account of the sad disaster, and that the kitchen had lost all its vivacity ever since. No advocate could have pleaded more eloquently. All the family, from its chief, to

little Harriet, whose tears were not yet dried, were in a continual fit of laughter. The gardener, whose face very largely partook of the gaiety which he had so successfully excited, was commissioned, by his amiable master, to tell the distressed dairy maid, that love always carried his pardon in his hand for all his offences, and that he cheerfully forgave her, but directed the gardener, to prevent a recurrence of similar accidents, not again to trust her with his letters until the tender disease was radically removed. The rustic orator gracefully bowed; and left us to finish our breakfast with increased good humour, and to carry forgiveness and consolation to poor Marie and all her condoling friends in the kitchen. Before we had completed our repast, a little deformed elderly lady made her appearance, whose religion had been shaken by the revolution, into a crazy and gloomy superstition. She had scarcely seated herself, before she began a very rapid and voluble comment upon the change of the times, and the devastations which the late extraordinary frost had committed upon the vineyards of France, which she positively asserted, with the confidence which the arrival of her tutelar saint with the intelligence ought to have inspired, was sent as an *appropriate* judgment upon the republic, to punish it, for suffering the ladies of Paris to go so thinly clothed. Monsieur O—— heard her very patiently throughout, and then observed, that the

ways of Heaven were inſcrutable, that human ingenuity was baffled, in attempting to draw inferences from its viſitations, and that it did not appear to him at leaſt, that an offence which was aſſuredly calculated to inſpire ſenſations of warmth and tenderneſs, was *appropriately* puniſhed by chaſtiſement of an *oppoſite* tendency, to which he added, that ſome moraliſt who indulged in an endeavor to connect cauſes and effects, might think it rather incompatible with their notions of eternal equity, to endeavor to clothe the ladies, by ſtripping the land to nakedneſs—here the old lady could not help ſmiling. Her amicable adverſary purſued the advantage which his pleaſantry had produced, by informing her, that prognoſtications had been for a long period diſcountenanced, and that formerly when the ancient augurs, after the ceremonies of their ſucceſsful illuſions were over, met each other by accident in the ſtreet, impreſſed by the ridiculous remembrance of their impoſitions, they could not help laughing in each other's faces. Madame V—— laughed too; upon which Monſieur O——, very good humoredly told her, that as a ſoothſayer, ſhe certainly would not have ſmiled, unleſs ſhe intended to retire forever from the office. Previous to my taking leave of Monſieur O—— and his charming family, we walked in the gardens, where our converſation turned upon the extraordinary genius, who in the character of firſt conſul of the French unites a force, and extent of ſway unknown

to the kings of France, from their first appearance, to the final extinction of monarchy.

He told me that he had the honor of knowing him with intimacy from his youth, and extolled, with high eulogy, his splendid abilities, and the great services which he had rendered France. He also related several amiable anecdotes of the minister Talleyrand, who, when in America, had lived with him a considerable time under the same roof.

At length the cabriolet, which was to bear me from this little Paradise, approached the gate, and the moment arrived when I was to part with one of the most charming families to be found the bosom of the republic.

As Monsieur O—— pressed me by one hand, and placed that of his little Harriet in my other, a tear of exquisite tenderness rolled down his cheek, it seemed to express that we should never meet again on this side the grave. Excellent being! if it must be so, if wasting and unsparing sickness is destined to tear thee ere long from those who delight thine eye, and soothe thine heart in the midst of its sorrows, may the angel of peace smile upon thee in thy last moments, and bear thy mild and generous, and patient spirit, to the realms of eternal repose! Adieu! dear family of la Reine.

Upon my return to Paris, I proceeded to the hotel of Monsieur R——. Curiosity led me to view the

house, and the celebrated bed of his lady, who was then in London.

The little vanities and eccentricities of this elegant and hospitable woman, will find immediate forgiveness, when it is known that she is now very young, and was married, when a spoiled child of the age of fourteen to her present husband. She is one of David's most enthusiastic admirers, and has carried the rage for Grecian undress, to an extremity, which, even in the capital, left her without a follower.

In the public walks of the Champ Elysees, she one evening presented herself in a dress which almost rivalled the robes of Paradise; the Parisians, who are remarkable for their politeness to women, and are not remarkable for scrupulous sentiments of delicacy, were so displeased with her appearance, that they made a lane to the entrance for her, and expelled the modern Eve from the Elysian Fields, not with a "flaming sword of wrath," but with hisses softly uttered, and by gentle tokens of polite disapprobation. She tells her friends, that her cabinet is crowded with letters of the most impassioned love, from persons of the first fame, distinction, and opulence. In her parties, when conversation begins to pause, she introduces some of these melting epistles, which she is said to read with a bewitching pathos, and never fails to close the fond recital by expressions of the tenderest pity for the sufferings of their ill-starred authors. She has declared, that some of her lovers equal the

Belvidere Apollo in beauty, but that she never has yet seen that being, who was perfect enough to be entitled to the possession of her affections. Do not smile. Madame R—— is a disciple of Diana, even slander pays incessant homage to her chastity. Rumor has whispered, in every corner of Paris, that her husband is only admitted to the honor of supplying the finances of her splendid and costly establishment. Madame R—— has not yet produced any of the beautiful, and eloquent arguments of Cornelia, to disprove the strange assertion. Her chamber, which constitutes one of the sights of Paris, and which, after what has been just mentioned, may be justly considered, in or out of France, as a great curiosity, is fitted up in a style of considerable taste, and even magnificence. The bed upon which this charming statue reposes, is a superb sofa, raised upon a pedestal, the ascent to which is by a flight of cedar steps, on each side are altars, on which are placed Herculaneum vases of flowers, and a large antique lamp of gold; the back of the bed is formed by an immense pier glass, and the curtains, which are of the most costly muslin, festooned with golden taffels, descend in beautiful drapery from a floral crown of gold. It is said that the late emperor of Russia, after the laborious and successful diplomatic intrigues of Messrs. Talleyrand and Sieyes, and a certain lady, became enamored, by description, with the immaculate goddess of Mont Blanc, and that he sent confidential commis-

sioners to Paris, to report her daily dress, and to order copies of her furniture.

The story may be believed, when the hero of it was well known to be fully qualified for one of the deepest dungeons of a madhouse. I hope, for the sake of society, and the repose of the world, that the rest of Madame R——'s admirers have not united to their passion the bewildered imagination which fatally distinguished, and finally closed the career of her imperial lover.

Mr. R—— is very polite to the English, and his letters ensure the greatest attentions wherever they are produced.

From Mont Blanc I proceeded to the Hotel de Caramand, the residence of the British Ambassador, to whom I had a letter of introduction, from a particular friend of his, and who received me with great politeness. His apartments were handsome, and looked into some beautiful gardens. Amongst the English, who were at this time in Paris, a little prejudice existed against the representative of the British monarch, from a reason, which within the jurisdiction of the lord mayor of London and of most corporate towns in England, will be considered to carry considerable weight. The envoy did not celebrate the late birth day of his sovereign by a jolly, and convivial dinner. The fact was, Mr. M——, who by the sudden return of Mr. J——, became unexpectedly invested with the dignity of an ambassador, was in constant

expectation of being recalled, to make room for the intended appointment of lord W—— to the consular court, in consequence of which, he had not prepared for the display of those splendid hospitalities, which, on such occasions, always distinguish the table of a British house of embassy.

On a Sunday evening, I went with a party to Tivoli, a favorite place of amusement with the Parisians. At the entrance we found, as at all the public places, a guard of horse, and foot. The admission is twenty sols. The evening was very fine. We passed immense crowds of people, who were flocking to the same place.—Amongst them were many elegant, well dressed women, wholly unattended by gentlemen, a circumstance by no means unusual in Paris. This place seemed to be raised by the magic touch of enchantment. We entered upon gravelled walks, which were cut through little winding and intersecting hillocks of box; those which formed the sides were surmounted by orange trees, which presented a beautiful colonnade; immediately after we had passed them, we entered an elegant treillage of honeysuckles, roses, and eglantine, which formed the grand entrance to the garden. Here a most animated scene of festivity opened upon us. On one side were rope dancers, people riding at the ring, groups of persons playing at shuttlecock, which seemed to be the favorite, and I may add, the most ridiculous diversion; on the other side, were dancers, tumblers, mountebanks,

and parties all with gay countenances, ſeated in little bowers enjoying lemonade and ices. In the centre as we advanced, were about three hundred people, who were dancing the favorite waltz. This dance was brought from Germany, where, *from its nature*, the partners are always engaged lovers; but the French, who think that nothing can be blamable which is ſuſceptible of elegance, have introduced the German dance, without adhering to the German regulation. The attitudes of the waltz are very graceful, but they would not altogether accord with Engliſh female notions of delicacy. At a late faſhionable Pariſian ball, a gentleman preſent was requeſted by the lady of the houſe, to waltz with a friend of hers, who was without a partner. The perſon of this neglected fair, was a little inclined to the meagre. The gallant, without the leaſt embarraſſment, declined obſerving, "Ah! "ma chere Madame qu'exigez vous de moi, ne ſavez "vous pas qu'elle n'a point de ſein?" In the middle of the platform of the dancers, a very fine full band was playing. At the end of this raiſed ſtage, a very capacious Indian marquee was erected, which was beautifully illuminated with variegated lamps, and under its broad canopy, a large concourſe of people was ſeated, ſome were enjoying converſation, ſome were playing at buillotte, drinking coffee, &c. behind this building, was a noble Corinthian temple, from the doors of which, were covered trellis walks, leading to ſpacious gardens, which were formed to dif-

play the different taſtes of the Engliſh, French, and Dutch nations, whoſe reſpective names they bore. Theſe gardens are interſected by little canals, upon which ſeveral perſons were amuſing themſelves with the diverſion of canoe racing. The whole was illuminated by large patent reflecting lamps, which ſhed a luſtre almoſt as brilliant as the day. A few Engliſh were preſent, amongſt them were the ducheſs of Cumberland, and a few other ladies. Theſe gardens previous to the revolution, were the property of a wealthy miniſter of France, who, it is ſaid expended near one hundred thouſand pounds ſterling, in bringing them to perfection, which he juſt ſaw accompliſhed, when he cloſed his eyes upon the ſcaffold. The nation became their next proprietor, who ſold them for a large ſum of money to their preſent owners.

From this place we went to Freſcati, which is the promenade of the firſt beauty, and faſhion of Paris, who generally aſſemble about half paſt ten o'clock, after the opera is concluded. No admiſſion money is required, but ſingular as it may ſeem, no improper intruder has yet appeared, a circumſtance which may be accounted for by the awe which well bred ſociety ever maintained over vulgarity. Freſcati is ſituated in the Italian Boulevard; was formerly the reſidence of a nobleman of large fortune, and has alſo undergone the uſual tranſition of revolutionary confiſcation. The ſtreets leading to it were filled with carriages.

After aſcending a flight of ſteps, from a handſome court-yard, we entered a beautiful hall, which was lined with pier glaſſes, and decorated with feſtoons of artificial flowers, at the end of it was a fine ſtatue of Venus de Medicis. On one ſide of this image was an arch, which led into a ſuite of ſix magnificent apartments, which were ſuperbly gilt, painted, and alſo covered with pier glaſſes, and luſtres of fine diamond cut glaſs, which latter, looked like ſo many little glittering caſcades. Each room was in a blaze of light, and filled with parties, who were taking ices, or drinking coffee. Each room communicated with the others, by arches, or folding doors of mirrors. The garden is ſmall, but very taſtefully diſpoſed. It is compoſed of three walks, which are lined with orange and acacia trees, and vaſes of roſes. At the end is a tower mounted on a rock, temples, and ruſtic bridges; and on each ſide of the walks, are little labyrinth bowers. On the ſide next to the Boulevard, is a terrace which commands the whole ſcene, is lined on each ſide with beautiful vaſes of flowers, and is terminated at each end by alcoves, which are lined with mirrors.

Here, in the courſe of an hour, the aſtoniſhed and admiring ſtranger, may ſee near three thouſand females of the firſt beauty and diſtinction in Paris, whoſe cheeks are no longer diſfigued by the corroſion of rouge, and who, by their ſymmetry and grace, would induce him to believe that the loveliеſt figures

of Greece, in her proudeſt æra, were revived, and moving before him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Convent of blue Nuns.—Ducheſſe de Biron.—The bloody Key.—Courts of Juſtice.—Public Library.—Gobelines.—Miſs Linnwood.—Garden of Plants.—French Accommodation.—Boot Cleaners.—Cat and Dog Shearers.—Monſieur S——, and Family.

THE Engliſh convent, or as it is called, the convent of blue nuns, in the Rue de St. Victoire, is the only eſtabliſhment of the kind, which throughout the republic, has ſurvived the revolution. To what cauſe its excluſive protection is attributable, is not I believe correctly known. But though this ſpot of ſacred ſecluſion, has eſcaped the final ſtroke of extermination, it has ſuſtained an ample ſhare of the general deſolation. During the reign of terror it was converted into the crowded priſon of the female nobility, who were confined, and afterwards dragged from its cloiſters, and butchered by the guillotine, or the daggers of the aſſaſſins. I had a letter of introduction to Mrs. S——, one of the ſiſterhood, a lady of diſtinguiſhed family in England. I found her in the refectory. A dignified dejection overſpread her countenance, and her figure ſeemed much emaciated by the ſcenes of horror through which ſhe had

passed. She informed me, that when the nuns were in a state of arrestation by the order of Robespierre, the convent was so crowded with prisoners, that they were obliged to eat their wretched meals in three different divisions. The places of the unhappy beings who were led off to execution, were immediately filled by fresh victims.

Amongst those who suffered, was the beautiful young duchesse de Biron, said to be one of the loveliest women of the French court. Her fate was singular, and horrible. One morning, two of the assistant executioners came into one of the rooms, and called upon the female citizen Biron to come forward, meaning the old duchesse de Biron, the mother, who was here immured with her daughter; some one said, which of them do you require? the hell-hounds replied, "Our order was for one only, but "as there are two, we will have both that there "may be no error." The mother and daughter were taken away locked senseless in each others arms. When the cart which carried them arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the chief executioner looked at his paper, which contained a list of his victims, and saw the name of only one Biron; the assistants informed him that they found two of that name in the convent, and to prevent mistake, they had brought both. The principal, with perfect sang froid, said it was all well, wrote with his pencil the article "les" before the name Biron, to which he added an s, and immediately beheaded both!!!

Mrs. S—— led me to the chapel, to ſhow me the havoc which the unſparing impious hands of the revolution had there produced. She put into my hand an immenſe maſſy key to open the door of the choir. "That key," ſaid ſhe, "was made for the maſter "key of the convent, by the order of Robeſpierre. "In the time of terror, our gaoler wore it at his belt. "A thouſand times has my ſoul ſunk within me, "when it loudly puſhed the bolt of the lock aſide. "When the door opened, it was either a ſignal to pre-"pare for inſtant death to ſome of thoſe who were "within, or for the gloomy purpoſe of admitting "new victims." When we entered the chapel, my ſurpriſe and abhorrence were equally excited. The windows were beaten thro', the hangings were flapping in the wind, the altar was ſhattered in pieces and proſtrate, the pavement was every where torn up, and the caves of the dead were ſtill yawning upon us. From their ſolemn and hallowed depths, the mouldering relics of the departed had been raiſed, by torch light, and heaped in frightful piles of unfiniſhed decay, againſt the walls, for the purpoſe of converting the lead, which contained theſe wretched fragments of mortality into balls for the muſketry of the revolution. The gardens behind the chapel muſt have been once very pleaſant, but they then had the appearance of a wilderneſs. The painful uncertainty of many years, had occaſioned the neglect and ruin in which I ſaw them. Some of the nuns were reading

upon shattered seats, under overgrown bowers, and others walking in the melancholy shade of neglected avenues. The effect of the whole was gloomy and sorrowful, and fully confirmed the melancholy recital which I received from Mrs. S——. Bonaparte, it is said, intends to confirm to these nuns their present residence, by an act of government.

Upon leaving the convent I visited the seats of cassation, and justice, in the architectural arrangement of which, I saw but little worthy of minute notice, except the perfect accommodation which pervades all the French buildings, which are appropriated to the administration of the laws.

The hall of the first cassation, or grand court of appeal, is very fine. The judges wear elegant costumes, and were, as well as the advocates, seated upon chairs, which were constructed to imitate the seats of Roman magistracy, and had a good effect. I was informed that the whole of the ornamental arrangement was designed by David.

From the courts of justice, I went to the second national library, which is very noble and large, and has a valuable collection of books. Several students were arranged with great silence and decorum, at long tables. In one apartment is a very large ingenious model of Rome in a glass case, and another of a frigate.

Upon leaving the library I proceeded to the Gobelins, so called from one Gobel, a noted dyer at

Rheims, who settled here in the reign of Francis I. This beautiful manufactory has a crowd of visitors every day. Upon the walls of the galleries the tapestry is suspended, which exhibits very exquisite copies of various historical paintings, of which there are some very costly and beautiful specimens. The artists work behind the frame, where the original from which they copy is placed. The whole is a very expensive national establishment, much of its production is preserved for presents to foreign princes, and some of it is disposed of by public sale.

Upon the comparison between the works of the Gobelins and the beautiful works of Miss. Linwood, I could not help feeling a little degree of pride to observe that my ingenious countrywoman did not appear to suffer by it. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the tasteful paintings of her exquisite needle. This elegant-minded woman has manifested by her charming exhibition, that great genius is not always separated from great labor, and unwearied perseverance.

From the Gobelins I visited the garden of plants, which is considered to be the largest and most valuable botanical collection in Europe, and was founded by the celebrated Buffon. The garden is laid out in noble walks, and beds containing the rarest plants from all parts of the world, each of which is neatly labelled for the use of students. On the right of the entrance is a park containing all sorts of deer, and on

the left are vaſt hothouſes and greenhouſes; and in the centre, incloſed in iron lattice work, is a large pond for the reception of foreign aquatic animals, very near which is a large Octagon experimental beehive, about ten feet high, and at the end, near the banks of the Seine, is a fine menagerie, in which amongſt other beaſts, there are ſome noble lions. Many of the animals have ſeparate houſes and gardens to range in. Adjoining is the park of the elephant. This ſtupendous animal, from the ample ſpace in which he moves, is ſeen to great advantage, and is conſidered to be the largeſt of his ſpecies in Europe. Near the entrance on the right, is the muſeum of natural curioſities, the collection of which is very valuable, and admirably arranged. There is here a fine giraffe, or camelopard, of an amazing height, ſtuffed. This ſurpriſing animal is a native of Ethiopia, and ſome other parts of Africa, and has ſcarcely ever been ſeen in Europe.

From the garden of plants, I made all poſſible diſpatch to Madame C——'s in the Boulevard Italien, where I was engaged to dinner.

Upon croſſing the Pont Neuf, where there are a number of little ſtalls erected, the owners of which advertiſe upon little boards, which are raiſed upon poles, that they poſſeſs extraordinary talents for ſhearing dogs and cats; I could not help ſtopping and laughing moſt heartily to obſerve the following addreſs to the public from one of theſe canine and feminalkin functionaries:

"Monin, tondit et coupe
"les chiens la chatte
"et sa femme——
"vat en ville."

Which runs in this ridiculous manner in English:

"Monin shears and cuts
"dogs and cats and his wife——
"goes on errands."

As I had no time to return to my hotel to dress, I was initiated into a mode of expeditiously equipping myself, by a young friend who was with me, to which I was before a stranger, and which shows in the most trifling matters, that the French are good adepts in expedition and accommodation. In passing through the Palais Royal, we entered the little shop of a boot cleaner. In a moment I was mounted upon a dirty sopha, to which I ascended by steps, and from which I had a complete commanding view of the concourse of gay people, who are always passing and repassing in this idle place; the paper of the day, stretched upon a little wooden frame was placed in my hand, each foot was fixed upon an iron anvil, one man brushed off the dirt, and another put on a shining blacking, a third brushed my clothes, and a fourth presented a basin of water and towel to me. The whole of this comfortable operation lasted about four minutes. My dirty valets made me a low bow for four sols, which,

poor as the recompense was, exceeded their expectations by three pieces of that petty coin.

In the evening, I had the happiness of being introduced to Monsieur S——. Under his noble and hospitable roof, amidst his affectionate, beautiful, and accomplished family, and in the select circle of his elegant and enlightened society, I passed many happy hours. Monsieur S.— was of a noble family, and previous to the revolution was one of the fermiers generaux, and possessed a very noble fortune. In discharging the duties of his distinguished and lucrative office, he conciliated the affections of every one, who had the good fortune to be comprehended within the compass of his honorable authority, and when the revolution stripped him of it, it found his integrity without a stain, except what in the bewildered interpretation of republican fury, adhered to him from his connection with the old established order of things. In the general, and undistinguished cry for blood, which yelled from the remorseless assassins of Robespierre, this admirable man was consigned to a dungeon, and doomed to the scaffold. Two hours before he was to suffer, the remembrance of the noble victim, and of a series of favors, of kindness, and of generosity, flashed with momentary but irresistible compunction, upon the mind of one of his sanguinary judges, who, suspending the bloody proceedings which then occupied the court, implored the compassion of his fell associates. He pleaded until he had obtained his

discharge, and then at once forgetting the emotions of mercy, which had inspired his tongue with the most persuasive eloquence, he very composedly resumed the functions of his cruel occupation, and consigned to the fatal instrument of revolutionary slaughter, other beings, whose virtues were less renowned, or less fortunate in their sphere of operation. Monsieur S—— had reached his sixty-eighth year, but seemed to possess all the vivacity and health of youth. His lady was a very amiable, and enlightened woman. Their family consisted of a son, and three daughters, all of them handsome, and very highly accomplished. The eldest, Madame E——, excelled in music; the second, Madame B——, in poetry and the classics; and the youngest, Mademoiselle Delphine, in drawing and singing. I shall, perhaps, be pardoned for introducing a little impromtu compliment, which the pure, and unassuming merits of the youngest of the family, drew from my pen, in consequence of the conversation one evening, turning upon the indecorum of the tunic dress, amongst the elegantes of Paris.

TO MADEMOISELLE D. S.

Whilst art array'd in *tunic* robe
Tries over fashion's gaudy globe,
To hold resistless force,
The merits shall impede her course,
For grace and nature gain in thee;
A chaste, decisive victory.

From the general wreck of poverty Monsieur S—— has been fortunate enough to save a considerable portion of his former fortune. A similar favorable circumstance has, in general, rewarded the fortitude and constancy of those who, in the political storm, refused to seek a dastard safety by flight. Influenced by the reputation of the integrity, talents and experience of Monsieur S——, the first consul has deservedly placed him at the head of the national accounts, which he manages with great advantage, and honor to the government. I was prefsed to make this charming house my home. Upon a noble terrace, which communicated with the drawing room, and commanded a view of all the gaiety, and fashion of the Italien Boulevard, which moved below us, in the circle of some of the most charming people of Paris, we used to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the evening, the graceful unpremeditated dance, or the sounds of enchanting music. In this happy spot all parties assembled. Those who had been divided by the ferocity of politics, here met in amicable intercourse. I have in the same room observed, the once pursuing republican conqueror, in social converse, with the captive Vendeean general, who had submitted to his prowess, and to the government. The sword was not merely sheathed —it was *concealed* in flowers. To please, and to be pleased; to charm, and to enlighten, by interchanges of pleasantry, and politeness, and talents, and acquirments seemed alone to occupy the generous minds of

this charming ſociety. The remembrance of the hours which I paſſed under this roof, will afford my mind delight, as long as the faculty of memory remains, or until high honor, and munificent hoſpitality have loſt their value, and genius and beauty, purity and elegance have no longer any attractions.

CHAP. XV.

Civility of a Sentinel.—The Hall of the Legiſlative Aſſembly.—Britiſh Houſe of Commons.—Captain Bergeret.—The Temple.—Sir Sidney Smith's Eſcape.—Colonel Phelipeaux.

ONE morning, as I was entering the grand court of the hall of the Legiſlative Aſſembly, I was ſtopped by a centry. I told him I was an Engliſhman. He politely begged my pardon, and requeſted me to paſs, and called one of the houſekeepers to ſhow me the apartments.

This magnificent pile is in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and was formerly the palace of the Bourbons. After paſſing through a ſuite of ſplendid apartments, I entered, through lofty folding doors, into the hall, where the legiſlators aſſemble. It is a very ſpacious ſemicircular room, and much reſembles, in its arrangements, the appearance of a ſplendid theatre before the ſtage. The aſcent of the ſeat of the preſident is by a flight of light marble ſteps; the facing

of his bureau is compoſed of the moſt coſtly marble, richly carved. On each ſide of the preſident's chair are ſeats for the ſecretaries; and immediately below them is the tribune, into which the orator aſcends to addreſs the Houſe. On each ſide of the ſeat of the preſident are antique ſtatues of eminent patriots and orators, which are placed in niches in the wall. Under the tribune, upon the centre of the floor, is the altar of the country, upon which, in marble, is repreſented the book of the laws, reſting upon branches of olive. Behind it, upon ſemicircular ſeats, the legiſlators ſit, at the back of whom are the boxes of the ambaſſadors and officers of ſtate, and immediately above them, within a colonnade of Corinthian pillars the public are admitted. Round the upper part of the cornice a beautiful feſtoon of lilac colored cloth, looped up with rich taſſels, is ſuſpended, for the purpoſe of correcting the vibration of the voice. The whole is very ſuperb, and has coſt the nation an immenſe ſum of money. The principal houſekeeper aſked me "whether our ſpeakers had ſuch a place to "declaim in," I told him, "that we had very *great* "orators in England, but that they were content to "ſpeak in very little places." He laughed, and obſerved, "that Frenchmen never talked to ſo much "advantage as when their eye was pleaſed."

This man I found had been formerly one of the doorkeepers of the national aſſembly, and was preſent when, after having been impeached by Billaud, Panis, and their colleagues, Tallien diſcharged his piſ-

tol at Robespierre, whom he helped to support, until the monster was finally dispatched by the guillotine, on the memorable 9th Thermidor.

The French are amazingly fond of finery and stage effect. The solicitude which always first manifested itself after any political change in the course of the revolution, was the external decoration of each new puppet, who, arrayed in the brief authority of the fleeting moment, was permitted to "play his fantastic tricks before high Heaven."

The poor battered ark of government was left overturned, under the protection of an escort of assassins, in the ensanguined mud, upon the reeking bodies, of its former, headless bearers, until its new supporters had adjusted the rival pretensions of silk and satin, and had consulted the pattern book of the laceman in the choice of their embroidery. On one side of the arch which leads into the antiroom of the legislative assembly, are suspended patterns and designs for tickets of admission to the sitting, elegantly framed; and near the same place, in a long gallery which leads to the dressing-rooms of the legislators, are boxes which contain the senatorial robes of the members. The meetings of our house of commons would inspire more awe, and veneration, if more attention was paid to decorum, and external decoration. A dignified and manly magnificence would not be unsuitable to the proceedings of the sanctuary of British laws, and the seat of unrivalled eloquence. What would a perfumed French legislator say, accustomed to rise in

the ruſtling of embroidered ſilks, and gracefully holding in his hand, a cap of ſoft and ſhowy plumes, to addreſs himſelf to alabaſter ſtatues, glittering luſtres, Grecian chairs, feſtoons of drapery, and an audience of beings tricked out as fine as himſelf, were he to be ſuddenly tranſported into a poor and paltry room, meanly lighted, badly ventilated, and inconveniently arranged, and to be told that, in that ſpot, the repreſentative of the firſt nation in the world, legiſlated for her ſubjects? What would he ſay, were he to ſee and hear in the mean attire of jockies and mechanics, ſuch orators as Greece and Rome never ſaw or heard in the days of their moſt exalted glory; unfolding with the penetration of a ſubordinate Providence, the machinations of a dark and deep conſpiracy, erecting elaborate laws to ſhelter the good, againſt the enemies of repoſe, or hurling the thunder of their eloquence againſt the common foes of their country. The aſtoniſhed Frenchman would very likely ſay, "I "always thought that the Engliſh were a ſtrange ſet "of beings, but they now exceed the powers of my "comprehenſion, they can elicit wit in the midſt of "gloom, and can ſay ſuch things in a plain unbruſh-"ed coat of *blue* cloth, as all the robes, plumes, and "finery of the republic, in her gaudy halls of deliberation, cannot inſpire."

From the legiſlative aſſembly I went to pay my reſpects to the gallant Capt. Bergeret, to whom I had letters of introduction. It will be immediately remembered, that this diſtinguiſhed hero, in the Virginie, diſ-

played the moſt undaunted courage, when ſhe was engaged by Sir Edward Pellew, in the Indefatigable, to whoſe ſuperior proweſs and naval knowledge, he was obliged to ſtrike the tricolor flag. His bravery and integrity have juſtly entitled him to the admiration and laſting friendſhip of his noble conqueror, and to the eſteem of the Britiſh nation. When Sir Sidney Smith was confined in the Temple, and captain Bergeret a priſoner in England, the latter was ſent to France upon his parole, to endeavor to effect the exchange of Sir Sidney. The French government, which was then under the direction of ſome of the baſeſt and meaneſt of her tyrants, refuſed to liſten to the propoſal; and at the ſame time reſiſted the return of their own countryman.

The gallant Bergeret was reſolved to preſerve his word of honor unſullied, or to periſh in the attempt. Finding all his efforts to obtain the liberation of the illuſtrious captive unavailing, menaced with death if he departed, and invited by promiſed command and promotion if he remained, he contrived to quit his own country by ſtealth, and returned a voluntary exile to his generous and confiding conquerors.

From captain B——'s hotel I went to the Temple ſo celebrated in the gloomy hiſtory of the revolution. It ſtands in the Rue du Temple, in the Fauxbourg of that name. The entrance is handſome, and does not much impreſs the idea of the approach to a place of ſuch confinement. Over the gates is a pole, ſupport-

ing a dirty and tattered bonnet rouge, of which species of republican decoration there are very few now to be seen in Paris. The door was opened to me by the principal goaler, whose predeceſſor had been diſmiſſed on account of his imputed connivance in the eſcape of Sir Sidney Smith. His appearance ſeemed fully to qualify him for his ſavage office, and to inſure his ſuperiors againſt all future apprehenſion, of a remiſſion of duty by any act of humanity, feeling, or commiſeration. He told me, that he could not permit me to advance beyond the lodge, on account of a peremptory order which he had juſt received from government. From this place I had a full command of the walk and priſon, the latter of which is ſituated in the centre of the walls. He pointed out to me the window of the room in which the royal ſufferers languiſhed. As the ſtory of Sir Sidney Smith's eſcape from this priſon has been involved in ſome ambiguity, a ſhort recital of it will, perhaps, not prove unintereſting.

After ſeveral months had rolled away, ſince the gates of his priſon had firſt cloſed upon the Britiſh hero, he obſerved that a lady who lived in an upper apartment on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet ſeemed frequently to look towards that part of the priſon in which he was confined. As often as he obſerved her, he played ſome tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion which ſhe made, he at length ſucceeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had

the happiness of remarking that she occasionally observed him with anguish. One morning when he saw that she was looking attentively upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old mass book which was lying in his cell, and with the foot of the chimney, contrived, by his finger, to describe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window to be viewed by his fair sympathizing observer. After gazing upon it, for some little time she nodded, to show that she understood what he meant, Sir Sidney then touched the top of the first bar of the grating of his window, which he wished her to consider as the representative of the letter A, the second B, and so on, until he had formed, from the top of the bars, a corresponding number of letters; and by touching the middle, and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he easily, after having inculcated the first impression of his wishes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The process of communication was from its nature, very slow, but Sir Sidney had the happiness of observing, upon forming the first word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, seemed completely to comprehend it, which she expressed by an assenting movement of the head. Frequently obliged to desist from this tacit and tedious intercourse, from the dread of exciting the curiosity of the goalers, or his fellow prisoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied several days in communicating to his unknown friend,

his name and quality, and imploring her to procure some unsuspected royalist of consequence and address sufficient for the undertaking, to effect his escape; in the achievment of which he assured her, upon his word of honor, that whatever cost might be incurred, would be amply reimbursed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate those who had the talent, and bravery to accomplish it. By the same means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills, for considerable sums of money, for the promotion of the scheme, which she applied with the most perfect integrity. Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris; a military man of rank, and a secret royalist, most devoutly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to those who supported their cause. He had been long endeavoring to bring to maturity, a plan for facilitating their restoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a series of untoward and uncontrollable circumstances, began to despair of accomplishing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney, applied to this distinguished character, to whom she was known, and stated the singular correspondence which had taken place between herself and the heroic captive in the temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favorite scheme, embraced the present project with a sort of prophetic enthusiasm, by which he hoped to restore, to the British nation, one of her greatest heroes, who, by his skill and valor, might once more impress the common

enemy with dismay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himself with the laurels of future victory. Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and insinuating, Col. Phelipeaux immediately applied himself to bring to maturity, a plan at once suitable to his genius, and interesting to his wishes. To those whom it was necessary to employ upon the occasion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the minister of the police, who forged his signature with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney, from the Temple to the prison of the Conciergerie: after this was accomplished, on the day after that on which the inspector of goals was to visit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony, which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and address, who were previously instructed by colonel Phelipeaux, disguised as officers of the marechaussee, presented themselves in a fiacre at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the same time showing the forged order for his removal. This the goaler attentively perused and examined, as well as the minister's signature. Soon after the register of the prison informed Sir Sidney of the order of the directory, upon hearing which, he at first appeared to be a little disconcerted, upon which the pseudo-officers gave him every assurance of the honor and mild intentions of the government towards him, Sir Sidney seemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow prisoners, and distributed little tokens of his

gratitude to those servants of the prison, from whom he had experienced indulgencies. Upon the eve of their departure, the register observed, that four of the prison guard should accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate dissolution. The officers, without betraying the least emotion, acquiesced in the propriety of the measure, and gave orders for the men to be called out, when, as if recollecting the rank and honor of their illustrious prisoner, one of them addressed Sir Sidney, by saying, "citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, "and there is no occasion for an escort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without resistance, wherever they chose to conduct him.

Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed, and natural. They entered a fiacre, which, as is usual, was brought for the purpose of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, false passports, and money. The coach moved with an accustomed pace to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met Colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed spot of rendezvous.

The project was so ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the escape, until near a month had elapsed, when the inspector paid his next periodical visit. What pen can describe the sensations of two such men as

Sir Sidney and Phelipeaux, when they firſt beheld each other in ſafety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend, reached the French coaſt wholly unſuſpected, and committing themſelves to their God, and to the protective genius of brave men, put to ſea in an open boat, and were ſoon afterwards diſcovered by an Engliſh cruiſing frigate, and brought in ſafety to the Britiſh ſhores.

The gallant Phelipeaux ſoon afterwards accompanied Sir Sidney in the Tigre to Acre, where, overwhelmed by the fatigue of that extraordinary campaign, in which he ſupported a diſtinguiſhed part, and the noxious influence of a ſultry climate, operating upon a delicate frame, he expired in the arms of his illuſtrious friend, who attended him to his grave, and ſhed the tears of gratitude and friendſhip over his honored and lamented obſequies. But ere the dying Phelipeaux cloſed his eyes, he received the rewards of his generous enterpriſe. He beheld the repulſed legions of the republic, flying before the Britiſh banners, and the irreſiſtible proweſs of his valliant companion; he beheld the diſtinguiſhed being, whom he had thus reſcued from a dungeon, and impending deſtruction, by an act of almoſt romantic heroiſm, covered with the unparticipated glory, of having overpowered a leader, who, renowned, and long accuſtomed to conqueſt, ſaw, for the firſt time, his *invincible troops* give way; who, inflamed to deſperation, deemed the perilous expoſure of his perſon neceſſary, to

rally them to the conteſt, over bridges of their ſlaughtered comrades, but who at length was obliged to retire from the field of battle, and to leave to the heroic Sir Sidney, the excluſive exultation of announcing to his grateful and elated country, that he had fought, and vanquiſhed the laurelled conqueror of Italy, and the bold invader of Egypt.

Sir Sidney has no vices to conceal behind his ſpreading and imperiſhable laurels. His public character is before the approving world. That peace which his ſword has accelerated, has afforded us an undiſturbed opportunity of admiring his achievements in the field, and of contemplating his conduct in the retired avenues of private life, in which his deportment is without a ſtain. In him there is every thing to applaud, and nothing to forgive.

Yet thus glorious in public, and thus unſullied in private, the conqueror of Bonaparte, and the ſaviour of the eaſt, owes the honors, *which he adorns*, to foreign and diſtant powers.

To the *grateful* government of his own country, he is indebted for an ungracious paltry annuity, inadequate to the diſplay of ordinary conſequence, and wholly unequal to the ſuitable ſupport of that dignity, which ought for ever to diſtinguiſh ſuch a being from the maſs of mankind.

The enemies of Sir Sidney, for envy furniſhes every great man with his quota of ſuch indirect eulogiſts, if they ſhould honor theſe pages with a peruſal, may, perchance, endeavor to trace the approving warmth

with which I have spoken of him, to the enthusiasm of a friendship dazzled, and undiscriminating; but I beg to assure them, that the fame of Sir Sidney is better known to me than his person, and that his noble qualities have alone excited the humble tribute which is here offered to one, for whom delighted Nature, in the language of our immortal bard,

"——————————might stand up,
"And say to all the world, this *is* a man——."

CHAP. XVI.

A fashionable Poem.—Frere Richart.—Religion.—Hôtel des Invalides.—Hall of Victory.—Enemies' Colors.—Sulky Appearance of an English Jack and Ensign.—Indecorum.—The aged Captain.—Military School.—Camp de Mars.—The Garden of Monsieur.

THE conversation whilst I was at Paris, was much engaged by a poem, describing the genius and progress of Christianity written in imitation of the style of Ossian, which excited very considerable curiosity. From the remarks of some shrewd acquaintances of mine, who had perused the work, I learnt that the principles of the poem seemed strongly tinctured with the bewildered fancies of a disordered mind, conveyed in very heavy *prosaic* blank verse. "It was the madness "of poetry, without the inspiration."

This compoſition may be conſidered as a curioſity, from other reaſons than thoſe which mere criticiſm affords. The poem was bad, the readers were many. The ſubject was ſacred, the author a reputed atheiſt, and the profits which it produced exceeded two thouſand pounds ſterling. The fortunate writer relieved himſelf from the jaws of famine by this ſtrange incomprehenſible eulogy on the charms and advancement of Chriſtianity, which has been received in Paris, with a ſort of faſhionable frenzy. Another pſeudo-bard has announced his intention very ſhortly of iſſuing from the preſs, a work which he conceives will be more ſaleable and a greater favorite with the public, in which he intends ironically to combat the doctrine of the Trinity, by gravely reſembling it to the Deity taking ſnuff between two looking glaſſes, ſo that when he ſneezes, two reſemblances of him are ſeen to ſneeze alſo, and yet that there are not three ſneezers, but one ſneezer.

Some other outlines of this work were imparted to me at Paris, but the pen turns with diſguſt and deteſtation, from ſuch low and nauſeous profanation. I have only condeſcended to mention the compoſition, and the laſt anecdote, to ſhow how much the world is deluded, by the received opinion that the French are become a new race of exemplary devotees. The recoil from atheiſm to enthuſiaſm, is not unuſual; but the French in general have not, as yet, experienced this change. That they are ſuſceptible of extraordinary tranſitions,

their history and revolution have sufficiently manifested. In the Journal de Paris, written in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. is preserved rather a curious account of the velocity with which religious zeal has, in former periods, been excited. "On the 4th day of April, 1429," says the Journal, "the duke of Burgundy came to Paris, with a very fine body of "knights and esquires; and eight days afterwards "there came to Paris, a cordelier, by name Frere "Richart, a man of great prudence, very knowing in "prayer, a giver of good doctrine to edify his neighbor, and was so successful, that he who had not "seen him, was bursting with envy against those who "had. He was but one day in Paris, without preaching. He began his sermon about five o'clock in "the morning, and continued preaching till ten or "eleven o'clock, and there were always between five "and six thousand persons to hear him preach. This "cordelier preached on St. Mark's day, attended by "the like number of persons, and on their return "from his sermon, the people of Paris were so turned, and moved to devotion, that in three or four "hours time, there were more than one hundred "fires lighted, in which they burnt their chess boards, "their back gammon tables, and their packs of "cards."

To this sort of fanaticism, the Parisians are unquestionably not arrived. A more eloquent man than the Frere Richart, must appear amongst them, before such meliorations as are recorded in the Paris

journal, can be effected in the dissolute and uncontrolled habits of that gay and voluptuous city. I do not mean, from any previous remark which I have made, to infer that there are not many good and very pious people in France, and it has been a favorable circumstance to the ancient religion of the country, that the revolution never attempted any reform in it, or to substitute another mode of worship. That great political change in the ebullition of its fury, prostrated the altars of the old church, without raising others of a new, or improved construction. It presented a hideous rebellion against the glorious author of all good, and declared an indiscriminate war of extermination against his ministers and followers, and every principle of the Gospel and morality. Every form of faith, every mode of adoration, fell indiscriminately under the proscriptions of its unsparing wrath. The towering abbey and humble oratory, were alike swept away in the general tornado, and mingled their ruins together. But the race of the good were not all expelled from this scene of havoc and outrage. The voice of piety still found a passage to her God. The silent prayer pierced through the compact covering of the dungeon, and ascended to Heaven. Within the embowering unsearchable recesses of the soul, far beyond the reach of revolutionary persecution, the pure unappalled spirit of devotion erected her viewless temple, in secret magnificence, sublime, and unassailable!

The child who had never heard the bell of the Sab-

hath found, who had never beheld the solemn ceremonies of authorised adoration, was told that those awful and splendid piles, which filled his eyes with wonder, and his mind with instinctive reverence, were raised for other purposes than those of becoming auxiliary to the ferocity of war. That genius and taste, and toil and cost, had not thus expended their unrivalled powers, and lavished their munificent resources, in erecting *gothic* magazines of gunpowder, and *saxon* sheds for the accommodation of atheistic fabricators of revolutionary cannon balls.

The young observer in private, and by stealth imbibed from parental precept or example, the sentiment of a national religion, suppressed, not extinguished, or in the gloomy absence of all indications of it, remained unsolicited by any rival mode of worship to bestow his apostacy upon an alien creed. Thus the minds of the rising generation, who were engaged in favor of the catholic persuasion, during the frightful period of its long denunciation, by stolen, secluded and unfinished displays of its spirit and form, contemplated its return with animated elation, or beheld its approach, unimpressed with those doubts or prejudices which religious, as well as secular competitions, very frequently excite; in that auspicious hour, when the policy, if not the piety of a powerful government, restored it to the French people. The subject is highly interesting; but I must resign it to abler pens for more ample discussion.

I was much gratified by being presented to the celebrated philosopher Mons. Charles, by Madame S——. He has a suite of noble apartments in the Louvre, which have been bestowed upon him by the government, as a grateful reward for his having presented to the nation his magnificent collection of philosophical apparatus. He has also, in consideration of his ability and experience, been constituted the principal lecturer on philosophy. In these rooms his valuable and costly donation is arranged. In the centre of the dome of the first apartment, called the Hall of Electricity, is suspended the car of the first balloon which was inflated with inflammable air, in which he and his brother ascended in the afternoon of the 1st of December, 1783, in which they continued in the air for an hour and three quarters; and after they had descended, Mons. C—— rose alone to the astonishing height of 10,500 feet. In the same room are immense electrical machines and batteries, some of which had been presented to him by Madame S——.

In this room, amongst many other fanciful figures which are used for the purpose of enlivening the solemnity of a philosophical lecture by exciting sentiments of innocent gaiety, was a little Cupid. The tiny god, with his arrow in his hand, was insulated upon a throne of glass, and was charged with that electric fluid which not a little resembles the subtle spirit of his nature. The youngest daughter of Madame S——, who accompanied us, was requested to touch it. In a moment it discharged its penetrating spark—

"Oh! how that little god has alarmed me!" said the recoiling fair one, whose youthful countenance surprize had imbued with new beauties; "but yet," said she, recovering herself, "*he does not hurt.*" This little sally may be considered as a specimen of that playful sprightliness which is so much the characteristic of the French female.

In the centre of another room, dedicated to optics, as we entered, we saw a beautiful nosegay in a vase, which appeared to be composed of the rarest flowers. I approached it with an intention of inhaling its fragrance; when, lo! my hand passed through it. It was an exquisite optical illusion. "Ah!" said my elegant and moralising companion, Madame S——, smiling, "*of such flowers* has Happiness composed *her* wreath: "it is thus she gladdens with it the eye of Hope, "but the hand of Expectation can never grasp it."

The graceful moral deserves a more lasting record than it will find in these few and perishable pages.

In the other rooms are all sorts of apparatus for trying experiments in the various branches of that department of science, over which Mons. C—— in any presides.

The merit of Mons. C—— has no rival but in his modesty. Considering the rank and estimation which he bears in the republic, his external appearance is singularly unassuming. I have been with him in the gardens of the Thuilleries, when they were thronged with the fashion and gaiety of Paris, where he has

appeared in a suit of plain brown cloth, an old round hat with a little national cockade in it, under which he presented a countenance full of character, talent and animation. In this homely puritan garb, he excited more respectful curiosity, wherever he moved, than some generals who paraded before us in dresses upon which the tailor and embroiderer had long labored, and who added to their stature by laced hats entirely filled with gaudy buoyant plumes.

From Mons. Charles we went to the church of St. Rocque, in the Rue St. Honore. As we entered, the effect of a fine painting of our Saviour crucified, upon which the sun was shining with great glory, placed at the extremity of the church, and seen through several lessening arches of faint, increasing shade, was very grand. This church has been more than once the scene of revolutionary carnage. Its elegant front is much disfigured, and the doors are perforated, in a great number of places, by the ball of cannon and the shot of musketry. Mass was performing in the church; but we saw only few worshippers, and those were chiefly old women and little girls.

From St. Rocque we proceeded to the Hotel des Invalides, the chapel and dome of which are so justly celebrated. The front is inferior to the military hospital at Chelsea, to which it bears some resemblance. The chapel is converted into the Hall of Victory, in which, with great taste are suspended,

under descriptive medallions, the banners of the enemies of the republic, which have been taken during war, the numbers of which are immense. The same decoration adorns the pilasters and gallery of the vast, magnificent dome at the end of the hall.

My eye was naturally occupied, immediately after we had entered, in searching amongst the most *battered* of the banners, for the British colors: at last I discovered the jack and ensign of an English man of war, pierced with shot-holes, and blackened with smoke, looking very sulky, and indignantly, amongst the finery, and tawdry tatters of Italian and Turkish standards.

In the course of this pursuit, I caught the intelligent eye of Madame S——. She immediately assigned to my search the proper motive. "Ah!" said she, laughingly, and patting me on the arm with her fan, "we are, as you see, my dear Englishman, "very vain; and you are very proud."

A stranger to the late calamitous war, unable to marshal in his mind the enemies of the republic, might here, with a glance of his eye, whilst contemplating this poor result of devastation, enumerate the foes of France, and appreciate the facilities or difficulties of the victory.

In observing, amidst this gaudy show of captive colors, only two hard-won banners of their rival enemy, he would draw a conclusion too flattering and familiar to an English ear, to render it necessary to be recorded here.

Upon the ſhattered ſtandards of Auſtria he would confer the meed of merited applauſe for heroic, although unprevailing bravery.

To the banners of Pruſſia he would ſay, "I know "not whether principle, or policy, or treachery, or "corruption, deterred you from the field—Your "looks exhibit no proofs of ſincere reſiſtance— "However, you never belonged to cowards."

The Neapolitan enſign might excite ſuch ſentiments as theſe: "You appear for a ſhort time to "have faced the battle—You were unfortunate, and "ſoon retired."

To the gaudy drapeaus of the Italian and Turkiſh legions, which every where preſent the appearance of belonging to the wardrobe of a pantomimic hero, he would obſerve, "The ſcent of the battle has not per- "fumed you; its ſmoke has not ſullied your ſhining "ſilky ſides. Ye appear in numbers, but diſplay no "marks of having waged before a brave, united and "energetic band."

In this manner might he trace the various fate of the war. Upon ſeveral of the ſtaffs only two of three ſhreds of colors are to be ſeen adhering. Theſe are chiefly Auſtrian. On each ſide of the chapel are large, and ſome of them valuable paintings, by the French maſters, repreſenting the conqueſts of the French armies at different eras.

It is a matter not unworthy of obſervation, that although the revolution with a keen and ſavage eye

explored too successfully, almost every vestige of a royal tendency, the beautiful pavement under the dome of the Invalides has escaped destruction. The fleur de lis, surmounted by the crown of France, still retains its original place, in this elegant and costly marble flooring. The statutes of the saints have been removed, and their places are supplied by the new order of revolutionary deities; but the names of the ancient figures have not been erased from the pedestals of the new ones; to which omission the spectator is indebted for a smile when contemplating the statute of Equality, he reads, immediately below his feet, "*St. Louis.*"

There is here a costly monument erected to the memory of the brave marshal Turenne, who was killed by a cannon ball in 1673. In my humble opinion, it is too much in the false taste of French statuary. A group of weeping angels surround the recumbent hero, in the attitudes of operatic figurantes, in whose faces, and forms, the artist has attempted, too laboriously and artificially, to delineate the expressions of graceful grief. On each side of the vast arch which divides the dome from the chapel, are raised the tablets of military honor, on which, in characters of gold, the names of those soldiers are recorded who have distinguished themselvs for their achievements in the late war. As we were contemplating a painting upon a very large scale, in which amongst other figures, is an uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have

touched the age of desperation, after having very attentively beheld it with her glass for some time, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum in the picture. Madam S—— very shrewdly whispered in my ear, that the indecorum was in the remark.

When we were just leaving the chapel, we overheard a sunbrowned soldier, who had lost both his legs, observe to his companion, to whom he was explaining the colors, pointing to the banners of the Turkish cavalry, the tops of whose staffs were surmounted with horses' tails, "Look at those ribbands; "they are not worthy of being worn when won." This military hospital is capable of accommodating 3,000 soldiers. The bedrooms, kitchens, refectory and out-offices, are very capacious, and, what is rather unusual in France, clean and comfortable. The day before we were there, the First Consul paid a visit to its veteran inhabitants. Amongst them, he recognised an old, and very brave soldier, whose exploits were the frequent theme of his aged comrades. The young general told him that he should die a Captain, took him in his carriage to dine with him him at Mal Maison, presented him with a medallion of honour, and conferred upon him the rank of a captain, in one of the most distinguished regiments.

From this place we went to the military school adjoining, in which Bonaparte received the rudiments of that education which was destined to form the foun-

dation of his future glory. The building is large and handsome, and is, from a very natural sentiment, in high favour with the First Consul. There is nothing in it particular to describe. The grounds and gardens are very spacious and fine. In the front of the military school is the celebrated Champ de Mars, which is an immense flat space of ground. On each side are rising terraces of earth, and double rows of trees, and at the further end, the river Seine flows. On days of great national celebrations, this vast plain is surrounded with Gobelins' tapestry, statues, and triumphal arches. After contemplating these objects of public curiosity, we returned to Mons. S—— to dinner, where we met a large party of very pleasant people. Amongst them I was pleased with meeting a near relative of an able and upright minister of the republic, to whose unwearied labors the world is not a little indebted for the enjoyments of its present repose.

After dinner we drove to the beautiful garden of Mousseaux, formerly the property of the duc d'Orleans. It is laid out with great taste, and delights the eye with the most romantic specimens of improved rural beauty. It was originally designed by its detestible owner for other purposes than those of affording to a vast and crowded city the innocent delights and recreations of retired and tasteful scenery. In the gloom of its groves, all sorts of horrible profanations were practised by this monster and his midnight crew, at the head of whom was Legendre the Butch-

er. Every rank receſs of proſtitute pollution in Paris was ranſacked to furniſh materials for the celebration of their impure and impious orgies. The ode to Atheiſm, and the ſong of Blaſphemy, were ſucceeded by the applauding yells of Drunkenneſs and Obſcenity.

At the time we viſited this garden it belonged to the nation, and was open, on certain days, to well-dreſſed people. A few days afterwards, it was preſented, as a mark of national eſteem, to Cambaceres, the ſecond conſul.

Here we rambled till the evening. The ſun was ſetting. The nightingales were ſinging in great numbers. Not a cloud was to be ſeen. A breeze, blowing through a plantation of roſes, refreſhed us with its coolneſs and fragrance. In a ſequeſtered part of this beautiful ground under the embowering ſhades of Acacia trees, upon the ruins of a little temple, we ſeated ourſelves, and were regaled by ſome charming Italian duets, which were ſung by Madame S—— and her lovely daughter, with the moſt enchanting pathos. I hope I ſhall be pardoned for introducing ſome lines which were written upon our return, by an enthuſiaſtic admirer of merit and muſic.

TO MADEMOISELLE D. S——.

In Mouſſeaux's ſweet arcadian dale,
Fair Delphine pours the plantive ſtrain;
She charms the liſt'ning nightingale,
And ſeems th' enchantreſs of the plain.

Bleſt be thoſe lips, to muſic dear!
Sweet ſongſtreſs! never may they move
But with ſuch ſounds to ſoothe the ear,
And melt the yielding heart to love!

May ſorrow never bid them pour
From the torn heart one ſuffering ſigh
But be thy life a fragrant flow'r,
Blooming beneath a cloudleſs ſky.

CHAP. XVII.

Curious Method of raiſing Hay.—Lucien Bonaparte's Hôtel.—Opera.—Conſular Box.—Madame Bonaparte's Box.—Feydeau Theatre.—Belle Vue.—Verſailles.—The Palace of the Petit Triannon.—The Grounds.

THE people of Paris, who kept horſes in ſtables at the back of their houſes, have a ſingular mode of keeping their hay in lofts of their dwelling houſes. At the top of a ſpacious and elegant hotel, is to be ſeen a projecting crane in the act of raiſing loads of winter proviſion for the ſtable. When I firſt ſaw this ſtrange proceſs, my ſurpriſe would ſcarcely have been increaſed, had I beheld the horſe aſcending after the hay.

I muſt not forget to offer ſome little deſcription of the opera, where, during my ſtay, through the politeneſs of Madame H—, I had free acceſs to a private box.

This ſpacious and ſplendid theatre is lighted from above by an immenſe circular luſtre of patent lamps. The form of this brilliant light is in the antique taſte, and it is ſaid to have coſt two thouſand pounds ſterling. The effect which it produces in the body of the theatre, and upon the ſcenery, is admirable. It prevents the ſight from being divided, and diſtracted by girandoles. This eſtabliſhment is upon ſo vaſt a ſcale, that government, which is the proprietor, is always a loſer upon balancing the receipts and diſburſements of each night. The ſtage and its machinery have for many years occupied a great number of the ſubordinate claſſes of people, who if not employed in this manner, would in all probability become burdenſome, and unpleaſant to the government. To this circumſtance is attributable the ſuperiority of the machinery, and over every other theatre which I ever ſaw. In the Engliſh theatre, my eye has often been offended at the repreſentations of the internal parts of houſes, in which not a chair, or table is introduced, for the purpoſe of carrying on the ingenious deception. Upon the ſtage of the French opera, every ſcene has its appropriate furniture, and diſtinctive appendages, which are always produced as ſoon as the ſcene drops, by numerous attendants. From this attention to the minute circumſtances of the drama, the illuſion becomes enchanting. The orcheſtra is very fine, and is compoſed of ninety eminent muſicians. The corps de ballet conſiſts of between eighty and ninety fine

dancers, of whom Monſieur Deſhayes is the principal. His movements are more graceful, his agility more ſurpriſing, and his ſtep more light, firm, and elaſtic, than thoſe of any dancer whom I have ever ſeen. He is very juſtly conſidered to be the firſt in Europe. The firſt conſul has a private box here, on one ſide of which, a lofty, hollow, decorative column riſes, the flutes of which are open, and through which he views, unſeen, the audience and performers. The beholder might be almoſt inclined to think that this ſurpriſing man had borrowed from our immortal bard his notions of exciting the impreſſion of dignity, by a rare, and well-timed diſplay of his perſon.

"Thus did I keep my perſon freſh, and new
"My preſence like a robe pontifical,
"Ne'er ſeen but wondered at: and ſo my ſtate
"Seldom, but ſumptuous ſhowed, like a feaſt
"And won by rareneſs ſuch ſolemnity."

Madame Bonaparte's box is on the left ſide of the ſtage, over the door, in which the late hapleſs queen has frequently diſplayed her beautiful perſon to the enraptured audience.

The Feydeau theatre is very elegant; and on account of its excellent arrangements, good performers, and exquiſite machinery, is much reſorted to, and is in general preferred to the fourteen other dramatic ſpectacles which, in this diſſipated city, almoſt every

night present their tribute of pleasure to the gay, and delighted Parisians. A Frenchman once observed to me, that a Sunday in London was horrible, on account of there being no playhouses open at night! The decorum and good manners which are even still observed in all French places of public amusement, are very impressive, and agreeable. Horse and foot soldiers are stationed at the avenues, to keep them clear, to prevent depredation, and quell the first indications of popular commotion.

I was much gratified by an excursion to Versailles, which had been some time planned by the charming family of the S——'s. We set off early in the morning, in one of the government carriages, and after a delightful ride, through a very rich, and luxuriant country, of about twelve miles, the vast, and magnificent palace of Versailles, opened upon our view, at the end of a street nearly two miles long, lined on each side with noble hotels, and gardens. It was on a Sunday, the day on which the palace is opened to the public. On the road, we passed several hundreds of persons in carriages, cabrioles, or walking; all with merry faces, in showy clothes, and adorned with bouquets, on their route to this spot of favorite delight.

About four miles from Paris we saw Belle Vue, formerly the residence of Mesdames; soon afterwards we passed the noble palace, and park of St. Cloud, which was preparing for the reception of the first consul.

At the entrance of the village of St. Cloud, on the left, after we had paſſed the bridge, we ſaw a very pretty houſe, and grounds, belonging to a tanner, who had amaſſed conſiderable wealth by a diſcovery of tanning leather in twenty-four hours, ſo as to render it fit for the currier. Whether he poſſeſſes this faculty or not, I cannot from my own experience ſay, but I can venture to affirm, that the leather of France is very bad. In the village is a very noble porcelain manufactory, which unfortunately we had not time to inſpect.

Whilſt our horſes were refreſhing themſelves with a little water, we were beſet by the agents of the different hotels, and reſtaurateurs of Verſailles, who preſented us with little cards, announcing in a very pompous manner the ſuperiority of their employers accommodations.

The ſtables of Verſailles, to the right, and left, are from the deſigns of Manſart, in the form of a creſcent, and have the appearance of princely reſidences. Here the late King kept in the greateſt ſtyle ſix hundred of the fineſt horſes. On the left of the grand gateway, is a military lodge for the accommodation of cavalry. It repreſents in ſhape, an immenſe Turkiſh marquee. After we had paſſed the palliſades of the firſt court, we more diſtinctly ſaw this amazing pile of irregular buildings, which conſiſts of the old caſtle, the new palaces, the houſes of the miniſters of ſtate, and ſervants, two opera houſes, the chapel, military ſchools,

muſeums, and the manufactory of arms, the whole of which are now conſolidated, and form one palace.

The beautiful pavement of black and white marble in the court yards, is much defaced, and their fountains are totally deſtroyed.

The firſt place we viſited was the manufactory of ſmall arms; the reſident workmen in which exceed two thouſand men. Here we ſaw all the ingenious proceſs of conſtructing the muſket, piſtol, and ſabre, of which there are an immenſe collection; and alſo ſeveral carbines, and ſwords of honor, intended as preſents from the firſt conſul to officers and ſoldiers of diſtinguiſhed merit.

From the manufactory of ſmall arms, we returned to the grand court, and entered a ſuite of rooms, which contain the relics of the former valuable cabinet of curioſities. Several of thoſe which we ſaw, were worthy of attention. From theſe rooms, we paſſed to the late king's private opera houſe, which ſurpaſſes in magnificence, and coſtly decoration, every thing of the kind I ever beheld. The facing of the whole of the inſide is of carved wood, richly gilt. The dome is beautifully painted. Upon the ſcenery of the ſtage being removed, and temporary columns, and galleries raiſed; all of which can be effected in twenty-four hours, that part of the theatre preſents a counterpart of the other, and the whole forms a moſt ſplendid oblong ball room, very deſervedly conſidered to be the fineſt in Europe: it uſed to be illuminated by ten thou-

ſand wax lights. The concert rooms, and retiring apartments are alſo very beautiful. From the opera, we viſited the chapel, which is very fine, and coſtly, inwhich there are many large, and valuable paintings. After leaving this deſerted place of royal worſhip, we paſſed through the Halls of Plenty, Venus, Mars, Mercury, Apollo, and the Hall of the Billiard Table, finely painted by Houaſſe, le Brun, Champagne, and other eminent artiſts, to the grand gallery, which is ſeventy-two yards long, and fourteen broad, and has ſeventeen lofty windows on one ſide, which look into the gardens, and ſeventeen immenſe pier glaſſes on the oppoſite ſide to correſpond. In this gallery, the kings of France were accuſtomed to receive ambaſſadors, and miniſters of ſtate.

We next entered the bedroom of the late queen and beheld the door, which, on the night of the 6th October, 1789, the frantic, and ſanguinary mob, headed by the infamous Legendre, burſt open, for the purpoſe of diſpatching her with daggers, in her bed, on that frightful night, which preceded the return of the royal family to Paris, under the protection of the marquis de la Fayette, through an enraged multitude, which extended itſelf from Verſailles to Paris.

The miſerable queen ſaved herſelf by eſcaping into an adjoining apartment. Her bed was pierced through and through with poignards. The door is nailed up, but the marks of that horrible outrage ſtill remain. In this, and in the adjoining chambers, are ſome very

beautiful and valuable paintings. I must not omit to mention, although the sentiment which it inspires is not very pleasant, the representation of the capture of an English frigate, by la Bayonne, a French corvette, after a desperate engagement, in which victory for once decided in favor of the enemy, who opposed, on this occasion, an inferior force. This is a picture of infinite merit, and possesses a novelty of arrangement, and strength of coloring, which I never saw equalled in any other naval representation. The subject seldom admits of much variety. The French, of course, are very much pleased with it. There are here also, some curious old clocks.

It was in one of these apartments, that Prior, the celebrated poet, when secretary to the earl of Portland, who was appointed ambassador to the French Court, in the year 1698, made the following memorable answer.

One of the French king's household was showing the bard the royal apartments and curiosities of this palace, and particularly pointed out to his notice, the paintings of le Brun, now removed to the museum of the arts, in which the victories of Lewis the XIV. are described, and asked him whether the actions of king William were to be seen in his palace? No, sir, replied the loyal wit, the monuments "of my master's glory are to be seen every where but "in his own house."

Through the interest of Monsieur S——, we were

admitted into a private room below stairs, in which several portraits of the late royal family have been preserved from destruction, during the late revolution. That which represents the queen and her young family, is very fine, and displays all the bewitching beauty and vivacity of that lovely and unfortunate personage. Into this room no one was admitted with us. Here is a very curious piece of mechanism: it is a painting, containing two hundred little figures, in the act of enjoying the various pleasures of rural sport, which are separated from the back ground of the picture, and are set in motion by springs; and admirably imitate all the movements natural to their different occupations. A fisherman throws in his line and draws up a little fish, a regular chase is displayed and a nuptial procession appears, in which little figures, riding in tiny carriages, nod to the spectators. There are also many other curious figures. It is glazed and framed, and at a distance, when its motion has ceased, it has the appearance of a tolerably good painting. We next quitted the palace, and entered upon the grand terrace, from which it makes the finest appearance.

This enormous pile of building is here united by a centre, and corresponding wings, of great extent and magnificence.

From this elevated spot, the beholder contemplates the different water works, walks and gardens, which cover several miles.

The orangery is a beautiful ſpecimen of Tuſcan architecture, deſigned by le Maitre, and finiſhed by Manſart. It is filled with lofty orange trees in full bearing: many of which, in their tubs, meaſure from twenty to thirty feet high. Amongſt them is an orange tree which is upwards of four hundred years old. The caſcades, fountains, and jets d'eau, are too numerous to admit of minute deſcription. They are all very fine, and are ſupplied by prodigious engines acroſs the Seine, at Marli, about three miles diſtant. The Trianon is a little marble palace, of much beauty and embelliſhed with the richeſt decoration.

It ſtands at the end of the great lake, in front of the palace; and was by its late royal owners, conſidered as a ſummer houſe to the gardens of Verſailles. The whole of this vaſt building and its grounds, were improved and beautified by Lewis XIV. for the well known purpoſe of impreſſing his ſubjects, and particularly his courtiers, with the higheſt opinion of his greatneſs, and the loweſt of their comparative littleneſs. Amongſt the lords of his court he eaſily effected his wiſhes, by accommodating them in a manner unſuitable to their dignity.

After being aſtoniſhed at ſuch a diſplay of gorgeous magnificence, I approached, with increaſed delight, the enchanting little palace and grounds, of the late queen, diſtant from Verſailles about two miles, called the Petit Trianon, to which ſhe very juſtly gave the appellation of her "little Palace of Taſte." Here fa-

tigued with the splendors of royalty, she threw aside all its appearances, and gave herself up to the elegant pleasures of rural life. It is a princely establishment in miniature. It consists of a small palace, a chapel an opera house, outoffices and stables, a little park, and pleasure grounds; the latter of which are still charming, although the fascinating eye, and tasteful hand of their lovely but too volatile mistress, no longer pervade, cherish and direct their growth and beauty. By that reverse of fortune, which the revolution has familiarized, the Petit Trianon is let out by the government to a restaurateur. All the rooms but one in this house were preoccupied, on the day of our visit, in consequence of which we were obliged to dine in the former little bed room of the queen, where like the Idalian goddess, she used to sleep in a suspended basket of roses. The appertures in the ceiling and wainscot, to which the elegant furniture of this little room of repose had once adhered, are still visible.

After dinner we hastened through our coffee, and proceeded to the gardens. After winding through gravelled walks, embowered by the most exquisite and costly shrubs, we entered the elegant temple of Cupid, from which the little favorite of mankind had been unwillingly, and rudely expelled, as appeared by the fragments of his pedestal.

Thy wrongs little god! shall be revenged by thy fair friend pity. Those who treated thee thus, shall suffer in their turn, and she shall not console them!

From this temple we passed through the most romantic avenues, to a range of rural buildings, called the queen's farm, the dairy, the mill, and the woodmen's cottages; which, during the queen's residence at the Trianon, were occupied by the most elegant and accomplished young noblemen of the court. In front of them, a lake terminated on one side by a rustic tower, spreads itself. These buildings are much neglected, and are falling into rapid ruin.

In other times, when neatness and order reigned throughout this Elysian scenery, and gracefully spread its luxuriant beauties at the feet of its former captivating owner, upon the mirror of that lake, now filled with reeds and sedges, in elegant little pleasure boats, the illustrious party was accustomed to enjoy the freshness of the evening, to fill the surrounding groves with the melody of the song, which was saintly answered by the tender flute, whose musician was concealed in that rustic tower, whose graceful base the honeysuckle and eglantine no longer encircle, and whose winding access, once decorated with flowers of the richest beauty and perfume, is now overgrown with moss, decayed, and falling piecemeal to the ground.

Near the farm, in corresponding pleasure grounds, the miller's house particularly impressed us with delight. All its characteristics were elegantly observed. A rivulet still runs on one side of it, which formerly used to turn a little wheel to complete the illusion.

The apartments, which must have been once enchanting, now present nothing but gaping beams, broken ceilings, and shattered casements. The wainscots of its little cabinets, exhibit only a tablet, upon which are rudely pencilled, the motly initials, love verses, and memorandums of its various visitors.

The shade of the ivy, which, upon all occasions, seems destined to perform the last offices to the departing monuments of human ingenuity, has here exercised its gloomy function. Whilst we were roving about, we were obliged to take refuge from a thunderstorm, in what appeared to us a mere barn; upon our entering it, we found it to be an elegant little ball room, much disfigured, and greened over by damp and neglect. In other parts of this *petit Paradis*, are caves of artificial rock, which have been formed at an immense expense, in which were formerly beds of moss, and through which clear streams of water glided, Belvidere temples, and scattered cottages, each differing from its neighbor in character, but all according in taste and beauty. The opera house, which stands alone, is a miniature of the splendid one in the palace of Versailles.

The sylvan ball room, is an oblong square, lined with beautiful treillages, surmounted with vases of flowers. The top is open. When the queen gave her balls here, the ground was covered by a temporary flooring, and the whole was brilliantly lighted. As we passed by the palace, we saw, in the queen's little library, several persons walking.

Could the enchanting beauty of Auſtria, and the once incenſed idol of the gay, and the gallant, riſe from her untimely tomb, and behold her moſt ſacred receſſes of delight, thus rudely expoſed, and converted into ſcenes of low, and holiday feſtivity, the temples which ſhe deſigned, defaced, their ſtatues, overthrown, her walks overgrown and entangled, the clear mirror of the winding lake, upon the placid ſurface of which once ſhown the reflected form of the Belvidere, and the retreats of elegant taſte covered with the reedy greenneſs of the ſtanding pool, and all the *fairy fabric* of her graceful fancy, thus diſſolving in decay; the devoted hapleſs Marie would add another ſigh to the many which her aching heart has already heaved!

It would be a very deſirable thing if Bonaparte would make this his country palace inſtead of St. Cloud. Upon our return, as we approached Paris, the illuminated bridges of the Seine looked very beautiful, and we were much pleaſed with ſome fireworks, which had a ſingular effect upon the water.

In the evening, we had ſome muſic at Monſieur S——'s, where we were joined by general Mareſcot, a brave and diſtinguiſhed officer, much eſteemed by Bonaparte. He informed us, that he was on the point of ſetting out to view and report the condition of all the maritime fortifications in the republic. "You "muſt go with me as my aide-de-camp," ſaid the general to Mademoiſelle D——. "I am not fierce

"enough for a soldier," replied the fair one, with a bewitching smile. "Well then," observed the sun-brown general, "should the war ever be renewed, "you shall attend me to charm away its calamities."

Madame S——, like a true French mother, was delighted with the little compliment, and presenting her snuff box to the gallant Maréchal, she said, "thank you, my dear general, the brave always think "generously of the fair."

CHAP. XVIII.

Bonaparte's Talents in Finance.—Garrick and the Madman.—Palace of the Conservative Senate.—Process of transferring Oil Paintings from Wood to Canvas.—The Dinner Knife.—Commodities.—Hall of the National Convention.—The Minister Talleyrand's Levee.

THE first consul is said to add to his other extraordinary powers, an acute and comprehensive knowledge of finance. Monsieur S—— informed me, that whenever he waited upon him in his official capacity, with the national accounts, he displayed an acquaintance with the most complicated statements, which seemed intuitive.

He exhibits the same talents in philosophy, and in matters which are foreign to those vast objects of public employ, which have raised him to his present

neight of glory, and which in general preclude the subordinate enjoyment of elegant study.

Those acquirements, which providence in its wisdom has thinly scattered amongst mankind, and which seldom ripen to full maturity, although enriched by the most propitious advantages, and by the unremitting labours of a long, and blissful existence, spread their rich abundance, in the May morning of life, before this extraordinary being, who in the commencement of that very revolution, upon the ruins of which he has stepped to supreme authority, was a beardless stripling.

From the great performers upon the public stage of life, our conversation, one evening, at Madame S——'s by a natural transition, embraced a review of the wonderful talents, which have at various times adorned the lesser drama of the theatre. Madame S—— made some judicious remarks upon the French players of distinction, to all of whom she imputed a manner, and enunciation which have been imbibed in a school, in which nature has not been permitted to preside. Their tragedy, she said, was inflated with too much pomp, and their elegant comedy suffered by too volatile an airiness. She bestowed upon our immortal Garrick, the most decided preference, and superiority to any actor whom she had ever seen. The opportunity which she had of judging his powers, was short, and singular, but fully enabled her to form a decisive opinion. When Garrick visited Paris for the last

time, she was just married. This celebrated actor had letters of introduction to Monsieur S——. At a large party which Monsieur S—— formed for the purpose of doing honour to his undistinguished visitor, he exhibited several specimens of his unrivalled talents. Amongst others, he represented in dumb show, by the wonderful powers of his expressive countenance, the feelings of a father, who, in looking over a lofty balcony with his only child in his arms, by accident dropped it. The disaster drove the unhappy parent mad. Garrick had visited him in his cell; where the miserable maniac was accustomed, several times in the course of the day, to exhibit all those looks and attitudes which he had displayed at the balcony.* On a sudden, he would bend himself forward, as if looking from a window into the street, with his arms folded as if they embraced a child, then he would start back, and appear as if he had lost something, search the room round and round, run again forward, as to the railing of a window, look down, and beat his forehead as if he had beheld his infant bleeding, and breathless upon the pavement. Garrick's imitation was exquisite. The feelings of his beholders were wrought up to horror. The tears, and consternation of a gay fashionable French party, were applauses more flatter-

* The cause which induced Garrick to visit this unhappy person, was, it is said, to render the representation of his King Lear more perfect.

ing to the British Roscius, than the thunder of that acclamation, which, in the crowded theatre, followed the flash of his fiery eye, or the close of his appalling speech.

The English drama, however, has not escaped the animadversions of a French critic, whose taste and liberality are not very congenial with those of my charming, and generous friend. "Their tragedies," he says, (speaking of the English) "it is true, though "interesting, and replete with beauties, are nevertheless dramatic monsters, half *butchery*, and half *farce*. "Grotesque characters, and extravagant pleasantry "constitute the chief part of their comedies. In one "of them, (not named) the devil enters sneezing, and "somebody says to the devil, *God bless you*. They "are not, however, all of this stamp. They have *even* "*some* in very good taste."

Yes Monsieur Dourx, I agree with you, I think we have *some* in very good taste. I know not in what dramatic work the facetious Frenchman has discovered the introduction of his satanic majesty under the influence of a cold, and receiving, as he enters, the usual deprecation on such occasions. I rather suspect that the adventures of Punch, and his fickle lady, who are always attended by a dancing demon, have afforded the materials for this sapient observation.

In the course of one of my morning rambles in Paris, I visited the ruins of the celebrated Bastile, of which prison, only the arsenal, some fragments of its

massy walls, and two or three dungeons remain. The volcanic vengeance of the people, has swept away this mighty fabric, which the revolting mind of republican liberty denounced as the frightful den of despotism, upon the approach of which no marks of returning footsteps were imprinted, whilst, in her mad career, she coverted every private dwelling in the metropolis into a revolutionary prison: So much for popular consistency!

In the mutations of time, to what different purposes are the same places appplied! Where the consuming martyr expired,* the unwieldy prize hog is exposed to sale; and the modern Parisian derives the sources of warmth and comfort, from a place, the very name of which, once *chilled* the circulation of his blood. The site of the Bastille is now a magazine of wood which supplies the city with fuel.

Every lover of pure liberty must leap with delight upon the disincumbered earth, where once stood that gloomy abode of "broken hearts," and reflect upon the sufferings of the wretched Latude, and the various victims of capricious pique, or prostitute resentment. It was here that, in the beautiful lines of Cowper, the hopeless prisoner was doomed

"To fly for refuge from distracting thought
"To such amusements as ingenious woe
"Contrives, hard shifting, and without her tools—
"To read, engraven on the mouldy walls,

* Smithfield.

" In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
" A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
" To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd
" And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
" Is made familiar, watches his approach,
" Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend."

The cells of the Bastile were constantly filled, during the tyrannic reign of la Pompadour over the gloomy affections of Lewis XV.

The overthrow of this dungeon has not rendered state prisons out of fashion in the republic, although it has mitigated the severity of their internal government. The towers of the Temple look down upon the prostrate ruins of the Bastille.

From this memorable spot of ground, I went to the Observatory. In the rooms, which open upon an artificial terrace, were some prodigious astronomical apparatus. A very ingenious frame was then constructing, for elevating or depressing the astronomer, and the telescope at the same time, by an easy, and simple process of machinery. The Observatory is a noble building, and contains libraries, students' rooms, and apartments for the various artificers, and mechinists who are occupied in fabricating the apparatus, and instruments necessary to the science of astronomy. From the exterior of the dome, there is a fine view of the city suburbs, and country.

From the Observatory, I visited the Conservative Senate, formerly the Palace of Luxembourg. The

back of this beautiful building is in the Rue de Vaugirard, in the Fauxbourg of St. Germains. The gardens of this noble pile, are receiving great improvement, and alteration, from designs which have been approved of by the first consul, who in his wise policy, intends that they shall, in time, rival those of the Thuilleries, for the purpose of affording an elegant, and fashionable promenade to the people who reside in this part of the capital, who are considerably removed from the beautiful walks which adorn the consular palace. Here I saw the Hall of Deliberation, in which the Conservative Senate assembles. It is nothing more than a large, handsome drawing room, in which are placed, upon rising platforms, sixty armed chairs, for as many members, the chair of the president and the tribune. This magnificent palace is repairing, and fitting up for the residence, and accommodation of its members. I was introduced to the artist who has the care of the gallery here, and who, with his assistants, was very busily occupied in a process for removing the oil colors of a painting from wood, and transferring them to canvas. He received me with great politeness, and explained to me the mode of doing it, in which there appeared to be more toil, nicety, and steadiness required, than ingenuity.

The painting is laid upon a cloth stretched upon a marble slab, and the wood behind is shaved off until nothing but the picture, like a flat cake, or rather a sheet of gold beater's skin remains, a piece of canvas

coated with a cement is then placed upon it, to which it adheres, and presents all the appearance of having been originally painted upon it. The pictures from the subject of St. Bruno, were then undergoing this operation.

The apartments in which these people were at work, presented very convincing indications of the mutability of human ambition.

This palace was allotted to the celebrated Council of Five Hundred. During their ephemeral reign, these very rooms were designed for their halls of audience, and levees, the rich mouldings, and cornices of which were half gilt, and covered with silver paper to preserve them: the poor council were never indulged in a house warming.

The pictures, which were collected by Henry IV. and deposited in the gallery there, which bears his name, are said to be valuable. I did not see them, on account of their having been removed into store rooms during the repairs of the palace.

It was late when I left the Luxembourg, and somewhat exhausted for want of refreshment, I determined upon dining at the first restaurateur's which I could meet with, instead of going to the Gardens of the Thuilleries. To find such an accommodation in Paris, is no difficult thing. A stranger would naturally suppose, from the frequency with which the words caffé, limonade, and restaurateur present themselves to the eye, that three parts of the inhabitants had turned

their talents to the valuable study of relieving the cravings of an empty stomach.

I had not moved three yards down the Rue de Tournon, before, on my left, I saw the welcome board which, in large golden characters announced the very best entertainment within. At this moment, the celebrated picture of the banquet of the Louvre, could scarcely have afforded me more delight. I had an excellent dinner, wine and fruit for four livres. In the course of my repast, I begged that a knife, might be permitted to aid the services of a three pronged silver fork, which graced my plate on the left. After rather a laborious search, my wishes were gratified by an instrument, which certainly was entitled to the name of one, but was assuredly not the handsomest of its species. Whether there had been any dispute between the handle, and the blade I know not, but there were very evident appearances of an approaching separation. Not wishing to augment the rapture, between two personages so necessary to each others service, and to those who were to be benefitted by it, I begged of my fair hostess, who, with two pretty girls (her daughters,) were picking the stalks from some strawberries, which were intended for my desert, at the other end of the room, that she would favor me with another knife. The Maitresse d'hotel, who had a pair of fine dark expressive eyes, very archly said, "Why "would you wish to change it, Sir? it is an English "one." It certainly looked like one; no comic-

ment could be neater. Whether I gave it too great a latitude of interpretation, I will not pretend to say, but it led me into such a train of happy *comparative thinking*, that I ate my dinner with it very comfortably without saying another word. I have since thought that the Maitresse d'hotel had not another knife in her house, but what was in use.

In France, I have before had occasion to remark, that fanciful notions of excessive delicacy, are not permitted to interfere with comfort, and convenience. Amongst these people, every thing turns upon the principle of accommodation. To this motive I attribute the frequent exhibition, over the doors of respectable looking houses, in the fashionable walks, and in different parts of Paris, of the following characters, "Commodites pour Hommes, et Femmes." An English prude would start to read these words. I mention this circumstance, for the purpose of communicating some idea of the people, convinced, as well I am, that it is only by detail, that we can become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of any community.

I very often passed by the ci-devant Hall of the National Convention; in which the hapless king and queen were doomed to the scaffold, where murder was legitimated, religion denounced, and the grave declared to be the bed of *eternal repose*.

In vindication of the ways of eternal justice, even upon earth, this polluted pile is participating the fate of its devoted members.

Thoſe walls which once reſounded with the florid, high toned declamation of republican viſionaries the moſt worthleſs, impſiong, and deſparate of mankind, are prevented for a ſhort time, by a few crazy props, from covering the earth below with their duſt and ruins. The famed temple of the Goddeſs of Liberty, is not tenantable enough to cover the Babel Deity from the peltings of the midnight ſtorm.

Where is now the enthuſiaſtic Gironede, where the volcanic mountain, the fiery and eloquent Mirabeau, the wily Briſſot, the atheiſtic Lequinois, the remorſeleſs Marat, the bloody St. Juſt and the chief of the deplumed and fallen legions of equality? All is, deſolate and ſilent. The gaping planks of the guillotine are imbued with their laſt traces. The haunt of the banditti is uncovered. The revolution has preyed upon her own children, and metaphyſical murderers have periſhed by the daggers of ſpeculative republicans.

About two years ſince this place was converted into a menagerie. The cave, and the wilderneſs, the deſert, and the jungle, preſented to the eye of the beholder, repreſentative ſucceſſors of thoſe ſavages who, with more powers and more ferocity, were once encloſed within the ſame den. From the remembrance of ſuch miſcreants, I turn, with increaſed ſatisfaction, to the traces of approaching civilization, which mark the career of the preſent government, in which the want of ſuitable ſplendor no longer repels the ap-

proach and friendship of those nations which once shuddered at the idea of coming into contact with the infected rags of visionary fraternity. Some indications of this change I saw pourtrayed at the levee of Monsieur Talleyrand, the minister of foreign relations, when I had the honor of being presented to that able and celebrated politician by Mr. B. The hotel of Talleyrand is very superb. We entered the court yard through two lines of about twenty carriages in waiting. Under the portico, were several Turks seated, who formed a part of the suite of the Turkish ambassador, who had just arrived, and was then closetted with Monsieur T——.

We passed through several noble apartments, preceded by servants, to a magnificent levee room, in which we met most of the foreign ambassadors who were then at the consular court.

After waiting some time, the folding doors of the cabinet opened, the Turkish embassy came out, making their grand salams, followed by Talleyrand, in his rich costume of embroidered scarlet, his hair full dressed, and a shining sabre by his side.

In his person, he is small and thin, his face is "pale "and penetrating." He always looks obliquely, his small quick eyes and features, very legibly express mildness, wit, and subtilty. His right leg appears contracted. His address is insinuating. As the spirit of aggrandizement, which is said to have actuated the public and private conduct of Monsieur T—— has

been so much talked of, it may, perhaps, excite some surprise, when it is mentioned that several persons who know him well, some of whom esteem him, and with some of whom he is not a favorite, declare, notwithstanding the anecdotes related of X Y, and Monsieur Beaucoup d'Argent, in the American prints, that they consider him to be a man, whose mind is raised above the influence of corruption. Monsieur T—— may be classed amongst the rarest curiosities in the revolutionary cabinet. Allied by an illustrious ancestry to the Bourbons, and a royalist from his birth, he was, with unusual celerity, invested with the episcopal robe and crosier.* During the temporary triumph of the abstract rights of man, over the practicable rights of reason, he moved with the boisterous cavalcade, with more caution than enthusiasm. Upon the celebrated national recognition of the sovereignty of man's *will*, in the Champs de Mars, the politic minister, adorned in snowy robes, and tricolor ribands, presided at the altar of the republic as its high priest, and bestowed his patriarchal benedictions upon the standard of France, and the banners of her departments.

Some time afterwards, in the shape of a secret unaccredited negociator, he was discovered in the metropolis of England, and immediately transferred, upon the spread wings of the alien bill, to his own

* Monsieur Talleyrand is ex-bishop of Autun.

shores. Since that period, after having dissociated and neutralized the most formidable foes of his country, by the subtle stratagems of his consummate diplomacy, we beheld him as the successor of la Croix, armed with the powers, and clothed in the gaudy costume of the minister of foreign relations. In the *polished Babel* of the anti-chamber of this extraordinary man, I have beheld the starred and glittering representatives of the most distinguished princes of the earth, waiting for hours, with exemplary resignation, contemplating themselves, in all their positions, in his reduplicating mirrors, or examining the splendor and exquisite ingenuity of his time pieces, until the silver sounds of his little bell announced, that the invoked and lagging moment of ministerial leisure was arrived.

It is certain that few people possess the valuable qualities of imperturbable calmness and self possession, more than Monsieur T——. Balanced by these amiable and valuable qualities, he has been enabled to ride the political whirlwind, and in the diplomatic cabinet, to collect some advantage from the prejudices or passions of all who approached him. The caution and cunning of T—— have succeeded, where the sword and impetuous spirit of Bonaparte would have been unavailing. The splendor of his apartments, and of many of the personages present, displayed a very court-like appearance, and inclined a stranger, like myself, to think, that nothing of the old government was missing, but the expatriated family of France.

CHAP. XIX.

The College of the Deaf and Dumb.—Abbe Sicard.—Bagatelle.—Police.—Grand National Library.—Bonaparte's Review.—Tambour Major of the Conſular Regiment.—Reſtoration of Artillery Colors.

I HAD long anticipated the delight which I expected to derive from the intereſting public leſture of the abbe Sicard, and the examination of his pupils. This amiable and enlightened man preſides over an inſtitution which endears his name to humanity, and confers unfading honor upon the nation which cherifhes it by its protection and munificence. My reader will immediately conclude that I allude to the College of the Deaf and Dumb. By the genius and perſeverance of the late abbe Charles Michael de l'Epee, and his preſent amiable ſucceſſor, a race of fellow beings, denied by a privation of hearing, of the powers of utterance, inſulated in the midſt of multitudes bearing their own image, and cut off from the participation, within ſight, of all the endearing intercourſes of ſocial life, are reſtored, as it were, to the bleſſings of complete exiſtence. The glorious labors of theſe philanthropiſts, in no very diſtant ages, would have conferred upon them, the reputation and honor of beings inveſted with ſuperhuman influence. By making thoſe faculties which are beſtowed, auxiliary to thoſe which are denied, the deaf are taught to hear, and the dumb to ſpeak. A ſilent repreſentative lan-

guage, in which the eye officiates for the ear, and communicates the charms of ſcience, and the delights of common intercourſe to the mind, with the velocity, facility, and certainty of ſound, has been preſented to theſe imperfect children of nature. The plan of the abbe, I believe is before the world. It cannot be expected, in a fugitive ſketch like the preſent, to attempt an elaborate detail of it. Some little idea of its rudiments, may perhaps, be imparted, by a plain deſcription of what, paſſed on the examination day, when I had the happineſs of being preſent.

On the morning of the exhibition, the ſtreets leading to the College were lined with carriages, for humanity has here made a convert of faſhion, and directed her wavering mind to objects from which ſhe cannot retire, without ample and conſoling gratification. Upon the lawn, in front of the College, were groups of the pupils, enjoying thoſe ſports and exerciſes which are followed by other children, to whom Providence has been more bountiful. Some of their recreations required calculation, and I obſerved that their intercourſe with each other appeared to be eaſy, ſwift, and intelligible. They made ſome convulſive movements with their mouths, in the courſe of their communication, which at firſt, had rather an unpleaſant effect. In the cloiſter I addreſſed myſelf to a genteel looking youth, who did not appear to belong to the College, and requeſted him to ſhow me the way to the theatre, in which the lecture was to be

delivered, I found he took no notice of me. One of the assistants of the abbe, who was standing near me, informed me, he was deaf and dumb, and made two or three signs, too swift for me to discriminate; the silent youth bowed, took me by the hand, led me into the theatre, and, with the greatest politeness, procured me an excellent seat. The room was very crowded, and in the course of a quarter of an hour after I had entered, every avenue leading to it was completely filled with genteel company. The benches of the auditors of the lecture, displayed great beauty and fashion; a stage or tribune, appeared in front, behind was a large inclined slate, in a frame, about eight feet high, by six long. On each side of the stage the scholars were placed, and behind the spectators was a fine bust of the founder of the institution, the admirable de l'Epée.

The abbe Sicard mounted the tribune, and delivered his lecture with very pleasing address, in the course of which he frequently excited great applause. The subject of it was an analysis of the language of the deaf and dumb, interspersed with several curious experiments upon, and anecdotes of his pupils. The examination of the scholars next followed. The communication which has been opened to them in this singular manner, is by the *philosophy of grammar*.

The denotation of the tenses was effected by appropriate signs. The hand thrown over the shoulder expressed the past, when extended, like the attitude

of inviting, it denoted the future, and the finger inverted upon the breaſt, indicated the preſent tenſe. A ſingle ſign communicated a word, and frequently a ſentence. A ſingular inſtance of the firſt occurred: A gentleman amongſt the ſpectators, who appeared to be acquainted with the art of the abbe, was requeſted to make a ſign, to the pupil then under examination; the moment it was made, the ſcholar chalked upon the ſlate, in a fine ſwift flowing hand, "une homme." The pupil erred; the gentleman renewed the ſign; when he immediately wrote, "une perſonne," to the aſtoniſhment of every perſon preſent. This circumſtance is a ſtrong inſtance of the powers of diſcrimination, of which this curious communication is ſuſceptible.

Some of the ſpectators requeſted the abbe to deſcribe, by ſigns, ſeveral ſentences which they repeated from memory, or read from authors which were immediately underſtood by the pupils and penciled upon the ſlate.

The lecture and examination laſted about three hours. Upon the cloſe of this intereſting exhibition, a ſilent ſympathy reigned throughout the ſpectators. Every face beamed with ſatisfaction. A tear was ſeen trembling in the eyes of many preſent. After a momentary pauſe, the hall rang with acclamations. Elegant women preſſed forward in the crowd, to preſent ſome little token of their delighted feelings to the children protected by this inſtitution. It was a

spectacle, in which genius was observed assisting humanity, and nature in a suffusion of gratitude, weeping over the hallowed and propitious endeavors of the good, the generous and the enlightened. Well might the elegant and eloquent Kotzebue select from such a spot, a subject for his pathetic pen, and give to the British Roscius of the present day,* the power of enriching its drama, by a fresh display of his unrivalled abilities. The exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb, will never be eradicated from my mind.

The tears which were shed on that day, seemed almost sufficient to wipe away the recollection of those times, in which misery experienced no mitigation; when every one, trembling for himself, had no unabsorbed sensation of consoling pity to bestow upon the unfortunate. Those times are gone—May their absence be eternal!

This institution is made serviceable to the state. A pupil of the College is one of the chief clerks of the National Lottery office, in which he distinguishes himself by his talents, his calculation, and upright deportment.

Whilst the subject is before me, I beg leave to mention a curious circumstance which was related by a very ingenious and honourable man, in a party where I happened to be present, to prove the truth and agree-

* Mr. Kemble brought out the pathetic play of Deaf and Dumb, in which he sustains the character of the abbe de l'Epee with admirable effect.

ment of nature, in her distribution of ideas. A blind man being asked by him, to what sound he resembled the sensation produced by touching a piece of red cloth, he immediately replied, to the sound of a trumpet. A pupil of the College of the Deaf and Dumb, who could faintly hear a loud noise, if applied close to his ear, was asked, to what colour he could compare the sound of a trumpet, he said, it always excited in his mind, the remembrance of scarlet cloth.*

Two pupils, male and female of the same College, who had been placed near a cannon, when discharged, without being susceptible of the sound, were one day taken by their humane tutor, into a room where the harmonica was playing; a musical instrument, which is said to have a powerful influence over the nerves. He asked them by signs, if they felt any sensation. They replied in the negative. He then placed the hand of the girl upon the instrument whilst it was playing, and repeated the question, she answered that she felt a new pleasure enter the ends of her fingers, pass up her arms, and penetrate her heart.

The same experiment was tried upon her companion, who seemed to be sensible of similar sensations of delight, but less acutely felt.

The emotions of sympathy are, perhaps, more forcibly excited by music than by any other cause. An illustrious example of its effect is introduced into

* The first experiment is well known. It is also noticed in Locke upon the Human Understanding.

Boerhaave's academical lectures on the diseases of the nerves, published by Van Eems. Theodosius the Great, by levying an excessive tribute, inflamed the minds of the people of Antioch against him, who prostrated his statutes, and slew his ambassadors.

Upon coolly reflecting on what they had done, and remembering the stern and ruthless nature of their sovereign, they sent deputies to implore his clemency and forgiveness. The tyrant received them, without making any reply. His chief minister lamenting the condition of these unhappy people, resolved upon an expedient to move the soul of his offended prince to mercy. He accordingly instructed the youths whose office it was to entertain the emperor with music during dinner, to perform an affecting and pathetic piece of music, composed for the purpose. The plaintive sounds soon began to operate. The Emperor, unconscious of the cause, bedewed his cup with tears, and when the singers artfully proceeded to describe the sufferings of the people of Antioch, their imperial master could no longer contain himself, but, moved by their pathos, although unaccustomed to forgive, revoked his vengeance, and restored the terrified offenders to his royal favor.

Madame E——, who is considered the first dilettante mistress of music in Paris, related to me an experiment which she once tried upon a young woman who was totally dead and dumb. Madame E—— [illegible] a silk thread [illegible] her mouth, and rested the

other end upon her piano forte, upon which she played a pathetic air. Her visitor soon appeared much affected, and at length burst into tears. When she recovered, she wrote down upon a piece of paper, that she had experienced a delight, which she could not express, and that it had forced her to weep.

I must reluctantly retire from this pleasing subject, by wishing that the abbe may long enjoy a series of blissful years, and that his noble endeavors, "manifesting the enlightened times in which we live," may meet with that philanthropic success, which to his generous mind, will be its most desired reward *here*, assured, as he is, of being crowned with those unfading remunerations which are promised to the good *hereafter*.

I one day dined at Bagatelle, which is about four miles from Paris, in the Bois du Bologne, the Parisian Hyde Park, in which the fashionable equestrian, upon his Norman hunter,

"——————— with heel insidiously slide,
Provokes the canter which he seems to chide."

The duellist also, in the covert windings of this vast wood, seeks reparation for the trifling wrong, and bleeds himself, or slaughters his antagonist. Bagatelle was formerly the elegant little palace of the count d'Artois. The gardens and grounds belonging to it, are beautifully disposed. What a contrast to the gloomy shades of Holyrood House, in which the ro-

a fugitive, and his wretched followers, have found an asylum!

The building and gardens are the taste of the Petit Trianon, but inferior to it. As usual, it is the residence of cooks, and scullions, tenants of the government, who treat their visitors with good dinners, and excellent wine, and take good care to make them pay handsomely for their faultless fare.

Returning to my hotel rather late at night, I passed through the Champs Elisees, which, at this hour, seemed to be in all its glory. Every "alley green," was filled with whispering lovers. On all sides the sounds of festivity, of music, and dancing, regaled the ear. The weather was very sultry, and being a little fatigued with rather a long walk, I entered through a trellis palisade into a capacious pavilion, where I refreshed myself with lemonade.

Here I found a large bourgeois party enjoying themselves, after the labors of the day, with the waltz, and their favorite beverage, lemonade. A stranger is always surprised at beholding the grace and activity, which even the lowest orders of people in France, display in dancing. Whiskered corporals, in thick dirty boots, and young tradesmen, in long great coats, led off their respective femmes de chambre and grisettes, with an elegance, which is not to be surpassed in the jewelled birth night ball room. Nothing could exceed the sprightly carelessness, and gay indifference which reigned throughout. The music in this place

as in every other of a similar description, was excellent.

The French police, notwithstanding the invidious rumors which have been circulated to its prejudice, is the constant subject of admiration with every candid foreigner, who is enabled under the shelter of its protection, to perambulate in safety every part of Paris, and its suburbs, although badly lighted, at that hour of the night, which in England, seldom fails to expose the unwary wanderer to the pistol of the prowling ruffian. An enlightened friend of mine, very shrewdly observed, that the English police seems to direct its powers, and consideration more to the apprehension of the robber, than to the prevention of the robbery. In no country is the *art* of thief catching carried higher, than in England. In France, the police is in the highest state of respectability, and unites force to vigilance. The depredator who is fortunate enough to escape the former, is seldom able to elude the latter.

The Grand National Library of Paris, is highly deserving of a visit, and is considered to be the first of its kind in Europe. In one of the rooms is a museum of antiques. The whole is about to be removed to the old palace. In one of the wings of this noble collection, are the two celebrated great globes, which rest upon the ground, and rise through the flooring of the first story, where there is a railing round them. These globes I should suppose to be about eighteen feet high.

From the Grand National Library, I went with a party to the military review of all the regiments in Paris, and its ſuburbs by the firſt conſul, in the Place de Carouſel, within the gates, and railing which he has raiſed for this purpoſe. We were introduced into the apartments of general Duroc, the governor of the palace, which were upon the ground floor of the Thuilleries, and which afforded us an uninterrupted view of the whole of this ſuperb military ſpectacle. A little before twelve o'clock, all the regiments of horſe and foot, amounting to about 7000 men, had formed the line, when the conſular regiment entered, preceded by their fine band, and the tambour major, who was dreſſed in great magnificence. This man is remarked in Paris for his ſymmetry and manly beauty. The cream colored charger of Bonaparte, upon which, "laboring "for deſtiny, he has often made dreadful "way in the field of battle," next paſſed us, led by grooms in ſplendid liveries of green and gold, to the grand entrance. As the clock ſtruck twelve, the firſt conſul, ſurrounded by a choſen body of the conſular guard, appeared and mounted. He immediately rode off in full ſpeed, to the gate neareſt to the gallery of the Louvre, followed by his favorite generals, ſuperbly attired, mounted upon chargers very richly capariſoned. My eye, aided by a good opera glaſs, was fixed upon the firſt conſul. I beheld before me a man whoſe renown is founded through the remoteſt regions of the earth, and whoſe exploits have been uni-

ted by the worshippers of favored heroism to those of the conqueror of Darius. His features are small and meagre. His countenance is melancholy, cold and desperate. His nose is aquiline. His eyes are dark, fiery, and full of genius. His hair, which he wears cropped and without powder, is black. His figure is small, but very muscular. He wore a blue coat, with broad white facings and golden epaulets (the uniform of his regiment) a small cocked hat, in which was a little national cockade. In his hand he carried a small riding whip. His boots were made in the fashion of English riding boots, which I have before condemned on account of their being destitute of military appearance. The reason why they are preferred by the French officers is on account of the top leather not soiling the knees of the pantaloons when in the act of putting one leg over the other. Bonaparte rode through the lines. His beautiful charger seemed conscious of the glory of his rider, and bore him through the ranks with a commanding and majestic pace. The colors of one of the regiments was stationed close under the window, where I had the good fortune of being placed. Here the hero stopped, and saluted them. At this time I was close to him, and had the pleasure of completely gratifying that curiosity of beholding the persons of distinguished men, which is so natural to all of us.

A few minutes after Bonaparte had passed, I saw a procession, the history of which I did not understand

at the time, but which fully explained its general purport. About two years since, one of the regiments of artillery revolted in battle. Bonaparte, in anger deprived them of their colors, and suspended them, covered with crape, amongst the captive banners of the enemy, in the Hall of Victory. The regiment, affected by the disgrace, were determined to recover the lost esteem of their general and their country, or perish to the last man. When any desperate enterprise was to be performed, they volunteered their services, and by this magnanimous compunction covered their shame with laurels, and became the boast and pride of the republican legions. This day was fixed upon for the restoration of their ensigns. They were marched up under a guard of honor, and presented to the first consul, who took the black drapery from their staves, tore it in pieces, threw it on the ground, and drove his charger indignantly over it. The regenerated banners were then restored to the regiment, with a short and suitable address. I faintly heard this laconic speech, but not distinctly enough to offer any criticism upon the eloquence of the speaker. This exhibition had its intended effect, and displayed the genius of this extraordinary man, who, with unerring acuteness, knows so well to give to every public occurrence that dramatic hue and interest which are so gratifying to the minds of the people over whom he presides. After this ceremony, the several regiments, preceeded by their bands of music, marched

before him in open order, and dropped their colors as they paſſed. The flying artillery and cavalry left the parade in full gallop, and made a terrific noiſe upon the pavement. Each field piece was drawn by ſix horſes, upon a carriage with large wheels. Here the review cloſed.

"Farewell the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
"The ſpirit ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
"The royal banner, and all quality,
"Pride, pomp and circumſtance of glorious war."

Bonaparte returned to the palace, where he held a ſplendid levee, at which the new Turkiſh embaſſy was introduced.

In the evening I ſaw Bonaparte and his lady at the opera, where he was received with reſpect, but without any clamorous acclamation.

Madame Bonaparte appears to be older than the firſt conſul. She is an elegant woman, and is ſaid to conduct herſelf in her high ſtation with becoming dignity and prudence.

CHAP. XX.

Abbé Sieyes.—Consular Procession to the Council Chamber.—10th of Aug. 1798.—Celerity of Mons. Fauché's Police Information.—The two Lovets.—Cabinet of Mons. le Grand.—Self-prescribing Physician.—Bust of Robespierre.—His Lodgings.—Corn Hall.—Museum of French Monuments.—Revolutionary Agent.—Lovers of Married Women.

A NEAT remark was made upon the abbé Sieyes, to whose prolific mind the revolution and all its changes have been imputed. This extraordinary man has a noble house in the Champs Elisées, and is said to have the best cook in Paris. As a party in which I was, were passing his hotel, a near relation of the abbé who happened to be with us, commented upon the great services which the cloistered fabricator of constitutions had afforded to France, and adverted to his house and establishment as an unsuitable reward for his labors. A gentleman, who was intimate with the abbé, but was no great admirer of his morals, said, "I "think, my dear madam, the abbé ought to be very "well satisfied with his destiny; and I would advise "him to live as long as he can in the Champs Elisées; "for when he shall happen to experience that myste-"rious transition to which we are all hastening, I "think the chances will be against his finding good "accommodations in any other Elysium."

As I was paſſing one morning through the hall of the Thuilleries, the great door of the council chamber was opened, and the ſecond and third conſuls, preceded and followed by their ſuit in full coſtume, *marched* with great pomp to buſineſs, to the roll of a drum. This ſingular proceſſion from one part of the houſe to the other, had a ridiculous effect, and naturally reminded me of the ſuſtian pageantry which, upon the ſtage, attends the entries and exits of the kings and queens of the drama.

I have often been ſurpriſed to find that the injuries which the cornice of the entrance, and the capitals of the columns in the hall of the Thuilleries, have ſuſtained from the ball of cannon, during the horrible maſſacre of the 10th of Auguſt 1792, have never been repaired. Every veſtige of that day of diſmay and ſlaughter ought for ever to be effaced; inſtead of which, ſome labour has been exerciſed to perpetuate its remembrance. Under the largeſt chaſms which have been made by the ſhot is painted, in ſtrong characters, that gloomy date.

In the evening of that day of deva[illegible]ation, from which France may date all her ſufferings, a friend of mine went into the court-yard of the Thuilleries, where the review is now held, for the purpoſe of endeavoring to recognize, amongſt the dead any of his acquaintance. In the courſe of this ſhocking ſearch, he declared to me, that he counted no leſs than eight hundred bodies of Swiſs and French, who

had perished in that frightful contest between infuriated people and an irresolute sovereign. I will not dilate upon this painful subject, but dismiss it in the words of the holy and resigned descendant of Nahor, "Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it; let darkness and the shadow of death, stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it."

I have before had occasion to notice the promptitude and activity of the French police, under the penetrating eye of Monsieur Fouche. No one can escape the vigilance of this man and his emissaries. An emigrant of respectability assured me, that when he and a friend of his waited upon him for their passports to enable them to quit Paris for the south of France, he surprised them by relating to them the names of the towns, the streets, and of the people with whom they had lodged, at various times during their emigration in England.

Whilst I was at Paris, an affair happened very near the hotel in which I lodged, which in its sequel displayed that high spirit and sensibility which appear to form the presiding features in the French character, to which may be attributed all the excesses which have stained, and all the glory which has embellished its A lady of fortune, and her only daughter, an elegant and lovely young woman, residing in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. A young man of merit and accomplish-

ments, but unaided by the powerful pretensions of suitable fortune, cherished a passion for the young lady, to whom he had frequent access, on account of his being distantly related to her. His affection was requited with return; and before the parent suspected the attachment, the lovers were solemnly engaged. The indications of pure love are generally too unguarded to escape the keen, observing eye of a cold mercenary mother. She charged her daughter with her fondness, and forbade her distracted lover the house. To close up every avenue of hope, she withdrew with her wretched child into Italy, where they remained for two years; at the expiration of which, the mother had arranged for her daughter a match more congenial to her own pride and avarice, with an elderly gentleman, who had considerable fortune and property in the vicinity of *Bourdeaux*. Every necessary preparation was made for this cruel union, which it was determined should be celebrated in Paris, to which city they returned for that purpose. Two days before the marriage was intended to take place, the young lover, wrought up to frenzy by the intelligence of the approaching nuptials, contrived, by bribing the porter whilst the mother was at the opera with her intended son-in-law, to reach the room of the beloved being from whom he was about to be separated for ever. Emaciated by grief, she presented the mere spectre of what she was when he last left her. As soon as he entered the room, he fell

ſenſeleſs at her feet, from which ſtate he was rouſed by the loud fits of her frightful maniac laughter. She ſtared upon him, like one bewildered. He claſped her with one hand, and with the other drew from his pocket a vial containing double diſtilled laurel water: he preſſed it to her lips, until ſhe had ſwallowed half of its contents; the remainder he drank himſelf.—The drug of death ſoon began to operate.—Claſped in each other's arms pale and expiring, they reviewed their hard fate, and, in faint and leſſening ſentences, implored of the God of mercy, that he would pardon them for what they had done, and that he would receive their ſpirits into his regions of eternal repoſe; that he would be pleaſed, in his divine goodneſs, to forgive the miſjudging ſeverity which had driven them to deſpair, and would ſupport the unconſcious author of it, under the heavy afflictions which their diſaſtrous deaths would occaſion. They had ſcarcely finiſhed their prayer, when they heard footſteps approaching the room. Madame R——, who had been indiſpoſed at the opera, returned home before the concluſion, with the intended bridegroom. The young man awoke, as it were, from his deadly drowſineſs, and, exerting his laſt ſtrength, pulled from his breaſt a dagger, ſtabbed the expiring being, upon whom he doated to the heart; and, falling upon her body, gave himſelf ſeveral mortal wounds. The door opened; the frantic mother appeared. All the houſe was in an inſtant alarmed; and the fatal explanation which ſur-

niſhed the materials of this ſhort and ſad recital, was taken from the lips of the dying lover, who had ſcarcely finiſhed it before he breathed his laſt. Two days afterwards, the ſtory was hawked about the ſtreets.

From this painful narrative, in which the French impetuoſity is ſtrongly depicted, I muſt turn to mention my viſit to Mons. le G——, who lives in the Rue Florentine, and is conſidered to be one of the firſt architects in France; in which are many monuments of his taſte and elegance. It is a curious circumſtance that all artiſts exerciſe their talents more ſucceſsfully for their patrons than for themſelves. Whether it is the hope of a more ſubſtantial reward than that of mere ſelf-complacency, which uſually excites the mind to its happieſt exertions, I will not pretend to determine; but the point ſeems to be in ſome degree ſettled by the conduct of a celebrated Bath phyſician of whom it is related, that happening once to ſuffer under a malady from which as his ſkill had frequently relieved others, he determined to preſcribe for himſelf. The recipe at firſt had not the deſired effect. The doctor was ſurpriſed. At laſt he recollected that he had not feed himſelf. Upon making this diſcovery, he drew the ſtrings of his purſe, and with his left hand placed a guinea in his right, and then preſcribed. The ſtory concludes by informing its readers, that the preſcription ſucceeded, and the doctor recovered.—In adorning the front of his own hotel, Mons. le G——, in my very humble opinion, has not exhibited his

accuſtomed powers. In a ſmall confined court-yard he has attempted to give to a private dwelling the appearance of one of thoſe vaſt temples of which he became enamored when at Athens. The roof is ſupported by two maſſy fluted pilaſtres, which in ſize are calculated to bear the burden of ſome prodigious dome. The muſcular powers of Hercules ſeem to be here exerciſed in raiſing a graſshopper from the ground. The genius of Mons. le G——, unlike the world's charity, does not begin at home, but ſeems more diſpoſed to diſplay its moſt ſucceſsful energies abroad. His roof, however, contains ſuch a monument of his goodneſs and generoſity, that I muſt not paſs it over. This diſtinguiſhed architect is one of thoſe unfortunate beings who have been decreed to taſte the bitterneſs, very ſoon after the ſweets of matrimony. Upon diſcovering the infidelity of his lady who is very pretty and prepoſſeſſing, the diſtracted huſband immediately ſought a divorce from the laws of his country. This affair happened a very ſhort time before the revolution afforded unuſual acceleration and facilities to the wiſhes of parties, who, under ſimilar circumſtances, wiſhed to get rid of each other as ſoon as poſſible. The then "law's delay" afforded ſome cauſe of vexation to Mons. le G——, who was deeply injured. Before his ſuit had paſſed through its laſt forms, the father of his wife, who at the time of their marriage lived in great affluence, became a bankrupt. In the vortex of his failure, all the means of ſupport-

ing his family were swallowed up. The generous le G——, disdaining to expose to want and ignominy the woman who had once been dear to him, would proceed no farther. 'She is still his wife: she bears his name, is maintained by him, and in a separate suite of apartments lives under the same roof with him, But Mons. and Madame le G—— have had no intercourse whatever with each other for eleven years. If in the gallery or in the hall they meet by accident, they pass without the interchange of a word. This painful and difficult arrangement has now lost a considerable portion of its misery, by having become familiar to the unfortunate couple.

In the valuable and curious cabinet of Mons. le G——, I found out, behind several other casts, a bust of Robespierre, which was taken of him, a short period before he fell. A tyrant whose offences look white, contrasted with the deep delinquency of the oppressor of France, is said to be indebted more to his character, than to nature, for the representation of that deformity of person which appears in Shakspeare's portrait of him, when he puts this soliloquy in his lips:—

"I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
"Cheated of feature, by dissembling Nature,
"Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time,
"Into the breathing world, scarce half made up;
"And that so lamely and unfashionably,
"That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them."

Hiſtory, enraged at the review of the inſatiable crimes of Robeſpierre, has already beſtowed upon him a fanciful phyſiognomy, which ſhe has compoſed of features which rather correſpond with the ferocity of his ſoul, than with his real countenance. From the appearance of this buſt, which is an authentic reſemblance of him, his face muſt have been rather handſome. His features were ſmall, and his countenance muſt have ſtrongly expreſſed animation, penetration and ſubtlety. This buſt is a real curioſity. It is very likely that not another is now to be found. Mons. le G—— is permitted to preſerve it, without reproach on account of his art. I can ſafely ſay he does not retain it from any emotions of veneration for the original. It is worthy of being placed between the heads of Caligula and Nero. Very near the reſidence of Mons. le G—— is the houſe in which Robeſpierre lodged. It is at the end of the Rue Florentine, in the Rue St. Honore, at a wax chandler's. This man is too much celebrated, not to render every thing which relates to him curious. The front windows of his former lodgings look towards the Place de la Concorde. On the right of which his prime miniſter, the permanent guillotine, was quartered. Robeſpierre, who, like the revolting angel, before the world's formation, appears to have preferred the ſceptre of hell and chaos, to the allegiance of order and ſocial happineſs, will deſcend to poſterity with no common attributes of diſtinction and preeminence.

His mind was fully suited to its labors, which, in their wide sphere of mischief, required more genius to direct them than was bestowed upon the worst of the tyrants of Rome, and a spirit of evil which, with its "broad circumference" of guilt, was calculated to darken the disk of their less expanded enormity.

From Robespierre's lodgings, curiosity led me to visit the building in which the jacobin club held their Pandemonium. It is a noble edifice, and once belonged to the order of jacobins. Near this church stands the beautiful fabric of the Corn Hall of Paris, designed by monsieur Le Grand. The dome of the bank of England is in the same style, but inferior, in point of lightness and elegance. That of the Corn Hall resembles a vast concavity of glass. In this noble building the millers deposit their corn for sale. Its deep and lofty arches and area, were nearly filled with sacks, containing that grain which is precious to all nations, but to none more than the French; to a Frenchman, bread is most emphatically the staff of life. He consumes more of it at one meal than an Englishman does at four. In France, the little comparative quantity of bread which the English consume, is considered to form a part of their national character. Before I left Paris, I was requested to visit a very curious and interesting exhibition, the museum of French monuments: for the reception of which, the ancient convent of the monks of the order of les Petis Augustines, is appropriated. This national re-

situation is intended to exhibit the progress of monumental taste in France, for several centuries past, the specimens of which have chiefly been collected from St. Denis, which formerly was the burial place of the monarchs of France, and from other churches.

It will be remembered by the reader, that in the year 1793, Henriot, a vulgar and furious republican, proposed setting off for the former church, at the head of the sans culottes, to destroy all these curious and valuable relics, "to strike," as he said, "the tyrants in their tombs," but was prevented by some other republicans of influence, who had not parted with their veneration for the works of taste, from this impious and impotent outrage.

In the first hall, which is very large, and impresses a similar awe to that which is generally felt upon entering a cathedral, are the tombs of the twelfth century. Amongst them I chiefly distinguished that of Henry II. upon which are three beautiful mourning figures, supporting a cup, containing his heart.

In the second hall, are the monuments of the thirteenth century, most of them are very fine: that of Lewis XII. and his queen, is well worthy of notice. I did not find much to gratify me in the hall of the fourteenth century. In that of the fifteenth are several noble tombs, and beautiful windows of stained glass. In the hall of the sixteenth century is a fine statue of Henry IV. by Franchville, which is considered to be an admirable likeness of that wonderful man. In the

hall of the ſeventeenth century, is a noble figure, repreſenting religion, by Girardon.

In the cloiſters are ſeveral curious ſtatues, ſtained glaſs windows, and teſſelated pavement. There is here alſo a good buſt of Alexis Peron, with this ſingular epitaph,

Ci git qui ne fut rien,
Pas meme academicien.

In the ſquare garden within the cloiſters, are ſeveral ancient urns, and tombs. Amongſt them is the vaſe which contains the aſhes, if any remain, of Abelard and Heloiſe, which has been removed from the Paraclete to the Muſeum. It is covered with the graceful ſhade of an Acacia tree, which ſeems to wave proudly over its celebrated depoſit. Upon approaching this treaſurable antique, all thoſe feelings ruſhed in upon me, which the beautiful, and affecting narrative of thoſe diſaſtrous lovers, by Pope, has often excited in me. The melancholy Heloiſe ſeemed to breathe from her tomb here,

" If ever chance two wandering lovers brings,
" O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
" And drink the falling tear each other ſheds;
" Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
" Oh! may we never love, as theſe have lov'd."

National guards are ſtationed in every apartment of the Muſeum, and preſent rather an unaccording appearance, amidſt the peaceful ſolemnity of the ſur-

rounding objects. This exhibition is not yet completed, but, in its preſent condition, is very intereſting. Some hints not altogether uſeleſs, may be collected from it. In England our churches are charnel houſes. The pews of the congregation are raiſed upon foundations of putrefaction. For ſix days and nights the temple of devotion is filled with the peſtilent vapors of the dead, and on the ſeventh they are abſorbed by the living. Surely it is high time to ſubdue prejudices, which endanger health without promoting piety The Scotch never bury in their churches, and their burial places are upon the confines of their towns. The eye of adoration is filled with a penſive pleaſure, in obſerving itſelf ſurrounded with the endeavors of taſte and ingenuity, to lift the remembrance of the great and good beyond the grave, in that very ſpot where the frailty of our nature is ſo often inculcated.

Such a diſplay, in ſuch a place, is rational, ſuitable and admonitory. The ſilent tomb becomes auxiliary to the eloquence of the pulpit. But the cuſtom which converts the place of worſhip into a catacomb, can afford but a miſtaken conſolation to poſthumous pride, and muſt, in ſome degree, contaminate the atmoſphere which is contained within its walls. One evening as I was paſſing through the Boulevard Italien, in company with a gentleman from Toulon, we met a tall, dark, hollow eyed, ferocious looking man, of whom he related the following ſtory.

Immediately after the evacuation of Toulon by the

Engliſh, all the principal Toulonese citizens were ordered to repair to the market place; where they were ſurrounded by a great military force.

This man who, for his offences, had been committed to priſon, was liberated by the French agents, in conſequence of his undertaking to ſelect thoſe of the inhabitants who had in any manner favored the capitulation of the town, or who had ſhown any hoſpitality to the Engliſh, whilſt they were in poſſeſſion of it. The miſcreant paſſed before the citizens, who were drawn out in lines, amounting to near three thouſand. Amongſt whom he pointed out about one thouſand four hundred perſons to the fury of the government; without any other evidence, or further examination, they were all immediately adjudged to be ſhot. For this purpoſe a ſuitable number of ſoldiers were drawn out. The unhappy victims were marched up to their deſtruction, upon the quay, in ſets of three hundred, and butchered!!!

The carnage was dreadful. In the laſt of theſe unfortunate groups, were two gentlemen of great reſpectability, who received no wound from the fire, but, to preſerve themſelves, dropped with the reſt, and exhibited all the appearances of having participated in the general fate.

This execution took place in the evening: immediately after its cloſe, the ſoldiers, fatigued, and ſick with cold-blooded ſlaughter, marched back to their quarters, without examining whether every perſon

upon whom they had fired, had fallen a victim to the murderous bullet. Soon after the ſoldiers had retired, the women of Toulon, allured by plunder, proceeded to the fatal ſpot. Mounted upon the bodies of the fallen, they ſtripped the dead, and dying. The night was ſtormy, The moon, emerging from dark clouds, occaſionally, ſhed its pale luſtre upon this horrible ſcene. When the plunderers had abandoned their prey, during an interval of deep darkneſs, in the dead of the night, when all was ſilent, unconſcious of each other's intentions, the two citizens who had eſcaped the general carnage, diſencumbered themſelves from the dead, under whom they were buried; chilled and naked, in an agony of mind not to be deſcribed, they at the ſame moment, attempted to eſcape. In their agitation, they ruſhed againſt each other. Expreſſions of terror and ſurpriſe, dropped from each of them. "Oh! God! it is my father!" ſaid one, "my ſon, my ſon, my ſon," exclaimed the other, claſping him in his arms. They were father and ſon, who had thus miraculouſly eſcaped, and met in this extraordinary manner.

The perſon from whom I received this account, informed me, that he knew theſe gentlemen very well, and that they had been reſettled in Toulon about two years.

The wretch who had thus directed the ruthleſs vengeance of a revolutionary banditti, againſt the breaſts of his fellow citizens, was, at this time, in

Paris, soliciting, from the present government, from a total misconception of its nature, those remunerations which had been promised, but never realized his barbarous employers.

I need scarcely add, that although he had been in the capital several months, he had not been able to gain access to the minister's secretary.

The time of terror was over—the murderer's occupation was gone—the guillotine, with unsatiated hunger, after having gorged the food which was thrown to it, had devoured its feeder.

I must leave it to the ingenuity of my reader, to connect the observation with which I shall close this chapter, with the preceding story, for I am only enabled to do, by observing, that an impressive instance of the subject of it, occurred immediately after my mind had been harrowed up, by the narrative which I have just related.

The married women of France feel no compunctions visitings of conscience, in cherishing about them a circle of lovers, amongst whom their husbands are *merely* more favored than the rest. I hope I shall not be considered as an apologist, for an indulgence which, in France, excites no jealousy in *one*, and no surprise amongst the many, when I declare, that I confidently believe, in most instances, it commences, and guiltlessly terminates in the love of admiration. I know, and visited in Paris, a most lovely and accomplished young woman, who had been married about

two years. She admitted the visits of men, whom she knew were passionately fond of her. Sometimes she received them in the presence, and sometimes in the absence of her husband, as accident, not arrangement, directed. They approached her with all the agitation and tenderness of the most ardent lovers. Amongst the number, was a certain celebrated orator. This man was her abject slave. A glance from her expressive eye raised him to the summit of bliss, or rendered his nights sleepless. The complacent husband of Madame G—— regarded these men as his most beloved friends, because they enlarged the happiness of his wife; and strange as it may appear, I believe that he had as little cause to complain as Othello, and therefore never permitted his repose to be disturbed by those suspicions which preyed upon the vitals of the hapless Moor. The French Benedict might truly exclaim,

"——'Tis not to make me jealous,
"To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
"Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
"Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
"Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
"The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt."

CHAP. XXI.

Picturesque and Mechanical Theatre.—Fumigating and purifying Vases.—English Jacobins.—A Farewell.—Messagerie.—Mal Maison.—Forest of Evreux.—Lower Normandy.—Caen.—Hon. T. Erskine.—A Ball.—The Keeper of the Sacristy of Notre Dame.—The two blind Beggars.—Ennui.—St. Lo.—Cherbourg.—England.

I VISITED, one evening, a very beautiful exhibition, which I think worthy of being noticed; it was the picturesque and mechanical theatre. The company present were select and genteel. The room and stage were upon a small scale; the former was very elegantly fitted up. The spectacle consisted of scenery and appropriate little moving figures. The first scene was a view of a wood in early morning, every object looked blue, fresh and dewy. The gradations of light, until the approach of meridian day, were admirably represented. Serpents were seen crawling in the grass. A little sportsman entered with his fowling-piece, and imitated all the movements natural to his pursuit; a tiny wild duck rose from a lake, and flew before him. He pointed his gun, changed his situation, pointed it again, and fired. The bird dropped; he threw it over his shoulders, fastened to his gun, and retired. Waggons, drawn by horses about four inches high, passed along; groups of peasantry followed, exquisitely imitating all the indications

of life. Amongst several other scenes was a beautiful view of the bay of Naples, and the great bridge; over which little horses, with their riders, passed in the various paces of walking, trotting and galloping. All the minutiæ of nature were attended to. The ear was beguiled with the patting of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement; and some of the little animals reared and ran before the others. There were also some charming little sea-pieces, in which the vessels sailed with their heads towards the spectators, and manœuvred in a surprising manner. The whole concluded with a storm and shipwreck. Sailors were seen floating in the water, then sinking in the surge. One of them rose again, and reached a rock. Boats put off to his relief, and perished in the attempt. The little figure was seen displaying the greatest agonies. The storm subsided; tiny persons appeared upon the top of a projecting cliff, near a watch tower, and lowered a rope to the little sufferer below, which he caught, and after ascending to some height by it, overwhelmed with fatigue, lost his hold. After recovering from the fall, he renewed his efforts, and at length reached the top in safety, amidst the acclamations of the spectators, who moved by this enchanting little illusion, took much interest in the apparent distress of the scene.

Upon quitting the theatre, we found a real storm without. The lightning flamed upon us from every quarter and was succeeded by loud peals of thunder.

Whilſt we were contemplating the tempeſt from the balcony of Madame S——, a ball of fire fell very near us, and filled the room with a ſulphureous ſmell. A ſervant ſoon afterwards entered, almoſt breathleſs to inform his miſtreſs, Madame R——, who was of the party, that the fire-ball had penetrated her houſe, which was cloſe adjoining, without having effected any injury. Madame R—— laughed heartily, and obſerved, "Well, it is very droll that the "lightning ſhould make ſo free with my houſe when "I am not at home." This little ſprightly remark diſperſed the gloom which had overſhadowed moſt of the ladies preſent. All the large houſes in Paris are well protected againſt the perilous effect of electric fluid, by conductors, which are very judiciouſly diſpoſed.

An invention has lately made its appearance in Paris, which is as full of utility as it is of genius. A houſe has lately been opened for the ſale of filtrating and purifying vaſes, to which the ingenious conſtructor has given the moſt elegant Etruſcan ſhapes. They are capable of refining the moſt fetid and corrupt water, by a proceſs which, in its operation, laſts about four minutes. The principle is the ſame as in nature. The foul water is thrown into the vaſe, where it paſſes through various ſtrata of earth, which are compreſſed into a ſeries of little apartments, which retain its offenſive particles, and from which it iſſues as clear and as ſweet as rock water. This diſcovery will prove of in-

finite consequence to families who reside in the maritime parts of Holland, and to many inland towns in France, where the water is frequently very bad. I most cordially hope that the inventor will meet with the remuneration which is due to his humane philosophy.

After having experienced a most cordial display of kindnesses and hospitalities, I prepared to return to my own country, "that precious stone set in the silver sea." I had to part with those who, in the short space of one fleeting month, had by their endearing and flattering attentions, rivetted themselves to my affections, with the force of a long, and frequent, and cherished intercourse, who, in a country where I expected to feel the comfortless sensations of a foreigner, made me forget that I was even a *stranger*. Amongst those who excited a considerable share of my regret upon parting, were the elegant and charming family of the S——s. As I was preparing to take my leave, Madame S—— said, "you must not forget us because a few waves divide our countries."

"If he will lend me his pocket-book," said one of her lovely daughters, "I will try and see if my pencil will not preserve us in his memory, at least for a little time."

I presented it to her, and in a few minutes she made an elegant little sketch, which she called, "The affectionate Mother." Amiable young artist! may Time, propitious to the happiness of some generous

being, who is worthy of such an affociate, hail thee with the bliſsful appellation! and may the graceful diſcharge of thoſe refined and affecting duties which flow from connubial love, entitle thee, too much eſteemed to be envied, to the name of the modern Cornelia!

Several Engliſhmen, whilſt I was at Paris, met with very vexatious delays in procuring their paſſports to enable them to leave it, from a miſtaken courſe of application. Inſtead of applying to M. Fauche, or any other municipal officer, I would recommend them to procure their paſſport from their own ambaſſador, and ſend it to the office of Mons. Talleyrand for his endorſement; by which means they will be enabled to quit the republic in two or three days after their application.

Having previouſly determined to return by the way of Lower Normandy, upon the beauty and luxuriance of which I had heard much eulogy, about half paſt five o'clock in the morning of the 21ſt of Prairial, I left my hotel, and proceeded to the Meſſagerie, from which the diligences, all of which are under the control of the nation, ſet out. The morning was very beautiful. I was much entertained before I mounted that cumbrous vehicle, which was to roll me a little nearer to my own coaſt, by viewing the numerous groups of travellers and their friends, who ſurrounded the different carriages as the horſes were tackling to them. In different directions of my eye, I ſaw about

thirty men calling each other. The women in France never think their prerogatives infringed by this manly mode of salutation. Some shed tears at parting; but the cheek down which they trickled never lost its color or vivacity. All were animated; every eye looked bright; there was a gaiety in their very grief. "Bon voyage, bon voyage—Dieu vous beniffe, Dieu vous beniffe," reiterated on all sides from sprightly faces stretched out of the window frames of the massy machine, as it rattled through the gates of the yard, to the incessant crackings of the postilion's long lash. I soon afterwards found myself seated in the diligence for Cherbourg, in company with two ladies, and three gentlemen, who were all polite and pleasing. In the cabriole, forward, was a French captain in the army, who had been in Tippoo's service at the time of the surrender of Seringapatam. He looked abominably dirty in his travelling habiliments; but that, in France, is now no just indication of inferiority or vulgarity.

We passed by the Place de la Concorde, upon the statues and buildings of which, and the gardens of the Thuilleries, the fresh and early sun shone most beautifully. My merry, but feeling fellow travellers, waving their hands, addressed a short apostrophe to these suburbs, and exclaimed, "adieu ma tres jolie ville—ah! tres jolie ville adieu."

For near three miles after leaving the barrier, we passed through plantations of roses, which supply the

markets of Paris, with that beautiful flower, which, transferred thence, adorn the toilets, the vases, and the bosoms of the fair Parisians, and form the favorite bouquets of the petite maitres; on each side of the road were cherry trees, in full bearing, which presented a very charming appearance. We soon reached the water works of Marli, which supply the jets d'eau of Versailles. They are upon a vast scale, and appear to be very curious. A little further on we passed Mal Maison, the country and chief residence of the first consul and his family. It is an ancien house, embosomed in beautiful woods and gardens. At the entrance are large military lodges, for the accommodation of a squadron of the consular cavalry, who mount guard when their general is here.

At St. Germain's we breakfasted, upon pork cutlets, excellent bread, wine, and cherries, for twenty sols, or ten pence English. At Mante we had an excellent dinner, of several dishes, for thirty sols, or one shilling and three pence English. Soon after we had passed Mante, we left the higher Norman road, and entered a country extremely picturesque and rich. We were conducted through the forest of Evreux, by an escort of chasseurs. This vast tract of land is infested by an immense banditti, who live in large excavations in the earth, similar to the subterranean apartments of the celebrated robbers, in whose service Gil Blas was rather reluctantly enrolled, and generally assail the traveller, with a force which would render

common assistance perilous, and unavailing. This forest, in the course of the year, furnishes considerable employ for the guillotine of Caen, when the tribunal of justice is seated. The appearance of our guards was terrific enough to appal such valiant souls as once animated the frames of *Prince Hal*, and his merry friend *Ned Poins*. They wore Roman helmets, from which descended, to the bottom of their backs, an immense tail, of thick black horse hair, their uniform was light green, and looked rather shabby.

We passed the forest without any molestation, and supped at the town of Evreux, which is very pleasant, where we halted for about four hours. As we were afterwards proceeding, I prepared myself to enjoy a little sleep, and as I reclined for this purpose with my hat over my face, in a corner of the carriage, I overheard one of my fellow travellers observe to the other, "the Englishman is sleeping," to which he replied, "no, he is not sleeping, he is only thinking, it is the "character of his nation."

The French cannot bear the least appearance of thought; they have a saying, "un homme qui rit ne lera jamais dangereux."

The next morning we breakfasted at Lisieux, an ancient town, in which are the remains of a fine convent which formerly belonged to the Order of the Capuchins. For four or five miles before we approached the town, the laughing and animated faces of groups of peasantry, all in their jubilee dresses, the old mount-

ed upon asses and the young walking by the sides of them, hastening to the town, announced to us, that a fair, and merry making was to be held there, on that day. Lisieux was quite in a bustle. About six o'clock in the evening of the same day, we arrived at Caen, the capital of Lower Normandy. My fare to this city from Paris, amounted to thirty livres, including my luggage. I had not completed my dinner at the Hotel de la Place, before an English servant entered my room, to inform me, that his mistress, Mrs. P——, who, with her daughters, and another young lady, had the rooms over mine, presented her compliments to me, and requested me to take my coffee with them that evening. I must confess I was at first a little surprised at the message, for the English are not very remarkable for politeness and attention to one another in a foreign country.

After I had finished my desert, I made my bow to Mrs. P——, and her family, who proved to be very pleasant, and accomplished people, and were making the tour of France with English servants. They had been in Caen near three weeks, where they had a large acquaintance of the first respectability. This unexpected introduction became additionally agreeable, upon my discovering at the Messagerie, that the diligence for Cherbourg would not proceed, till three days from the time of my arrival. The next morning I rambled with my new friends about the city, which is large, and handsome, and is watered by the river Orne. It

is much celebrated for its lace trade; on that day I dined with Mrs. P——, and a French party, and was regaled with an English dinner, cooked, and served up by her own servants. The filth of the French kitchen is too well known to make it necessary for me to say how delicious such a dinner was. The French themselves admit that their cooks are destitute of cleanliness.

The Convent of the Benedictines, which is converted into the palace of the prefect, is a noble building. The gardens belonging to it are well arranged. The promenade called de la Cour is very charming, from which the city is seen to great advantage. The water of the Orne is rather nauseous, but is not considered unwholesome. The Palais de Justice is a fine modern structure. In its courts of law, I had again an opportunity of hearing the forensic elocution of Normandy. The gestures, and vehemence of the orators here, as at Rouen, appeared to me to be tinctured with the extravagance of frenzy. But perhaps my ears, and eyes have been rendered somewhat too fastidious by having been frequently banquetted with the grace, animation, and commanding eloquence of the unrivalled advocate of the British bar; who, when he retires from the laborious duties of the crowded, and admiring forum, where his acute sagacity has so often unfolded the dark compact involutions of human obliquity, where his wit and fancy have covered with the choicest flowers, the dreary barrenness of tech-

nical pleading; will leave behind him that lasting and honorable respect and remembrance, which faculties so extensively beneficial, must ever excite in the minds of men who have been instructed, delighted, and benefited by their splendid, and prosperous display.

In this city was pointed out to me, the house in which the celebrated Charlotte Corday resided, who, by her poniard, delivered France of the monster, Marat, on Sunday, the 14th of July, 1793. There is some coincidence in the crimes, and fate of Caligula and Marat, both perished by the avengers of their country, whilst in the act of approaching their baths. Posterity will embalm, with its grateful remembrance, the patriotic heroism of this great and distinguished female, and in her own firm, and eloquent language, will say of her, "that crime begets disgrace, and not "the scaffold."

On the evening after my arrival at Caen, I was invited to an elegant ball, which was given by the lady of the paymaster general of the district, in one of the government houses. I had before witnessed the dancing of the higher orders of people in Paris, and from this reason was not surprised in contemplating the exquisite grace which was here displayed. The party consisted of near eighty persons. Amongst them were the judges of the district, and the principal officers quartered in the city, and its neighborhood, the latter were attired in superb military dresses. Amongst the ladies were several beautiful, well

dressed young women, who exhibited their persons to great advantage. The grave, and elderly part of the company played at bouillotte, which is at present the favorite French game. In France to please and to be pleased, seem to be the presiding principles in all their meetings. An elegant young officer, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Marengo, observing that the musicians appeared to be a little fatigued by the contribution of their exhilirating services towards the festivity of the evening, supplied their room whilst they refreshed themselves, and struck up an English country dance on one of the violins. The party attempted to dance it, but to show how arbitrary habit is, in the attempt, all those powers of grace which they had before so beautifully displayed, retired as if influenced by the magic of some unpropitious spirit. Amongst the party, was a little girl, about nine years old, who was dressed in the highest style of fashion and looked like a fashionable milliner's doll. This little spoiled child was accustomed to spend an hour, at her toilette every morning, and to be tricked out in all the ephemeral decoration of the haut ton. This little coquette already looked out for admiration, and its foolish mother expressed the greatest satisfaction, when any one, out of politeness to her, paid attentions to the pert premature nursling. Our entertainment concluded with a handsome supper, and we parted, highly delighted, at the dawn of day. Nothing could be more flattering, than the attentions which, as an Englishman, I received from every one present.

After a few hours repose, I went with a large party to the church of Notre Dame; in which there is a very fine altar piece. The keeper of the sacristy, who was a very arch-looking little fellow, in spite of the solemnity of the place in which we were, made us smile (even as a young lady who was going to be confirmed for the first time the next day, lost a considerable proportion of her gravity) by informing us, that during the time of terror he had run off with the Virgin Mary, pointing to the image, and that to prevent the detection of Robespierre's agents, he had concealed her in his bed for three years. Nothing could exceed his joy in having saved her from the hatchet, or the flames, from which impending fate, she was restored to her former situation in this church; and was, when we saw her, by the extravagance of her sprightly, and ardent protector, dressed in a white muslin gown, spotted with silver; a little bouquet of artificial flowers graced her bosom, and her wig was finely curled, and powdered. The figure in her arms which was intended to represent the Infant Jesus, was dressed in a style equally unsuitable; his hair was also curled, and powdered, and a small cocked hat placed upon his head. Our delighted guide, whose eyes sparkled with self-complacency, asked us if we had ever seen a prettier Virgin Mary, or one dressed more handsomely. We were all much amused by the quaintness of this man's conduct, although I am confident he had no intention of exciting unbecoming sensations; for, in saving this image, he had expected his life

From Notre Dame, we went to the Abbaye aux Hommes, built by William the Conqueror. It is a large lofty plain pile of building. The spires are well proportioned, and very high. The pillars in the choir are, in my humble opinion, too massy. Preparations were here making for the celebration of the great festival called the Feast of God. We presented to one of the priests, who, in the sacristy, was adorning the cradle of our Saviour's image with flowers, some very fine moss roses, which in France are very rare, which he received with great politeness. This festival before the revolution was always superbly celebrated. It was then renewed for the first time since the proscription of religion, during which, all the costly habits of the priests, and rich vessels used in the ceremonies of the church, have been stolen, sold or melted down. Near the altar, which has been shattered by the axe of the revolution is the vault of the Norman conqueror.

Upon our return to our hotel, we saw a considerable crowd assembled near the bridge leading to de la Cour. Upon inquiring into the cause of this assemblage, we found it was owing to a curious rencounter between two blind beggars, who, in total darkness, had been waging an uncertain battle for near six minutes. It appeared that one of them had for several months enjoyed quiet possession of the bridge, which happened to be a great thoroughfare, and had during that time, by an undisputed display of his calamity,

contrived to pick up a comfortable recompense for it; that within a few days preceding this novel fracas, another mendicant, who had equal claims to compassion, allured by the repute of his success, had deserted a less frequented part of the city, and had presented himself at the other corner of the same bridge, where by a more masterly selection of moving phrases, he soon not only divided, but monopolized the eleemosynary revenues of this post of wretchedness. The original possessor, naturally grew jealous. Even beggars "can bear no brother near the throne." Inflamed with jealousy, he silently moved towards his rival, by the sound of whose voice, which was then sending forth some of its most affecting, and purse-drawing strains, he was enabled to determine whether his arm was within reach of the head of his competitor, which circumstance, having with due nicety ascertained, he clenched his fist, which in weight, size, and firmness, was not much surpassed by the hard, and ponderous paw of a full grown tiger, and with all the force of that propulsion, which a formidable set of muscles afforded, he felled his rival to the ground, and not knowing that he was fallen, discharged many other blows, which only served to disturb the tranquillity of the air. The recumbent hero, whose head was framed for enterprises of this nature, soon recovered from the assault, and after many unavailing efforts in the dark, at length succeeded in opening one of the vessels of the broad nose of his brawny as-

ſhilant, whoſe blood, enriched by good living, ſtreamed out moſt copiouſly. In this condition we ſaw theſe orbleſs combatants, who were ſpeedily ſeparated from each other. Some of the crowd were endeavoring to form a treaty of pacification between them, whether they ſucceeded I know not, for we were obliged to leave the bridge of battle, before theſe important points were arranged, to join a pleaſant party at Mons. I——'s, an opulent banker at Caen, to whom I had letters of introduction from Mons. R——, the banker of Paris.

After ſpending the ſhort time, during which I was detained at Caen, very pleaſantly, I reſumed my ſeat in the diligence for Cherbourg, in which I found a very agreeable woman, her two daughters, two canary birds a cat, and her kitten, who were I found, to be my companions all the way. After we left Caen, the roads became very bad. Our ponderous machine, frequently rolled from one ſide to the other, and with many alarming crackings, threatened us with a heavy, and perilous overthrow. At length we arrived at Bayeux, where we dined, at the houſe of a friend of my fair fellow traveller, to which ſhe invited me with a tone of welcome, and good wiſhes which overpowered all reſiſtance. We ſat down to an excellent dinner, at which was produced the uſual favorite French diſh of cold turbot, and raw artichokes. After our repaſt, a fine young woman, the daughter of the lady of the houſe, in a very obliging, but rather grave man-

ner, poured out a tumbler full of some delicious potent liqueur, which, to my no small surprise, she presented me with; upon my only tasting it, and returning it, she appeared to be equally surprised, and confused. Her mother, observing our mutual embarrasment, informed me, that in France it was understood that the English were troubled with the ennui, or tristesse de coeur, and that they drank large draughts of wine and spirits to expel the gloomy malady. I softened this opinion of our common character, as well as I could, for, I fear, without offering considerable outrage to truth, I could not wholly have denied it.

After dinner, we walked to the cathedral, which is a noble gothic pile, and, upon our return, found the diligence in waiting for us. My companions were attended to the door of the carriage by their hospitable friends, between whom several kisses were interchanged. I took an opportunity, just before I mounted the step, of stealing one of those tokens of regard from the fair young damsel who had so courteously offered me the liqueur, at the same time telling her, that in England, a kiss was always considered as the best remedy for the tristesse de coeur.—Away trotted our little Norman steeds; and, notwithstanding they had come all the way from Caen, they soon carried us over the hills on this side of Bayeux. The eye communicated delight to the heart, whilst it contemplated the vast extent of corn fields, which in this fertile province undulated on all sides of us, in waves of yellow

exuberance, over which, embosomed in trees, at short distances, peeped the peaceful and picturesque abode of the prosperous cottage farmer. The prospect afforded an impressive contrast to the impolitic agricultural system, which lately obtained in England, by which cottage farms are consolidated into ample domains of monopoly, and a baneful preference is given in favor of the rearing of cattle, to the vital and bountiful labors of the plough. A celebrated writer, who well knew in what the real wealth of a nation consisted, has observed, that he who could make two ears of corn grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind than the whole race of politicians. The high roads of Normandy are unnecessarily broad; hence considerable portions of land remain uncultivated. A spacious road, like every thing which is vast, excites an impression of grandeur; but in this prolific department, the facilities of travelling, and the dignity of the country, might be consulted with less waste. This prodigality is perhaps attributable to the highways in France having shared but little of its legislative attention; and accommodation appears to have been sought rather by a lavish allotment of space, than by a judicious formation, and frequent and thorough repair.

The Inns along the road are very poor, altho' over the door of almost every little cottage is written, in large characters, "Bon Cidre de Victoire." There are also no regular post-horses to be met with. The

country, on all sides of us, was very mountainous and luxuriant, and much resembled the southern parts of Devonshire. About seven o'clock in the evening of the same day, we arrived at St. Lo, which is, without exception, the cleanest and most charming, romantic little town, I saw in France. It is fortified, and stands upon the top of a mountain, at whose base is expanded a luxuriant scenery of woods and villages, through which the riviere de Ville winds in beautiful meanders. The inhabitants of this town appeared to be rich and genteel. In the evening I supped at the table d'hote, where there were several pleasant people. At this town we slept, and set off, the next morning, very early, for Valogne, where we dined: and in the evening, after passing a considerable extent of rich meadow land, and descending a very steep hill, the freshness of the sea air announced to us our near approach to Cherbourg, where, at the hotel d'Angleterre, I was soon afterwards landed. For my place and luggage to this town I paid twenty-four livres. My expenses upon the road were very reasonable. Here I had the good fortune to find a packet which intended to sail to England in two days, the master of which asked me only one guinea for my passage in the cabin, provisions included. However, thinking that the kitchen of a French vessel, might, if possible, be more uncleanly than the kitchen of a French inn, I resolved upon providing my own refreshments for the little voyage.

Cherbourg is a poor and dirty town. After having heard so much of its costly works and fortifications for the protection of its harbor, my surprise was not little, upon finding the place so miserable. It is defended by three great forts, which are erected upon rocks in the sea. The centre one is about three miles off from shore, and is garrisoned by 1200 men. At a distance, this fort looks like a vast floating battery. Upon a line with it, but divided by a distance sufficient for the admission of shipping, commences the celebrated stupendous wall, which has been erected since the failure of the cones. It is just visible at low water. This surprising work is six miles in length and three hundred feet in breadth, and is composed of massy stones and masonry, which have been sunk for that purpose, and which are now cemented, by sea weed, their own weight and cohesion, into one immense mass of rock. Upon this wall a chain of forts is intended to be erected, as soon as the finances of government will admit of it. The expenses which have already been incurred, in constructing this wonderful fabric, have it is said, exceeded two millions sterling. These costly protective barriers can only be considered as so many monuments, erected by the French to the superior genius and prowess of the British Navy.

Whilst I was waiting for the packet's sailing, I received great civilities from Mons. C——, the banker and American consul at Cherbourg, to whom I had

letters from Mons. R——l. I rode the second evening after my arrival, to his country house, which was about nine miles from the town. Our road lay over a prolific and mountainous country. From a high point of land, as we passed along, we saw the islands of Guernsey, Jersy, and Alderney, which made a beautiful appearance upon the sea. Upon our return, by another road, I was much pleased with a groupe of little cottages, which were embosomed in a beautiful wood, through which there was an opening to the sea, which the sinking sun had then overspread with the richest lustre.

As we entered this scene of rustic repose, the angelus bell of the little village church, rang; and a short time afterwards, as we approached it, a number of villagers came out from the porch, with their mass books in their hands, their countenances beaming with happiness and illuminated by the sinking sun, which shone full upon them. The charms of this simple scene arrested our progress for a short time. Under some spreading limes, upon a sloping lawn, the cheerful cottagers closed the evening with dancing to the sounds of one of the sweetest flagelets I ever heard, which was alternately played by several performers, who relieved each other. In France, every man is a musician. Goldsmith's charming picture of his Auburn, in its happier times, recurred to me:—

"When toil remitting, lends its turn to play,
"And all the village train, from labor free,
"Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree."

The cross roads of France are very bad; but to my surprise, although we never could have had a worse specimen of them than what this excursion presented to us, yet the Norman hunter upon which I was mounted, carried me over the deepest ruts, and abrupt hillocks, without shewing the least symptom of infirmity which so much prevails amongst his brethren of the Devonshire breed. The Norman horses are remarkable for lifting their feet high, and the safety and ease with which they carry their riders. In the morning of the day in which the packet was to sail, a favorable breeze sprung up; and after undergoing the usual search of the revenue officers, in the execution of which they behaved with much civility, I embarked, and bade adieu to continental ground. The vessel had the appearance of being freighted with hot bread, with which the deck was covered from one end to the other. This immense collection of smoking loaves was intended for the supply of six men, and one woman, during a passage which we expected to accomplish in thirty hours, or less.

The faithful associate of our young captain, to whom she had just been married, either from motives of fondness or distrust, resolved upon sharing with him the perils of the ocean.

The sea-sufferings of this constant creature, and the

resignation with which she endured them, sufficiently manifested the strength of her affections; for she was obliged to keep below all the time, and could afford but very little assistance in reducing the prodigious depot of bread which we had on board.

Credulous mariners describe a species of the fair sex (I believe the only one) who appear to much advantage upon the briny wave; but the nature of our commander's lady not happening to be amphibious, she gave such unequivocal proofs of being out of her proper element, that my wishes for shore increased upon me every minute.

During our passage, I could not help contrasting the habits of the English with the French sailors. The British tar thinks his allowance of salt beef scarcely digestible without a copious libation of ardent spirits, whilst the gallic mariner is satisfied with a little meagre soup, an immoderate share of bread, and a beverage of water, poor cider, or spiritless wine.

At length, after a passage of a day and a night, in which we experienced the vicissitudes of a stiff breeze, and a dead calm, we beheld,

"——— That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
"Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
"And coops from other lands her islanders;
"That water-walled bulwark, still secure
"And confident from foreign purposes."

After passing another tedious night on board, owing to our being becalmed within the Needles, I step-

ped upon the ſame landing ſtone from which I firſt embarked for a country, where, in the centre of proſcriptions, inſtability and deſolation, thoſe arts which are ſaid to flouriſh only in the regions of repoſe, have by their vigor and unrivalled bloom, excited the wonder and admiration of ſurrounding nations; where Peace, by her ſudden and cheriſhed re-appearance, is calling forth all the virtues from their hiding places, to aid in effacing the corroding ſtains of a barbarous revolution, and in reſtoring the moral and ſocial character to its priſtine poliſh, rank and eſtimation.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THE fact ſeems at firſt ſingular. Two of the greateſt nations under Heaven, whoſe ſhores almoſt touch, and, if ancient tales be true, were once unſevered, call the natives of each other foreigners.

Jealouſy, competition, and conſequent warfare, have, for ages, produced an artificial diſtance and ſeparation, much wider, and more impaſſable, than nature ever intended, by the diviſion which ſhe has framed; hence, whilſt the unaſſiſted eye of the iſlander can, from his own ſhore, with "unwet feet," behold the natural barrier of his continental neighbor, he knows but little more of his real character and habits, than of thoſe beings, who are more diſtantly removed from him, by many degrees of the great circle.

The events which have happened in France for the laſt eleven years, have rendered this ſeparation more ſevere, and during that long and gloomy interval, have wholly changed the national character. Thoſe who once occupied the higher claſs in the aſcending ſcale of ſociety, and who have ſurvived the revolution with-

out leaving their country, are no longer able to display the taste and munificence which once distinguished them. In the capital, those who formerly were accustomed to have their court-yards nightly filled with carriages, and their staircases lined with lacqueys, are now scarcely able to occupy one third of their noble abodes. They cannot even enjoy the common observances of friendship, and hospitality, without pausing, and resorting to calculation. A new race of beings called the "nouveaux enrichés," whose services have been chiefly auxiliary to the war, at present absorb the visible wealth of the nation. Amongst them are many respectable persons. The lower orders of the people have been taught, by restless visionaries, to consider the destinations of Providence, which had before, by an imperceptible gradation of social colouring, united the russet brown to the magisterial purple, as usurpations over those natural rights which have been impressed without illustration, and magnified by a mischievous mystery. In the fierce pursuit of these imaginary immunities, which they had been taught to believe had been long withheld, they abruptly renounced all deference and decorum, as perilous indications of the fallacy of their undefinable pretentions and were not a little encouraged by the disastrous defection of their superiors, who fled at the first alarm. In short, the revolution has, in general, made the higher orders poor, and dispirited, and the lower, barbarous, and insolent, whilst a third class has sprung up,

with the ſilence and ſuddeneſs of an exhalation, higher than both, without participating in the original character of either, in which the principles of computation, and the vanity of wealth, are at awkward variance.

Until lately, the ancient French and the modern French were antipodes, but they are now converging, under a government, which, in point of ſecurity, and even of mildneſs, has no reſemblance, ſince the firſt departure from the ancient eſtabliſhments. The French, like the libertine ſon, after having plunged in riot and exceſs, ſubdued by wretchedneſs, are returning to order and civilization. Unhappy people, their tears have almoſt waſhed away their offences—they have ſuffered to their heart's core. Who will not pity them to ſee their change, and hear their tales of miſery? Yet, ſtrange to relate, in the midſt of their ſighs and ſufferings, they recount, with enthuſiaſm, the exploits of thoſe very men, whoſe heroic ambition has trampled upon their beſt hopes, and proudeſt proſperity. Dazzled by the brilliancy of the ſpreading flame, they forget that their own abode is involved in its deſolation, and augments the gloomy grandeur of the ſcene. To this cauſe may, perhaps, be traced that ſingular union of grief and gaiety, which affords rather an impreſſive contraſt to the more ſolemn conſiſtency of Engliſh ſadneſs. The terrible experiment which they have tried, has, throughout, preſented a ferocious conteſt, for power, which has only

ſerved to deteriorate their condition, ſap their vigor, and render them too feeble either to continue the conteſt, or to reach the frontier of their former character. In this condition they have been found by a man who, with the precedent of hiſtory in one hand, and the ſabre in the other, has, unſtained with the crimes of Cromwell, poſſeſſed himſelf of the ſovereignity; and, like Auguſtus, without the propenſities which ſhaded his early life, preſerved the *name* of a republic, whilſt he well knows that a deciſive and irreſiſtible authority can alone re-unite a people ſo vaſt and diſtracted; who, in the purſuit of a fatal phantom, have been inured to change, and long alienated from ſubordination. I would not wiſh ſuch a government to be perpetual, but if it be conducted with wiſdom and juſtice, I will not heſitate to declare, that I think it will ultimately prove as favorable to the happineſs, as it has been propitious to the glory of the French. A government which breathes a martial ſpirit under a thin appearance of civil polity, preſents but a barren ſubject to the conſideration of the inquirer. When the ſabre is changed into the ſceptre, the ſcience of legiſlation is ſhort, ſimple and deciſive. Its energies are neither entangled in abſtract diſtinctions, nor much impeded by the accuſtomed delays of deliberation.

From the magnitude of the preſent ruling eſtabliſhment in France, and the judicious diſtribution of its powers, and confidence, the phyſical ſtrength can ſcarcely be ſaid to reſide in the *governed*.

A great portion of the population participates in the character of the government. The bayonet is perpetually flashing before the eye. The remark may appear a little ludicrous, but in the capital almost every man who is not *near sighted* is a soldier, and every soldier of the republic considers himself as a subordinate minister of state. In short the whole political fabric is a refined system of knight's service. Seven centuries are rolled back, and from the gloom of time behold the crested spirit of the Norman hero advance, "with beaver up," and nod his sable plumes, in grim approval of the novel, gay, and gaudy feodality.

If such an expectation may be entertained, that time will replace the ancient family on the throne, I am far from believing that it can offer much consolation to the illustrious wanderer, who as yet, has only tasted of the name of sovereignity. If the old royalty is ever restored, it is my opinion, and I offer it with becoming deference, that from personal hatred to the present titular monarch, and the dread of retaliation by a lineal revival of monarchy, the crown will be placed upon the brows of one of the *collateral* branches of the expatriated family. The prince de Condè is the only member of that august house, of whom the French speak with esteem and approbation.

The treasury of the French is, as may be expected, not overflowing, but its resources must speedily become ample. The necessities of the state, or rather the peculations of its former factious leaders, address-

ed themselves immediately to the purses of the people, by a summary process completely predatory. Circuitous exaction has been, till lately, long discarded. The present rulers have not yet had sufficient time to digest, and perfect a financial system, by which the establishments of the country may be supported by indirect, and unoffending taxation. Wisdom and genius must long, and ardently labor, before the ruins, and rubbish of the revolution can be removed. Every effort hitherto made to raise the desiduous credit of the republic has been masterly, and forcibly bespeaks the public hope, and confidence in favor of every future measure.

The armies of the republic are immense; they have hitherto been paid, and maintained by the countries which they have subdued; their exigencies, unless they are employed, will in future form an embarrassing subject of consideration in the approaching system of finance. This mighty body of men, who are very moderately paid, are united by the remembrance of their glory, and the proud consideration that they constitute a powerful part of the goverement; an impression which every French soldier cherishes. They also derive some pride, even from their discipline: a military delinquent is not subject to ignoble punishment; if he offend, he suffers as a soldier. Imprisonment, or death, alone displaces him from the ranks. He is not cut down fainting, and covered with the ignominious wounds of the dissecting scourge, and sent to languish in reeking wards of hospitals.

In reviewing the present condition of France, the liberal mind will contemplate many events with pleasure, and will suspend its final judgment, until wisdom, and genius shall repose from their labors, and shall proclaim to the people, "behold the work is done."

It has been observed, that in reviewing the late war, two of the precepts of the celebrated author of "The Prince," will hereafter be enshrined in the judgments of politicians, and will be as closely adhered to, as they have been boldly disregarded by that great man, who, till lately, has long presided over the British councils.—Machiavel has asserted, that no country ought to declare war with a nation which, at the time, is in a state of internal commotion; and that, in the prosecution of a war, the refugees of a belligerent power ought not to be confidentially trusted by the opposite nation which receives them. Upon violating the former, those heterogeneous parties, which, if left to themselves, will always embarrass the operations of their government, become united by a common cause; and by offending against the latter clause of this cautionary code, a perilous confidence is placed in the triumph of gratitude, and private pique, over that great love which nature plants and warmly cherishes in the breast of every man, for his country. In extenuation of a departure from these political maxims it may be urged, that the French excited the war, and that in the pursuit of it, they displayed a *command*

spirit, which Machiavel might well think problematical, for whilst that country never averted its eye from the common enemy, it never ceased to groan under the inflictions of unremitting factions. Rather less can be said in palliation of the fatal confidence, which was placed by the English government in some of the French emigrants. I have mentioned these unhappy people in the aggregate, with the respect which I think they deserve. To be protected, and not to betray, was all that could in fairness, and with safety be expected from them; it was hazarding too much to put swords in their hands, and send them to their own shores to plunge them in the breast of their own countrymen: in such an enterprise

"The native hue of resolution
"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

The brave have not frequently wept over such a victim as Sombrieul.

Whether the experiment of repelling those machinations which warred against all established order, and all sanctioned usage, by a novel, and unnatural opposition, is attributable to any other cause, than that of a misjudging principle, must be decided by Him, whose mighty hand suspended the balance of the battle, and whose eye can, at a glance, pierce through the labyrinth of human obliquity, however compact, shaded, or concealed. If the late minister is chargeable with a prolongation of the war, if he is responsible for hav-

ing misplaced his confidence, and if brave men have perished by the fatal delusion, he will find some, if not ample consolation, in reflecting, that by his vigilance, and vigor, he has saved his country from the miseries of a revolutionary frenzy, which has rendered even our enemies, the objects of our sympathy, and compassion.

Such is the narrowness of our nature, that we know not how adequately to appreciate our preservation from an *intercepted* evil: it is indistinctly seen, like a distant object. The calamity must *touch* before its powers and magnitude can be estimated. The flames of the neighboring pile, must stop at our very doors, before our gratitude becomes animated with its highest energies. If Providence were to unfold to us all the horrors which we have escaped; if all the blood which would have followed the assassin's dagger, were to roll in reeking streams before us; if the full display of irreligion, slight, massacre, confiscation, imprisonment, and famine, which would have graced a revolutionary triumph in these realms, were to be unbarred to our view, how should we recoil from the ghastly spectacle! with what emotions of admiration and esteem should we bend before the man, whose illumined mind and dignified resolution protected us from such fell perdition, and confined the ravages of the "bellowing storm" within its own barrier.

The dazzling and perilous claims of the Rights of Man in the abstract, have had a long and ample discussion before the sanguinary tribunals of another

country; and the loud decree of an indignant and insulted world has pronounced their eternal doom. Other contests may arise; but the powers of a prophet are not necessary to assert that such rights will form no part of their provocation.

In France, I was repeatedly asked my opinion of the probable stability of the peace. The question was always addressed in this rather curious shape: "Thank God, we have peace! *Will your* country "let us enjoy it?"—My answer was, "You may "be assured of it; for it will not cease to be pre- "pared for war."

Alas! the restless spirit of ambition, seldom long delights in repose. The peaceful virtues, under whose influence nations flourish and mankind rejoice, possess no lasting captivations for the Hero. The draught of conquest maddens his brain, and excites an insatiable thirst for fresh achievments—He

"Looks into the clouds, scorning the base degrees
"By which he did ascend"——

May that extraordinary Being in whose hands the fate of millions is deposited reverse the gloomy picture, and restore to a country long wasted by revolutions, and warfare, and languishing in the midst of the monuments of her glory, the benign blessings of enduring tranquillity. But if this hope prove fruitless, if all the countries of continental Europe are destined to be compressed into one empire, if their devoted princes are doomed to

adorn the triumphs of the chief of that mighty republic, which now towers above the surrounding nations of the earth, like the pyramid of the desert, what have we to fear even though the ocean which divides us should become the *soldier's* element?

When an enlighted Frenchman is asked what he thinks of his government, his answer is, "We want repose." For this alone, a stranger to the recent occurrences of the world would think he had toiled, just as valetudinarians take exercise for the purpose of securing sleep. Even those who have profitted of eleven years of desolation are ready to acknowledge that war is not pastime, and that a familiarity with its horrors does not lessen them. The soldier, drooping under the weight of booty, pants for the refreshing shades of his native village, and for the hour which is to restore him to his alienated alienated family.

I am satisfied, that both in France and England, one desire pervades all classes of people, that two nations so brave, and so worthy of reciprocal esteem, may at last grow wise and virtuous enough to abstain from those ebullitions of furious hostility which have stained so many centuries with blood.

Peace is the gem with which Europe has embellished her fair but palpitating bosom; and may disappointment and dishonor be the lot of that ambitious and impolitic being who endeavors or who wishes to pluck it from her!

FINIS.

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